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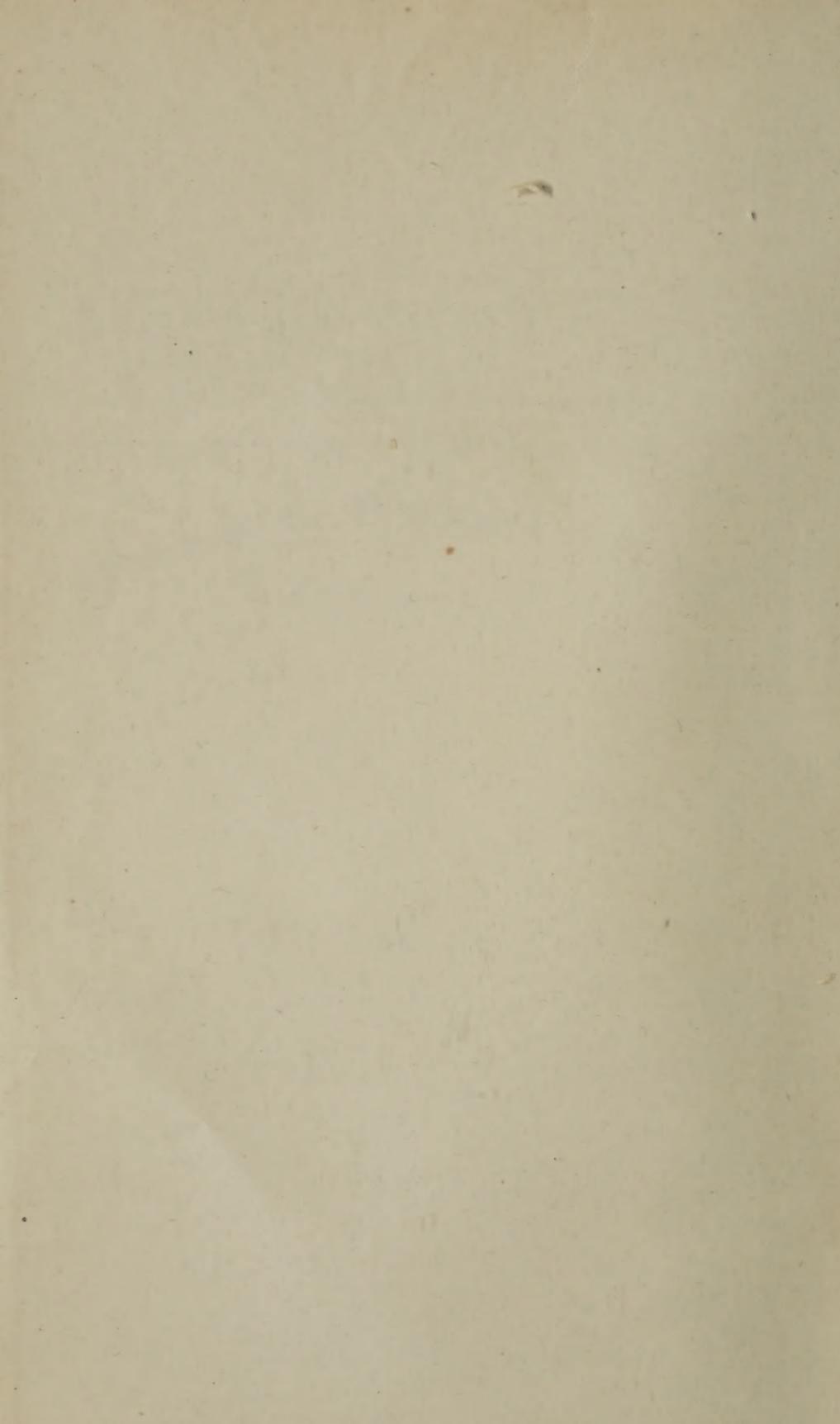
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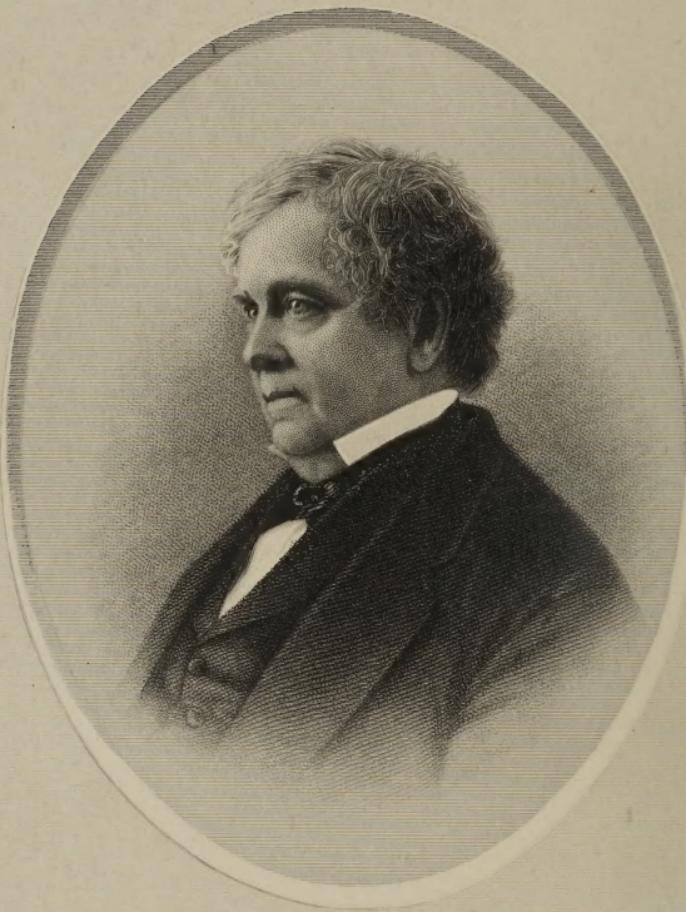


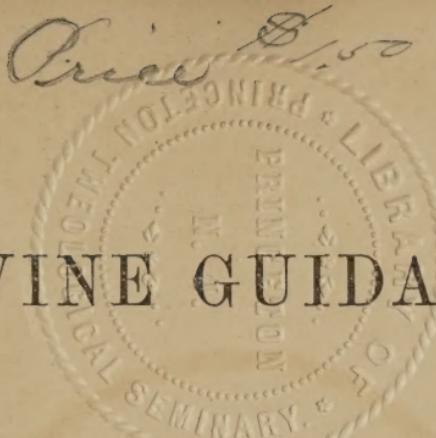












# DIVINE GUIDANCE.

## Memorial

OF

ALLEN W. DODGE.

BY

GAIL HAMILTON.

Mary A. Dodge Dodge

NEW YORK:  
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY,  
1, 3, AND 5 BOND STREET.  
1881.



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# DIVINE GUIDANCE.

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## CHAPTER I.

### OLD PATHS.

ONE fair spring morning, an old man sat in the sunshine. He must have been old, for he had long passed his threescore years and ten, but we had never thought of him as old. His blue eyes were undimmed. His abundant hair was hardly more than touched with gray. Heart and soul and mind were all alert. "Open the windows, that I may hear the birds sing," he said, gently. The birds sang to him, and he slept ; and he did not awaken.

He who thus sank so softly out of sight had lived three lives in one. Those who had seen him only in one life would never recognize him in either of the others ; nor is it easy to see how any one life grew out of the others, or forecast the future. Nevertheless, it all lay clutched in the baby's fist.

Because nothing is so interesting as human experience ; because this story is full of warning and comfort and counsel ; because of my love for the dead, whose sacred rest has garnered all the sweetness of life, and for the living, who are left to taste all the bitter-

ness of death—I have thought to present to a wider circle than knew him, and to perpetuate for a little longer time than his own years gave, the picture of one loving, loyal, upright soul.

ALLEN WASHINGTON DODGE was born in Newburyport, Mass., April 9, 1804. He was of sound New England stock, spirited, independent, self-reliant, a trifle rugged, sloughing off a scalawag now and then, but with honor in the strong set of the blood. It was a race that feared God in manly fashion, and feared nothing unworthily. That old William, on whom is laid the responsibility for all the cisatlantic Dodges, came over, according to the "Salem Annals," in the "Lyon's Whelp," in the fleet of 1629, and laid about him right heartily among the Indians. Hubbard's "Indian War," p. 164, says :

"Prentice's troops, being abroad, met with a party of the enemy, of whom they took two prisoners and killed nine; in which exploit something happened very remarkable, for one William Dodge, of Salem, riding in company with another friend, they happened to meet with two Indians. The said Dodge, being better horsed than his friend, made after the foremost, leaving his friend to deal with the hindermost; but his pistol missed firing, whereupon the Indian, taking him by the leg, turned him off his horse, and was about killing him with his knife, which William Dodge by chance espied, and came time enough to rescue his friend and dispatch the Indian lying upon him, and yet overtook the first Indian he was pursuing time enough to do his business. By that means he did three good offices at once—saved the life of one friend and slew two of his enemies."

William Dodge was admitted freeman April 17, 1637, and was one of the founders of the church in Beverly, 1667.

In the will of Richard Dodge, dated 14, 9 mo. 1670, he mentions his brother "Michael," in England, and brother William Dodge, senior.

Stone's "History of Beverly" says :

"The first town meeting in Beverly, subsequent to its incorporation, was held November 23, 1668, at which Captain Thomas Lathrop, William Dixey, William Dodge, senior, John West, and Paul Thorndike were chosen selectmen. These officers were sometimes called Townsmen, a name significant of their public character, and were selected from the most worthy of the citizens."

In Vol. VII, "Salem Records," deposited in "Registry of Deeds" for Essex County, is the following :

"WILLIAM DODGE SEN., *his deed of gift recorded Nov. 14, 1685.*

"These present witness that I, William Dodge, Sen., of Beverly, in the County of Essex in New England, have and do hereby in consideration of my parental love and affection to my son, William Dodge, of the same town, grant, alien, enfeoffe, and confirm my house I now dwell in, with all of the edifices, buildings, orchards, fences belonging thereto, and upon the land about it, the same lands being twenty acres more or less—also twenty-four acres, more or less, lying on the rocks next my home lot, also my land in the new field, with all the rest of my land which adjoineth thereunto, also my land at the Horse Bridge, being sixty acres, more or less, also ten acres of meadow lying in the bounds of Topsfield, also five acres of meadow, be it more or less, lying near Nathaniel Stone's farm; also the pond meadow belonging unto me at Goodman Hull's. All the above said lands and meadows, with the buildings, edifices, rights, titles, interests, and demands of him, the said William Dodge, Senior, in and to the premises and appurtenances . . . to have and to hold unto him the said son William and his heirs . . . to be to his and their use and uses, an inheritance in fee simple without any condition, let, molestation, interruption

... than what conditions are in the deed of gift mentioned, viz., during my natural life reserving and retaining full power for myself to use and occupy all or any part of the same, as I shall have occasion . . . for my honorable and comfortable maintenance in sickness and health. . . . Notwithstanding granting him and them full power during my natural life to use and improve the premises, not hindering me in the use of what I shall judge needful for my future support and sustentation. And after my decease the whole estate . . . shall be to him, my said son William . . . together with other movable estate which I shall die seized of . . . he paying . . . to my daughter Hannah two cows, and my grandchild, John Porter, five pounds, and to my brother [Michael], if he come to New England and dwell in this town I now live in, five pounds per annum, so long as he here shall dwell, and with this proviso also that if I make no improvement of said granted premises, he shall pay yearly to me upon my demand . . . the sum of thirty pounds, which if I see cause not so to demand, the same yearly payment shall be quit and not payable to me the next year . . . and in the non-payment of the said yearly engagement . . . I have and do hereby reserve liberty to sell, if I see cause, any part of such granted premises toward my support . . . and hereby having confirmed the above premises, do cut him and his heirs off from claiming any interest in my estate but what is hereby conveyed.

*“Signed and sealed May 12, 1685. Acknowledged May 13, before JNO. HAWTHORNE.”*

The undistinguished and honorable lives of the first William, and his sons, and his sons' sons, are to be traced chiefly in church and parish records, in marriage settlements and deeds of gift to their children, in last wills and testaments, wherein with cheerful and stately minuteness the testator first made his obeisance to his Creator and then devised his wealth to his survivors :

“In the name of God, Amen. I, William, or Robert, or Isaac Dodge of Beverly, in the County of Essex,

within the Province of the Massachusetts Bay, in New England, do make this my last will and testament, in manner following :

“ First. I bequeath my soul to God who gave me it, and my body to a decent burial in comfortable hope of a happy resurrection through the power and merits of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. And as for my outward estate and worldly goods, after my debts and funeral charges are discharged, I give and bequeath the same as followeth : ”

Then marches in deliberate array the long procession of dwelling-houses, buildings, homesteads, lands, pastures, orchards, meadows, salt-marshes, plows, carts, yokes, and chains, pistols, guns, and swords, cows, sheep, and horses, household stuff, pounds, shillings, and pence, duly, and no doubt justly, parceled out among the Williams and Isaacs and Roberts, the Pollys and Elizabeths and Joannas. From Salem to Beverly and Methuen and Wenham and Ipswich the descendants of the first William branched out, laying land to land, for they were sons of the soil by Divine Right and God’s anointing, lovers of the earth, planters, husbandmen, yeomen, farmers, as the custom of the day may name them, but with the land-hunger always in their hearts—William, Senior, and his eldest son William, and his son Robert—whose cane ought to be in the District of Columbia to this very day ; but whether it is I know not—Robert, whom tradition reports to have been “ a very small man, full of mischief and innocent, good-natured pastime,” and Isaac, his son, who, in 1763, procures a recorded deed declaring that

“ Jacob Dodge and Elizabeth his wife, of Wenham, in consideration of £906 13s. 4d. paid by Isaac Dodge of said Wenham, husbandman, conveys to him,” a certain tract of land and house,

barn, and cider mill thereon, in Ipswich ("being the same tract I bought of Richard Dodge") commonly known as the Hundred Acres, and being a part of the same, containing seventy acres more or less, on the south side of the brook coming from the mill, known as Whyte's mill, bounded as follows, "*Beginning* at the said brook by land of Samuel Dodge and running easterly upon the fence between said Samuel's land and the premises, and so forward upon the fence between land of Barnabas Dodge until it comes to land of Lieutenant Richard Dodge of Wenham, thence south upon the fence between said Richard and the premises until it comes to the twenty acres (so-called) of Lieutenant William Dodge of Wenham, so west upon the (new) fence between said twenty acres and the premises to the Mill Brook, thence down the stream to the bounds first mentioned."

Of all the Barneys and Samuels and Lieutenants there remains to-day but the record of a name. The mill has disappeared, and of its owner no man knoweth name or fame or sepulchre, but still is the brook alive and vocal on summer nights with shouting and splashing boys, and still, as I write, its banks are gay with the first glories of autumn.

To this farm came Isaac, where also, as tradition says, his father Robert, son of the second William, spent his last days. Thither brought he Phebe, his well-beloved wife, to whom—in the name of God, Amen—he bequeathed

"the sum of one hundred thirty and three pounds, six shillings, and eight pence, lawful money, to be paid to her by my executors immediately after my decease. I also give to my said wife all the household goods and stuff which she brought at my marriage, and all I have bought for her since. I also give to my said wife all the grain, meat, and cider, and other provisions that I may leave at my decease. Also my desk, and the looms, warping bars, and all tackling that is in any way used in the weaving business. Also two of my cows, and which she pleases.

These things above mentioned I give to my said wife to dispose of as she shall please, the above disposed cows to be kept winter and summer by my son Robert with his cows so long as my said wife remains my widow.

“ I also give to my said wife the use and improvement of the easterly end of my dwelling-house, viz.: the cellar, lower room, and the chamber; to use the entries and stairs as she shall want, all but the garret and the eastern end of the back room, so far as to include the east door—my son Robert to keep the same in good repair. I also give to my said wife the garden at the back side and west end of my said dwelling-house; and my will further is that my son Robert make and maintain a good and sufficient stone wall round the said garden, so long as my said wife improves the same, and to find and haul into the said garden so much dung every year as she pleases to have.

“ I give also to my said wife four cords of good hard wood, to be found and hauled into the foreyard and corded up by my said son every year, with the liberty of laying the said wood in the foreyard where she pleases. Also liberty of using the well as she shall have occasion, what apples she wants for winter and summer, and also liberty to keep a pig, to run with my said son’s pigs, till the time comes to shut up pigs to fat, and then my said son to make a pen and shut up said pig.

“ And my will further is that my son Robert find and keep a good horse for my said wife to use when she pleases. And that my said son annually and every year pay and deliver in the proper season to my said wife ten bushels of good Indian corn and three barrels of cider. Also that my said wife have the liberty to use the oven when she wants to bake at any time, or else my said son turn [?] an oven in her room. Also I give to my said wife three meat-barrels and three cider-barrels. Also my will is that if my said wife marry, then my son have that part of the house I gave to my wife, and that all the yearly annuities I gave to my said wife cease and my said son find them no more.”

At first it is very charming to see the good old Isaac taking ample care of his well-beloved Phebe, and giv-

ing her choice of the cows, but, as we get on, it begins to look suspicious. Could not my son Robert be trusted to let his own mother go up stairs, and use the well, and bake in the oven "when she pleases," without being tied up to it by law? I suspect the trouble. I turn back to the record, and, sure enough, Anna and Lydia and Lucy and Isaac and Robert and Sarah, and Lucy again, are all the children of Lois Herrick, who died September 11, 1752, aged thirty-eight years, whom the well-beloved Phebe succeeded October 13, 1753, when my son Robert was ten years old; and a pretty life no doubt she led him and his brothers and sisters, to whose number she happily made no addition. At twenty-two, however, Robert married Mary Boardman, of Salem, aged twenty, and then I fancy the well-beloved Phebe gave her husband no rest till he had feathered her nest to her liking, and on "this eighth day of October, in the seventh year of his Majesty's reign, Anno Domini one thousand seven hundred and sixty-seven," the cord-wood and cows were snugly made over to Phebe, and the amiable creature rested from her labors. But she could not force from the canny yeoman entire surrender. Still, the greater part of his estate remained to my son Robert, and to each of my said daughters the sum of one hundred sixteen pounds and four pence, lawful money, besides; to Lucy one cow and three sheep, and all the indoor household stuff and movables not already disposed of, besides putting upon the well-beloved Phebe the small restraint of yielding up her apples and cider and taking her welcome face from the entries, in case she betook herself to another yeoman. But the gentle Phebe was not to be bound by any such bond. Perhaps her husband knew it. Perhaps he consented all the more readily to Phebe's

wishes because he knew that she would not dally about the entries a great while after her husband had been borne from them. And directly after the receipts of the legatees of the will of Isaac Dodge comes the receipt of "Joseph Tilton and Phebe Tilton for her dowry, she, as the widow of Isaac Dodge, having married said Joseph Tilton."

Joseph she soon worried into his grave, without leaving her horse or cow or pig to comfort herself withal. Isaac Dodge, her first husband, died October 16, 1769, and November 8, 1782, we find her preparing to take on a third spouse, and this time she determined to make a sure thing of it in the beginning. She would trust to no will of a husband, with its annuities and conditions. She wisely marched her Jacob Brown to the law before she marched him to the altar, and the Rev. Dr. Manasseh Cutler drew up, and his wife witnessed, and Jacob Brown dutifully signed, the following bond, or marriage settlement :

"Know all men by these presents, that I, Jacob Brown, of Ipswich, in the County of Essex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, am holden and stand firmly bound and obliged unto John Hubbard, of said Ipswich, yeoman, in the sum of one thousand pounds [an enormous bond for those days] to be paid unto the said John Hubbard, his executors, administrators, and assigns, to which payment well and truly to be made, I do bind myself, my heirs, executors, and administrators, freely by these presents, sealed with my seal, dated the 8th day of November, 1782. The condition of this present obligation is such that whereas marriage is intended between the said Jacob Brown and Phebe Tilton of said Ipswich, widow, and that the said Jacob doth bind and oblige himself to the said John Hubbard, as a third person *in trust* that the said Phebe shall ever after marriage have the full right of disposing at any time and in any manner and form of all the monies, goods and estate, that she

the said Phebe shall be possessed of at the time of their marriage. And that if the said Phebe shall survive the said Jacob after marriage, the said Phebe shall have the improvement in her own proper person of the one half of the dwelling-house he now lives in—shall have two cows kept summer and winter, shall have delivered to her annually twelve bushels of Indian corn, one and a half bushel of rye, one bushel of malt, twenty-five pounds of flax, six bushels of potatoes, one hundred pounds of pork, seventy pounds of beef, one barrel of cider, five cords of hard wood hauled to the door, and the improvement of two rods square of land in a convenient place for a garden—that the said Phebe shall enjoy the above privileges, and have the above articles yearly delivered to her by the heirs, executors, or administrators of the said Jacob during her natural life. For the true and faithful fulfillment of the above specified conditions, I, the said Jacob, do bind myself, my heirs, executors, and administrators to the said John Hubbard, a third person in trust, who shall have just right and power to demand sue and carry into execution, for and on behalf of the said Phebe, this present obligation. But if the above conditions shall be truly fulfilled, then this obligation to be void and of none effect, otherwise to remain in full force and virtue.

“JACOB BROWN. { L. S. }

*“Signed, sealed, and delivered in presence of*

“MANASSEH CUTLER,  
“MARY CUTLER.”

It will be seen that Phebe had raised her price. She had also paved the way handsomely for a fourth husband, if the most ardent lover might not be a little chilled at the quantity of pork and corn-meal which a disconsolate widow was preparing to devour. Go your ways, Phebe, well-beloved ! Your sharp eyes peer no more over your thrifty spectacles into young Mary Boardman’s oven, where I have no doubt you bothered her more than all her baking. You have escaped me these hundred years, but I am glad to do you this late justice.

Of "my son Robert," his grandson, Allen W. Dodge, in a little sketch, written in 1876, says :

" My grandfather, Robert Dodge, whom I well remember, was a stalwart, large-framed man, with a full, good-humored face, full of shrewd sayings and of great executive ability. He was also an enterprising and thrifty farmer. He planted and raised from the seed a large number of oak and other forest trees, in one of the Hill lots, taking therefor in 1802 the purse [one hundred dollars] offered by the Massachusetts Agricultural Society. [Nearly all the elms upon the Common at Salem were from his nursery.] His barns were well filled with live stock, cows, oxen, and sheep; his crops were large, including barley and flax, besides rye, Indian corn, and potatoes, and his orcharding extensive for the times. The old cider mill, just east of the house, I have very distinctly in my mind's eye, with its large stone wheel, to crush the apples as it moved by horse power, the primitive press with wooden screws, and the huge tubs to catch the juice. He had always by him plenty of ready money, which he loaned to his neighbors and others without security, seldom, if ever, losing anything by bad debts. He was specially noted for his kindness in helping young men. Michael Walsh, the famous arithmetic compiler, boarded in his family, and taught the district school nearest his house, when, as a young man, he first came over from Ireland.

" My grandfather was also an active man in parish and in town affairs. The records of the parish—the Third Parish of Ipswich—contain frequent mention of his name, when a young man, as collector of parish rates, moderator, assessor, and parish committee man. Both he and his wife were members of the Congregational Church—the Third Church in Ipswich, afterward Hamilton. For a series of years he represented the latter town in General Court, and, with Dr. Cutler, was very efficient in having it set off from Ipswich. I remember his account of the difficulties they encountered in this business, Ipswich, for some cause, putting obstacles in the way of the separation. He and Dr. Cutler were commissioned by the new town to close the whole matter, by which it was necessary to

pay to Ipswich a considerable sum of money. Fearing Ipswich might refuse to take it, they took the whole sum to Ipswich in silver dollars, and made a legal tender of it, to the treasurer of the town, which he was obliged, though reluctantly, to accept. My grandfather was a devoted friend of Dr. Cutler, both of them, and indeed the great majority of the citizens of the new town, being warm Federalists, and great admirers of Alexander Hamilton, after whom the town was named.

“ My grandfather was a brave and patriotic man. [He was ‘out’ in the old war, and present at the surrender of Quebec. One of his grandsons he always called ‘Wolfe,’ from his fancied resemblance to that great soldier.] He was out on duty during the whole of the War of the Revolution, leaving the farm to be managed by my grandmother—a remarkably smart woman—and her boys. My grandfather was sowing barley on the Hill, when the news of the fighting reached him. He left his barley on the Hill, mounted his horse, rode to the village, and [though he knew not a note of martial music, he knew enough to make a noise and raise the neighbors; he seized the drum and tore up and down the silent country road, beating what must have been a very devil’s tattoo, till his company was mustered, and] was at Charlestown in two hours. My grandmother heard the noise of the cannon as long as she could stand it, and the next morning, alone, with horse and chaise, drove across country to Charlestown to see what had become of her husband.\* [It is related of him that at the battle of Trenton, he was so infuriated at the sight of the Hessians that he flew at them, brandishing hat in one hand and broadsword in the other, both high above his head, and roaring ‘ Rush on, ye devils! Rush on, ye devils! ’] He went into service as a captain, and came out of it as a colonel, succeeding his old commander, Colonel Wade. He was a great friend of General Putnam, or ‘Old Put,’ and was

\* Miss Harriet W. Preston presents in her *Aspendale* a face which bears many of the lineaments of Mr. Allen W. Dodge. No one familiar with Mr. Dodge could fail to recognize somewhat of his style and sentiments in the “Doctor’s” eloquent and patriotic after-dinner talk on New Year’s evening. On page 147, young Colonel Robert and Mary Boardman walk in fresh from Bunker Hill.

specially exasperated when, in the last years of his life, some aspersions were cast upon the character of that heroic leader. Often, when a mere boy, I have sat on the knees of my grandfather to listen to his stories, and from these tales, from these personal experiences, from the sight of his cocked hat and sword, I drew in at a very early age large draughts of patriotism, and to this day, when I have passed my three score years and ten, I only hope that the descendants of this long line of obscure but patriotic ancestors may emulate their deeds for the land that gave them birth, and stand by the old flag through sunshine and storm, in peace and in war, down to the last man of them all."

In whatever world the old hero dwells, I trust he is not so cut off from the earth he loved as to miss a gratified thrill at the gallant march made by his great-grandson for the rescue of his imperiled comrades among the Utes—of which I dare say no more, lest the bold rider scornfully sweep my words into what he tersely denounces as the “slop of the newspapers.”

“Perhaps I should add that my grandfather had but scant education, and his letters and account-books make shocking work of it in spelling the King’s English. Yet his conversation was as correct in expression as that of the average man, while, for executive ability, he was far above the average. In fact, his strong native force of character made up for any deficiency of the education of the schools, so much so that, when an aged woman, herself a philosopher, full of wise sayings, was told by her clergyman, to whom she had been recounting the greatness of Colonel Dodge, that it was a pity the Colonel had not been better educated, she only replied, shaking her head, ‘It would have sp’ilt him! it would have sp’ilt him!’”

As a church member, Colonel Robert must be said to have been what another old Adam was once said to be, “in good and regular but not high standing.” Grace and grit seem to have had a life-long fight for the mas-

ter, and, what with his free tongue and his high temper and his manly heart, the church had him up for discipline about twice a year. Indeed, as one of his descendants rather irreverently says, they were in a constant tussle, and sometimes the church was on top, and sometimes Colonel Bob ! When, to allay some temporary inflammation between himself and his friend and neighbor John Whittredge, his minister visited him and offered to pray with him, he growled assent. "And what shall I pray for, Colonel ?" "Pray for old John Whittredge ! And when you get through with him, I'll give you somebody else."

"If it be true—as it would surely seem to be from the many instances on record—that children take intellectually largely of the impress of the mother, then my father and his brothers were greatly indebted to their mother for their strongly marked character. She was a woman of fine presence and manners, rather portly withal, with strong lungs, and had only to speak to be obeyed by those dependent on her . . . . She was, too, a woman of pluck and decision. She was once walking from home to the main road through the pasture, in which was feeding a flock of sheep. Of a sudden, as she neared them, an old, sour-visaged ram rushed at her ferociously, but she as promptly drew from her pocket her silver snuff-box, at the same time clutching the ram by the horn, and emptied it plump into his face, causing him to beat an instant retreat. . . .

"I think it quite certain that the new house—the one now in existence—stands on the same spot as the old one, for my father often told me that when it was building he and the rest of the boys and the men all slept in the hay in the barn, which they would hardly have done had the old house occupied any other place. . . ."

"Here stood the loom, which was kept busily at work—as well as the woolen and the flax wheels—for clothing for the family. One of my earliest recollections was a grand banquet, given at a family meeting under the old roof; the table running

the whole length of the entry. At one end presided my grandfather, and at the other Dr. Cutler. I specially recall the pigs, the turkeys, and the other poultry revolving on the two long spits, resting on the tall andirons, with the dripping-pans beneath, and a rousing fire in front. . . .

“I recall in this connection another scene on the old farm, in which Dr. Cutler participated. It was at the raising of the large barn that has stood there so long. After it was up, and the neighbors present to assist in the work had partaken of a dinner, they all joined in a dance on the green in front of the house, Dr. Cutler himself leading off with my grandmother for his partner—one of his own church members.

“A few years ago, I made a statement of this incident, with other facts in relation to Dr. Cutler, which was put into print, and sent by some one to the late Dr. Sprague, the Clergymen’s Biographer. In his biographies of leading orthodox clergymen he had given a very good notice of Dr. Cutler, and doubtless was not a little troubled lest he had made a mistake as to the good Doctor’s orthodoxy. I received from him a letter, stating that he had always supposed that he was a sound orthodox preacher and pastor, and asking if there was not good cause to doubt if the story was a true one as to his participating in a dance.

“My prompt reply was, that Dr. Cutler lived and died in the orthodox faith, and that he did, at least on this occasion—if not on others—engage in dancing; that at that time the two things, orthodoxy and dancing—at least, dancing in broad day in the open air and as an innocent pastime—were not considered incompatible; that Dr. Cutler was an extremely joyous man, and on the most intimate terms with his parishioners; that he never would have countenanced them in anything which he did not believe to be right and proper, or would lower his dignity or damage his usefulness with his people. Whether Dr. Sprague accepted the situation I know not, but I heard nothing further from him on the subject.”

This clergyman, whose innocent pranks in our own rural door-yards disturbed the religious quiet of the

metropolis so many years afterward, was a man of mark in his day. He was a Connecticut Yankee, born in Killingly, in 1744, so that he must have been more than sixty years old at the time of this ill-advised hilarity. He was graduated at Yale College in 1765, engaged in the whaling business, and “kept store” at Edgartown, on Martha’s Vineyard, pursuing his studies the while, and was finally admitted to the bar in Massachusetts in 1767. After practicing law a short time he found the profession not to his liking, studied theology with his father-in-law, Rev. Thomas Balch, of Dedham, was licensed to preach in 1770, and after preaching six months on probation in Ipswich hamlet was ordained there September 11, 1771. He fired the hearts of our minute-men, after the news of the battle of Lexington, with a short and sharp address, then rode with them to Cambridge, and was made a chaplain. Toward the close of the war, as the hamlet doctor was away in the army, Parson Cutler studied medicine himself, and undertook the cure of his parishioners’ bodies as well as their souls, and meanwhile occupied his leisure with science. He was elected a member of the American Academy, and in its memoirs are found many papers from his pen : “On the Transit of Mercury over the Sun,” “On the Eclipse of the Moon and of the Sun,” “Meteorological Observations”—themes with which the clergy outside of Hamilton are not in the habit of intermeddling. He made the first attempt at a scientific description of the plants of New England, and has been termed the pioneer of botany in that region. His attention was first drawn to it by chancing to see an English work on botany, and, beginning at his own door-step, he examined and described three hundred and fifty species according to the Linnæan system. In the same year, 1784, he with a

party of six went up the White Mountains, and they are said to have been the first white men who ever reached the summit. He took up instruments, and computed Mount Washington to be ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, which was no doubt correct, though his craven-hearted successors have been leveling it ever since. In 1786 he went to New York and bought Ohio from the General Government, and then went back to Hamilton and founded it—for which may the Lord have mercy on his soul! He had a large wagon built and covered with black canvas, on which was painted in white letters: “‘Ohio,’ for Marietta on the Muskingum”—named, I suppose, for his own wife Mary, who helped to secure to Phebe Dodge her pork and potatoes. Forty-five men went with the wagon, starting from Parson Cutler’s house, and firing a volley as they went, by way of salute. History says that “the use to which this vehicle was appropriated, the circumstances under which it left New England and reached that then uncultivated wilderness, have placed this exploring wagon historically by the side of the Mayflower.” Edward Everett, in a speech at the bi-centennial celebration of the first settlement of Salem, said: “It is just forty years this summer since a long, ark-like wagon was seen traversing the roads and winding through the villages of Essex and Middlesex, covered with a black canvas, inscribed on the outside in large letters, ‘Marietta on the Ohio.’ That expedition, under Dr. Cutler, of this neighborhood, was the first germ of the settlement of Ohio. . . . This great State, with all its settlements and improvements, its mighty canals and growing population, was covered up (if I may so say) under the canvas of Dr. Cutler’s wagon.” The slight discrepancy between the two inscriptions is no

more than frequently mars the “ Harmony of the Gospels.”

When General Washington learned that our Hamilton men had gone to Ohio, he wrote from Mount Vernon : “ No colony in America was ever settled under such favorable auspices as that which has just commenced at the Muskingum. Information, property, and strength will be its characteristics. I know many of the settlers personally, and there never were men better calculated to promote the welfare of such a community.”

He was the first member of our National Congress ever sent from Hamilton ; but greatest of all his claims to the respect of posterity is the fact that to Dr. Cutler our country owes the Ordinance of 1787, which prohibited slavery in our Northwestern territory and consecrated it for ever to liberty and light. Of this ordinance Daniel Webster said : “ I doubt whether one single law of any lawgiver, ancient or modern, has produced effects of more distinct, marked, and lasting character than the Ordinance of 1787.” Judge Walker said : “ It approaches as nearly to absolute perfection as anything to be found in the legislation of mankind ; for, after the experience of fifty years, it would perhaps be impossible to alter without marring it.” Chief Justice Chase said : “ Never, probably, in the history of the world, did a measure of legislation so accurately fulfill, and yet so mightily exceed, the anticipations of the legislators. The Ordinance has well been described as having been a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night in the settlement and government of the Northwestern States.”

*Hamilton fecit !*

The origin of this ordinance has been usually as-

cribed to Nathan Dane, and, so far as Hamilton is concerned, it makes little difference, as Nathan Dane was born on her borders and bred on her soil. But, as a matter of fact, Dr. Cutler wanted to settle Ohio, and he knew that *his* parishioners would not go to found homes without the greatest civil and religious liberty ; without security for property and personal rights and education for their children. Accordingly, he harnessed up, drove to New York, visited Congress, and lobbied with the fervent and effectual prayer of the righteous man. He was a person of stately and elegant form and courtly manners ; easy, affable, communicative, and agreeable. His manners particularly impressed the Southern members, with whom he chiefly associated, because he wanted to win their votes, while he felt sure of Northern votes at call. The Southerners declared that they had never before seen such qualities as his in a Northern man. He talked Ohio by way of science and natural history as well as directly. He delighted in the society of beautiful and accomplished women, and in the prime of his rich life it may well be assumed that they found him not wholly unattractive. In his private journal he anticipates the modern journalists, and describes even the costume and coiffures of the noted ladies whom he met. His brilliant and varied reputation gave him the *entrée* of all circles. He was entertained by and with Congressmen, Cabinet officials, generals, clergymen, diplomats ; and through it all he steadfastly upheld the desirability to Government of his proposed purchase of lands, and the absolute necessity to that purchase of an ordinance of perpetual freedom. He regarded success as a duty, and he succeeded. He found that General St. Clair, President of Congress, wanted to be governor of the Northwestern

Territory. He had intended General Parsons for governor, but he must have General St. Clair's influence, and he paid the price, and General St. Clair *was* interested and *was* first governor. He allayed the old and even the new prejudices of the Southerners. He threatened a little, if it seemed requisite and necessary. When Congress demurred about giving one section in every township for the support of an educated ministry, and two entire townships for the establishment and support of a university, the wise Doctor packed his trunk, made his parting calls, and said he should buy of the States. Whereupon Congress, knowing that all Maine was in the market, and handy to Hamilton, flocked to his room and promised to give him all the educated ministry he wanted. The consequence was that in four days the ordinance of perpetual freedom and public education was passed. Dr. Cutler bought his five and a half millions of acres, and the great Northwest started out on its imperial career. In the "North American Review" (April, 1876), probably from the pen of one of his descendants, may be found a detailed account, which I have followed with perfect freedom of transfer and a little freedom of translation. But a family which will permit Nathan Dane to walk off down the ages with the laurels of their greater ancestor, while his journals and memoirs lie locked up thirty years in a private Rhode Island library, has no rights which any biographer is bound to respect !

I trust that when the two old comrades, soldier and pastor, sit chatting of old times in the cheerful homes of the unknown world, and the Colonel brings out his great-grandson for happy boasting, the parson matches him with his own great-great-granddaughter, who has just graduated not only first in her class, not

only first in her school, but first of all the pupils who have ever graduated at her school ; and whose teacher affirms that while many girls have done virtuously for a year or two, she is the only girl he ever knew who kept ahead of the boys through the whole course !

Such are the proper victories of parsons and of peace.

## CHAPTER II.

### FATHER AND SON.

THE will of Robert Dodge is less formal in its devoutness than those of his predecessors, and shows at least that verbal religion was on the decline before our day.

“In the name of God, Amen! I, Robert Dodge, of Hamilton, in the County of Essex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, being in health of body and of sound disposing mind and memory, do make and publish this my last will and testament, and do dispose of my estate as follows: *Imprimis*, I give to my wife, Mary Dodge, all my indoor utensils and furniture of all kinds and all articles of provision that shall be in the house, also a horse and chaise, all to be at her own disposal. I give to her the improvement of half my stock and half my real estate, excepting what is hereafter given to my son John, to be improved by her during her natural life. I also give her my clock and watch.”

Thus did the careful husband secure his wife against dependence upon his children, but did not find it necessary to guard her against their hostility. They were her children also.

Then follows the usual apportionment of meadows and pastures and lots—what I bought of Dea. Matthew Whipple to go to one, and all the lands I purchased of Nathaniel Poland to another, and the six acres bought

of John Knights, and the two pieces I bought of Nehemiah Dodge, and so on—showing that Robert had greatly enlarged his boundaries ; to each of his children he gave in money “\$1,700, one half to be paid in six months after my decease, and the other half in six months after the decease of my wife.”

Allen Dodge, the father of Allen W. Dodge, was the third of Colonel Robert’s eight sons, and married Mary Burroughs, daughter of Thomas Burroughs, of Newburyport, and niece and adopted daughter of Rev. Dr. Chandler, of New Rowley, now Georgetown, in whose family she was brought up. Allen Dodge met her while learning the carpenter’s trade of a Mr. Boynton in New Rowley.

“ Having obtained some experience in ship-carpentry, my father [I quote from the little private sketch before mentioned], soon after his majority, built on the old farm [in Hamilton] a fishing-smack, cutting most of the timber therefor on the farm, and hauled her to the salt water and made several fishing voyages in her. This to him seemed a slow way of making money, and he shipped as a common sailor with Captain George Hodges, of Salem, and went to Calcutta. The life before the mast was not to his taste—it was too full of hardships and privations ; so on his return he took with him his tools, and went to Georgetown, D. C., there to seek his fortunes. Seeing an advertisement for a competent person to build over the Potomac a pile bridge, he applied for and secured the contract. Pile-drivers were then just coming into use. On his way to Salem one day, he saw one in operation at the building of Beverly bridge, and made of it a pencil sketch which now stood him in hand in the building of the bridge over the Potomac. He had one made, and with it drove the piles for the foundations—probably the first that had been used so far South. This gave him a start in life. With his earnings he set up a small grocery in Georgetown, and applied himself so closely to business as to attract the notice of a wealthy citizen of the name of

King, who proffered him the loan of money with which to enlarge his operations, which he soon did. At this time his youngest brother, Francis, who had been educated by Dr. Manasseh Cutler, joined him, first as a clerk, and afterward as a partner, in the business, which now included a large trade to the West Indies in vessels owned by the firm. His eldest daughter, Mary Perley, was born in Georgetown. My mother's health failing, she returned to Newburyport, and for seven or eight years lived in the north part of the house (where I was born, on the corner of Green and Harris streets) owned by her sister's husband, David Hoyt, they occupying the other part. After three years my father quit business at the South, preferring to be with his family, and having secured a competency, at least sufficient for the successful prosecution of trade at the North, he then and there engaged in the fishing business, at the same time carrying on a large trade at foreign ports.

"On the breaking out of the War of 1812, he, in common with the majority of our merchants, took sides against it, considering the embargo first, and then the war, of the greatest injury to our commerce, and unjustly declared. These were the days of the Silver Grays and the Hartford Federalists—in fact, the days of Northern attempted, or at least devised, hostility to the Government, if not to the Union itself. The conflict of the two great political parties raged long and high—higher, indeed, than anything of the kind I have since witnessed. Often have I heard my father and his brother Robert—an intense Democrat—dispute about the war, the former assailing it as unjustly declared, and of no obligation to be supported; the latter contending that it was rightfully declared, and every good citizen was bound to support it. Boy as I was, I could not help siding with my uncle, and have never looked upon the matter in any other light. Such was the bitterness of party feelings that my father and his brother Robert did not speak to each other for years, and it was not till the latter was on his dying bed and sent for my father that a reconciliation was effected."

The two old politicians are said to have quarreled regularly at every Presidential election, but to have

lived in amity during most of the intervening time. The quarrel, however, did not extend to their families, who maintained relations of entire harmony even through a political campaign.

The old Federalist so hated the Democratic administration, that, when President Monroe visited Newburyport, he sat in his door-way, with his back to the street, leaning over the back of his chair, and never turned his head while the procession which escorted the Chief Magistrate was passing the house.

“ When our ports were so blockaded by the British fleet that flour rose to a high price, and was difficult to be got at that, he chartered a large number of Pennsylvania wagons with their teams and drivers, had them loaded with flour at Georgetown, D. C., and driven all the way to Newburyport, making a good operation by this novel enterprise.”

In 1822, having become embarrassed in his mercantile affairs, he retired from business, and removed to the old farm in Hamilton. He was a man of scrupulous honesty, intolerant of dishonesty ; he felt that fate had not fairly dealt with him in his financial relations, and that he was, as it were, shelved prematurely and unjustly. It was retreat, not withdrawal, rather forced than chosen, and he had no relish for resignation. He said if he had got to go down into Egypt he would never go up from it, and he scarcely went out of the village afterward nor ever took any active interest in public or political affairs. When friends came to visit him from Boston or Salem, he would speed them on their homeward way as far as Beverly bridge, but there he dropped them. Not one step farther would he budge ! His sense of humor relieved the situation, albeit that humor, always keen, may have grown a little gruff.

“One of the hired men once complained to my father that he had corned beef for dinner oftener than he wanted.

“‘And what would you prefer for dinner, if you had the ordering of it?’

“‘Oh! roast turkey, to be sure.’

“‘What! Every day?’ said my father.

“‘Yes, every day, if it was only roast turkey.’

“My father at once bought the biggest and the best cock-turkey he could find, had it roasted to a charm, and then set on a side-table for the hired man’s dinner. He ate sparingly of it the first day, but seemed to enjoy it hugely. The next day it made its second appearance on the side-table for the special use of the complainant. He made a full meal of it, but, when it appeared day after day for his exclusive entertainment, he began to feel the cloying of appetite, and hardly to relish the turkey or the practical joke it embodied. Finally he begged my father to release him from his rash engagement, and he would never again find fault with such dishes as were set before him; even if it were skunk’s or crow’s meat for variety, he would swallow it all without complaining.”

But, when the little children came to visit at the farm, it was always understood that they were to tumble about the hay-cocks as much as they pleased. And when one little fellow lifted up his voice with a great and bitter cry, because a calf which had been called his on a previous visit had since been sold, a man was instantly dispatched to the purchaser with money and the message, “You buy that calf back for what I got for it if you can, but don’t you come back without the calf!”

His love for home and children was strong and tender.

“In the treatment of his children,” says his son, “my father seldom appealed to their fears, but usually to their sense of right and honor. I remember that, when, at the beginning of a school or college term, I was about to leave home, he would

ask me how much I thought I should need for spending money. My wants for such purposes were few, and if I said five or ten dollars—‘Here are ten or twenty dollars’ (as the case might be); ‘you had better have enough; don’t be mean when with other boys, and pay your share, and, if you need more money, send for it. I shall trust to your honor to do what is right and proper.’ The result was that often I had an overplus to take home with me, and seldom had to make a new draft on him.

“In his family he was kind and considerate, a liberal provider, devoted in his attentions to any of us when sick. Nothing pleased him more than to have us bring home some of our friends to share in his hospitalities. He was plain-spoken and brisk in his manner, sometimes amounting almost to rudeness. His minister, Rev. Joseph Barlow Felt, once called on him in spring to beg a few garden seeds. ‘I sha’n’t give you any,’ said my father. ‘And why not?’ asked the minister. ‘Because I gave you some last year, and as I passed by your garden in summer it was all overgrown with weeds, and you don’t deserve to have seeds given you, if you can’t take care of them after they are up.’ At another time, when the same minister called, he asked him if he would not like some of his fine new potatoes. ‘Yes, he should like some very much.’ ‘Well, here is the hoe. Go down into the field, and get as many as you want.’”

Mr. Dodge had been somewhat attracted to the Unitarians in Newburyport, and had attended the Unitarian church, his wife remaining steadfast to her orthodox training. He would naturally, therefore, have no especial leaning to rigid Hamilton orthodoxy!

In the fierce internecine war that was waged around Mr. Felt’s head, Mr. Dodge probably took sides against the minister, by which I account for the potatoe-hoeing. The clang of arms in that mighty warfare has hardly yet ceased to echo, though probably no man living knows what it was all about. But it has become historical because the high tide of passion was marked for all

future ages by the fact that “a woman spoke right out in the meeting-house.” But it was a woman abundantly capable of speaking in church, and of meeting and mastering any man who came into it. Beautiful, brilliant, accomplished, imperious, fascinating, even in her hoary age, few ministers but would have trembled before her noonday power. The vivacity of her French blood and the grace and self-poise wrought by world-wide travel would have found their natural home in the *salons* of Paris, but, as Paris was inaccessible, she took Hamilton with the greatest cheerfulness, and ruled with despotic yet benignant sway. Men and women alike admired her, and even the little children were won by the marvelous French songs she delighted to sing to them. A hale and handsome gentleman, himself professing to be past seventy, has just told me that he met her in Boston when past ninety, and that her eyes were as bright as they had been forty years before. Moved by what madness I know not, the Rev. Mr. Felt—himself a man of no mean parts, author of historical works of great research which are still standard, and from which has been conveyed nearly everything of value in that exceedingly dull fiction called the “History of Essex County”; husband of a niece of the Adamses, through whose mediatorship the faithful in Hamilton are still enabled to worship at a shrine consecrate to the little sleeve of a cambric gown worn by John Quincy Adams during that brief but innocent portion of his life, which, according to Senator Blaine, preceded his entrance upon office, and whom Hamilton, all Federalist as she is, remembers only as the sixth President of the United States, and not as one charged with successful trickery to obtain his first, and unsuccessful treachery to obtain his second, election—thus fortified by birth and by mar-

riage, poor Mr. Felt essayed a faint resistance to a masterful woman's will. The Sewing Society wished to appropriate their funds to the monument of their previous pastor, the Rev. Manasseh Cutler. Mr. Felt wished it to be accomplished by other means. Tradition says that he circulated a subscription paper among the people, and subsequently from his supposed vantage-ground in the pulpit recommended it to his hearers. But our Lady Superior had not felt upon her cheeks the breath of cannon balls in Caribbean Seas to be vanquished by a Congregational minister in Ipswich hamlet. From her daïs in the gallery, over the heads of the awe-stricken people below, but level fronting the astonished clergyman, thus outspake she: "The ladies have taken that matter in hand, sir, and will carry it through."

"Ah!" faltered the pastor, already breathless and overthrown by the unexpectedness of her onset, "I did not know that."

"You might have known, sir, if you had inquired," with tone so pointed and aspect so severe that still among the old parsonage trees lurks an aroma of suspicion that he did know! Mr. Felt had many and warm friends, but, from the day a woman took the field against him, his doom was sealed and he had to go.

I ought perhaps to apologize for these digressions, but the truth is, that Hamilton has been so prolific of remarkable persons that you can hardly touch the outer lines of history anywhere without finding yourself converging toward Hamilton!

"My mother," says the little narrative, "had nothing of humor or jesting—even of a wholesome, practical kind—about her. Life was to her too serious . . . to indulge in any levity. Her disposition was rather of the meditative and sad kind. Of-

ten heaving a sigh or breathing a prayer, she kept at her accustomed round of duties from early morning to late at night—painsaking and over-anxious about family affairs, yet devoted almost to excess to the care and comfort of her family. She was the pattern of an excellent wife and mother, and I never can think of her, and of all she did for me in my long and severe illnesses when young, without feeling for her the profoundest love, respect, and veneration. If ever one had kind and loving parents, I had.

“I should fail in duty if I omitted to mention the great interest that my father took in giving us all a good education. For himself he often confessed his lack of it, and the drawbacks and trials that were thus entailed upon him. Not unfrequently would he say to me, ‘Allen, I mean to give you the best education that money will secure for you.’

“For four years he kept me at Phillips Exeter Academy, and, afterward, four years at Harvard, paying my bills most cheerfully, and encouraging me to diligence in my studies and a right improvement of my time and opportunities. He took great interest in my making up in my education for the deficiencies in his own, and, I have reason to think, was well satisfied with my success in this respect.”

So fathered and so mothered, the little Allen started out on the rugged path of life ; rugged yet measurably straightened and softened and smoothed by six generations of stalwart New England men and strong motherly women—on whom be peace ! He came welcome into a family, its only son, with one elder and two younger sisters ; and was naturally much petted and pleased by his womankind. He first went to school with his sisters, to a Mrs., or Miss, Greenough, who taught in her own house. He remembered to his latest day the pang which tore his heart, as well as his pride, in those early days. He wore a pair of laced boots which met in heart shape on the ankle. Under his minute directions, his sisters, with great pains-

taking and many alterations, had made a pair of tassels to dangle from the center of each heart. The first time he wore them on the street a rude and hard-hearted sailor fixed his baleful eyes upon them, whipped out his knife, stooped and cut off both tassels, and walked away with them. The outraged and, in every sense of the word, broken-hearted boy, rushed home, and after the manner of his kind relieved himself of his rage and regret by upbraiding his sisters. He was sent to Dummer Academy, but was very homesick. While at home on a visit his father heard him crying, and moaning in his sleep that he "did not want to stay here, he wanted to go home ;" and the father declared that he should not go back, he would not have the boy unhappy !

Later he went to Phillips Academy, Exeter, where he was prepared for Harvard College. His studies at Exeter, however, were interrupted by a severe and dangerous illness, supposed to have been brought on by his having eaten a cocoanut. At any rate, so deep was his aversion to that rather undesirable luxury that he never permitted one afterward to be brought into his house.

For a part of the time during his convalescence he attended the Newburyport Academy, especially for the study of penmanship. Of his teacher, and school-life there, he afterward wrote, in the "*Newburyport Herald*," November 17, 1863 :

"In my mind's eye, Alfred W. Pike stands out in bold relief as the very chief of pedagogues—not one of your modern moral-suasion professors of education, but a man of authority ; himself

"—a king,  
And born with kings to strive,"

—born to enforce obedience to his will—and such a will; stern, imperious, decisive. He ruled with despotic scepter—governed

mostly by fear—fear of his cutting sarcasm and ridicule, and of the ferule grasped by his powerful hand. He had not in his composition the slightest touch of tenderness or sympathy for the feelings of his pupils. If there was a soft spot in his heart, in those days that tried boys' souls, we were never fortunate enough to find it. Everything was done by him with the rigidness and precision of machinery. The idea of any place being given in the school-room to the emotions of love or honor would have been treated by him as so much fiction, and simply ridiculous. He appealed occasionally to the spirit of emulation, but, as a general rule, he was a man of method, who expected from a given amount of study, in a given number of hours, a required grist of lessons to be ground out, and of a quality to pass inspection. It was not often that he was off duty in the school-room. Homer may have sometimes nodded, but Pike never. There he was, day in and day out—week after week, and month after month—the same uncompromising, persistent, exacting, inexorable Alfred W. Pike, bent on putting his classes through their lessons in the most thorough manner, and with a literal exactness that in these days, when the sense of the author only is required, can hardly be conceived of. His was, truly and strictly, the memoriter method of instruction, which unquestionably has its advantages, but at the same time some serious drawbacks.

"The present writer did not take a full, or regular, course of study at the Newburyport Academy, but was only there for a year or less, being out of health, and filling up an interval of time while recruiting at home by perfecting himself in penmanship. And here it may be said—and to this every one of his pupils will most cheerfully bear testimony—that Master Pike was himself a most accomplished and elegant penman, rivaling in his handiwork the most finished copper-plate. He was, too, what has almost ceased to be the case with teachers of common schools, high schools, and academies, a most skillful and successful teacher of writing. His was a rare tact that way. He did not give out to his pupils copies to be imitated merely, as if one should give out a shoe for an apprentice to make one by, but he was wont to move around among

them while they were at their task, correcting their errors at the time of making them, and showing them by example how to perform the several parts of their work. He was greatly opposed to everything like flourishing with the pen and fancy writing, but encouraged only a neat, plain, bold, round hand, such as most of his pupils now write. A larger number of good penmen were trained up by him than by any other mere schoolmaster within my knowledge. Little need had his graduates to take a supplementary course at some commercial academy to fit them for a clerkship in a bank, an insurance office, or a counting-room. That was all done, and well done, as an essential part of the education received under his practical direction.

"The writer of this has but a dim recollection of the merits or defects of his fellows at school. He sees, down through the vista of years, Master Pike, looming up to view in all his gigantic proportions, and the figure seems, like Brobdingnag in the story, to dwarf into Lilliputians those that were gathered round him. One incident, however, was so impressed on my mind that I will endeavor to recall it, premising, however, that I subscribe fully to the declaration of J. S. that 'Alfred W. Pike was a complete despot.' His word was law. Right or wrong, it must be obeyed, or the penalty would follow. He would tolerate no hesitancy or contradiction. Once—and it was the only painful event that marred the happy days I passed under his instruction—he charged me, in his impetuous and brusque way, with a supposed misdemeanor, which was as promptly repelled and denied by me. Forthwith your now venerable servant was summoned to his desk as a culprit, and with ferule suspended over his head—*frigide horrens*—threatened with instant punishment if the denial was not retracted. This was firmly but persistently refused, and the consciousness of right nerved the recusant to such a pitch of heroism that he confessed himself willing to die a martyr rather than to yield. At the close of the school, he was ordered to tarry, and then again another onslaught was made upon him to force him to the acknowledgment of wrong, but all to no purpose. Then it was that I made known to him my own sense of wrong and outrage heaped upon

me, and the determination not to subject myself to such treatment in future, by never again darkening the doors of his loathed Academy. The stout-hearted man—the redoubtable pedagogue—relented; gave in, under this declaration of hostilities, and even made an earnest proffer of his good services and regard for the rights and feelings of his pupils—now the forlorn hope of the *Academical* band—in future. The point to which he took the most exception was the open defiance of his authority, to which I offset the no less public indignity cast upon me by his false accusation. Suffice to say, a full and fair understanding was had between us before the interview was over, and nothing afterward occurred to disturb the harmony of the rest of my career.

“With all his faults of government, Master Pike won the respect—though hardly the love—of his scholars. In after years, however, he evinced far more of a kindly and genial spirit toward those who had been educated by him; his rough points were toned down by the lapse of years and their varied experiences. He took an honest pride in the success of his old scholars, and they in return felt, I am sure, only the kindest of feelings toward him. In the very latest part of life, he was an agent to procure subscribers for the *life* of *Benton*. He went the rounds, I dare say, of all his pupils. At least he visited me. He enters my office, straight as an arrow, firm of step as of yore, and, with a smile such as was not wont to light up his face, he at once walks into the very recesses of my heart—if not my pocket. He talks over old matters, tells the merits and peculiarities of his boys. ‘You,’ said he, addressing me by name, ‘were a famous fellow for cutting letters in print, but were not one of my best writers. There was Josiah L. Hale—he was a good writer’; and so he went on extolling the several excellences of one and another, till he had nearly exhausted the whole school. Peace to thy ashes, great Master Pike! There may be teachers nowadays of softer mold in heart, and in manners, and in life, but none who could impress himself more strongly on the plastic minds of youth; none who reigned in the little realm of his school over more docile and obedient subjects than he.”





**GAUGING.**

**PROBLEMS.**

Some of the boy's feats of penmanship at this period would not disgrace this scientific era of "drawing in schools." Among his own pleasantest school reminiscences seems, however, to have been that of driving over from Exeter—to his father's great pride and pleasure—with his "tandem team," accompanied by one or more of his comrades for a home visit!

In 1822 various entries in the diary of his brother-in-law, Mr. Benjamin Poore, who had married his eldest sister, Mary Perley, tell us :

"*Aug. 22.* Attended the examination at Exeter with my wife, and Mrs. Dodge and family. Allen acquitted himself well.

"*Sept. 25.* Carried Allen in a chaise to Cambridge through Andover, where we dined.

"*Sept. 26.* Purchased Allen's furniture, and came home."

And always, when Mr. Poore went to Boston on business during the collegiate term of his brother-in-law, he "went to Cambridge to see Allen."

## CHAPTER III.

### COLLEGE.

OF his college life but few records remain ; but those are all honorable to the blameless, brilliant, and enthusiastic student. Rev. A. P. Peabody, of Cambridge, who was his classmate, says :

“In college he was regarded as among the foremost of his class in ability, and held high rank as a scholar. He was severely strict in all the essentials of moral principle and conduct, with a high sense of honor, frank, outspoken, manly beyond his years. He was popular in his class, but it was understood that he was always on the side of law and order in the collisions—then not infrequent—between the students and the higher powers. You, perhaps, are unaware that he was regarded as the master-wit of his class. I doubt whether the distinction was ever better merited. He was president of the ‘Medical Faculty’ (Med. Facs.)—a society whose sole business was fun and merriment. Its meetings were ghastly masquerades by the light of blue fires, and its outside manifestations were in the form of a triennial catalogue, with its long array of honorary degrees in hybrid Latin. Its existence was wisely tolerated by the Faculty, as a safety-valve for exuberant spirits that might else have found vent in vicious ways. I well remember Mr. Dodge as presiding at a meeting held in commemoration of Alexander, Emperor of Russia, who had received an honorary degree from the society. The President’s flashing wit and coruseating humor formed the chief charm of the burlesque ceremonial. I em-

phasize this feature of his college life, because it seems to me to have been a life-long characteristic, though modified in its expression by the more serious tone and spirit of his maturer days. Whenever he spoke of the follies and sins of the times, I recognized in his scathing irony the same genius that had been the master of harmless boyish revels half a century before. The only other reminiscence that I have of his college life is his beautiful chirography and his generous use of the gift. At that time a certain number of the high scholars of each class presented at the public exhibitions mathematical exercises, which were problems wrought out and beautifully engrossed on large sheets of drawing-board. He, I think, performed the pen-work for a great part of the exercises assigned to his class, thus saving for the poorer members the expense of resorting to a professor of caligraphy."

A quaint little fragment of journal—illustrated with many penciled profiles, and only preserved from page 55 to page 82—throws a little light on the rugged paths of culture in 1823.

"14th.—The 'Acriboligoumenoi' met, for the first time since its organization, this evening. We discussed the question 'Whether it is beneficial for young students to associate with young ladies,' and, after a thorough investigation of it, decided that the improvement they received in their society fully repaid them for the time thus spent. We had some difficulty, owing to our president, who is a Southerner, being offended because, in balloting for new members, all the Southerners that were proposed were rejected. On this account he has withdrawn himself from the society. We have agreed to have a meeting once every fortnight, on Monday night.

"15th.—M., a member of my class, and who occupies the room adjacent to mine, this day 'took up his connections.' He had become wearied of college life, and could take no pleasure in it, therefore resolved on quitting before time should reconcile him to our labors. N., instead of being dismissed, is deprived of his part at the next exhibition, and the money (for he is a

beneficiary) allowed him by government. His class, however, have agreed to support him through the rest of his collegiate course.

“ 17th.— . . . Received a letter from my friend Gale—quite long and interesting; was much amused with the account he gave of the spirit of the Yale students in plundering their commons of upward a hundred hams of bacon, which had become rather old and unpalatable. . . . Our president being absent from the Euphradian this evening, we had rather a disorderly meeting; a goodly number of fines were imposed, which will balance irregularities.

“ 18th.—We had a *fine* time at noon commons. S. (the tutor of our hall) was not present, and we did not heed the few graduates that were there. There was one continued scene of confusion and riot from commencement to the end of dinner—students bawling out in every part of the hall, and potatoes and bread and meat flying from one table to another. At one time the potatoes whistled by my ears with fury equal to bullets, or rather cannon-balls, in battle. It was really dangerous to raise one’s head; for as sure as you turned to see from whence the cannonade (more properly, potatoeade) proceeded, so sure were you to be greeted, on the face perhaps, with some mealy, soft, or greasy substance. The waiter, who is a green hand, was very much perturbated, so much so that, in handing a plate with some gravy in it on to the table, he spilled a quantity of it upon the head of one ill-fated member of our mess; and, as it streamed down his locks and cheeks, I imagined he bore some resemblance to Saul of old, when anointed with oil by Samuel—although I should hope Saul suffered it more meekly and made less wry faces on the occasion. Poor fellow! we administered all the consolation we were able by assuring him his hair would need no *pomatum* for a month at least to come.

“ 19th.—The class, at the Greek review this morning, *scraped* T., because he gave one part of the class a *miss*, and not the other. He was much enraged, and declared, if he should detect any one scraping, he would immediately request the government to dismiss him, which they would certainly do. Moreover that, if he could not find out for a certainty the persons thus engaged, he should

take those whom he suspected, and this would be sufficient to satisfy the government; thus confessing that a dismission might be inflicted on mere suspicion. O Harvard, what justice reigns within thy courts! Took a walk to Fresh Pond, two miles distant. This is by far the most beautiful pond I ever saw. It is between two and three miles in circumference, very clear water, and surrounded in some places by steep banks covered with trees, and in others by yellow sand-hills. The air was very still, and the water, reflecting the long shadows of the trees on its smooth, transparent surface, formed a sight truly picturesque, which was still heightened by a sail-boat gliding majestically along, and cutting the shadows as it passed. On an eminence near the pond is a very handsome and well-furnished house of entertainment. A group of trees cover the declivity between this and the water; and under their shades are bowling-alleys, swings, and seats, so that the attractions, both of nature and art, render this one of the most delightful retreats, whether for the care-worn cit, the study-worn collegian, or the romantic lass. Indeed, here are charms for every one—charms so sweetly blended as to give it the appearance of a perfect paradise; and I felt almost as deep regret as whilom did Adam when driven out from Eden, on quitting it. Toward night visited the Botanical; saw Nuttal, the new *curator*, who very politely showed us round, explained the natures and told us the names of a great many plants. He has spent a large part of his life in traveling to examine the various vegetables of the globe, so that he is now as skilled as any man in the country in his branch.

“20th.—Attended meeting all day. Services now begin in the afternoon at half past four. Saw Charles Prescott both at the chapel and Perkins’s room in the evening. Between the hours of nine and ten this evening, T.’s windows were broken by some of my classmates. This is a way that has frequently been taken by former classes to show their resentment upon unpopular tutors. The action is, indeed, of itself mean and ungentleman-like; but, when it is performed against a tutor who has behaved as T. has, I think it appears in quite a contrary light. Yet, even allowing it is in every case beneath a

gentleman, if we can not get satisfaction in one way, we must in another; neither do we feel the least compunction about the matter when we consider we have only returned 'tit for tat.' That is, if we have behaved ungentlemanly, it was not without his first setting us the example. I well know that we say 'tit for tat is a very bad word,' but this we only *say*, and seldom act by, for 'it is much easier,' according to an old but true proverb, 'to preach than practice.' The government have been examining all the day long nearly half of the class, in order to detect the persons concerned in last night's scrape. They have not as yet succeeded, and I think can not. I have escaped being 'called up.' Although I had nothing to do with the matter, yet I can not see why I am not as suspicious a character as many others that have been 'called up.' I have frequently been reminded of possessing an unusual *long*, sober, and sour face, and this, mayhap, may be the reason that I am not liable to their suspicion, since they might suppose that the owner of such a face could never harbor so heinous a crime—a crime of the blackest dye; for T. says, 'he has not the least doubt but that they threw such large stones with *murderous* intentions!' The government have fixed suspicion on two persons, F. and R., but there is every reason to suppose they are innocent. Nothing short of a suspension will be the punishment of the guilty, or rather, of those whom the government shall say are guilty.

"22d.—Government meetings still continue to be held, to inquire into and determine about the late affair. Many at their examination, upon being asked what reason could prompt any of the class to commit such an outrageous deed, have answered that T.'s conduct in dividing the class into sections, whose lessons are proportioned to the abilities of each, some getting more and others less—a thing which has hitherto never been done, and which now, being tried upon us by way of an experiment, has excited enmities among us and created the highest disgust for the plan; that we have petitioned in vain to return to the 'old way,' and that, no other resource being left, this method was taken to show our disapprobation. This afternoon a paper was circulated round, and the whole class have signed their names

to it, requesting T. to let us return together. F. and R. will probably be dismissed. The class are convinced of their innocence, and will take some method to revenge their unjust punishment. We assembled on the delta (our play-ground) at eight o'clock this evening, in order to consult what measures should be taken; however, being uncertain as to their punishment, we did not come to any fixed determination. Appointed a committee to carry the petition to T., who returned with the 'glad tidings' that it was granted. He has frequently and solemnly affirmed that the class, as long as he was its tutor, should never come together, and yet he has granted a petition to that effect! About ten at night the cry of fire again was reëchoed through the yard; it was a bonfire made of pitch-barrels. The tutors were out, sending every one to their rooms, so that they soon stilled the noise. The tutor of my entry very cunningly stood at his door, and as the students came down stairs stopped them, inquired their business for going out, and then sent them back; so afraid is the government of any disturbance arising. T. repents of last night's promise, and wishes to retract, but the class are unwilling. . . . Y., a senior, is dismissed for being seen out at the fire, which the government consider as abetting it. After sitting all day, the government have acquitted W. and S., saying that they have got a new track. What this is time only will show; but I am inclined to think that they have no more information on the subject than before, and that they have said they have, either to frighten those that were concerned in the *scrape*, or else to give a specious excuse for not punishing F. and R., since it would never do to let such a 'murderous' crime pass unnoticed.

"The whole class recited together in Greek; it really seemed *good* to meet after so long a separation. How true is the common remark that we know not how to appreciate any blessing till we are deprived of it! If we had always gone on in the 'good old way' together, we should never have perceived, or rather, truly estimated its advantages; but now that we have, like scattered sheep, wandered about so long in these new and heretofore untrodden paths, so thorny and so difficult, we return with pleasure to our wonted road, along which we can

easily and cheerily travel, and enjoy its beauties the more by remembering our former labors.

“24th.—The clouds of commotion have blown over, and all again is still. Even T.’s face has resumed its wonted smiles, for, during the disturbances, it looked rather gloomy.

“But the class are more joyful than any others. ‘We fought and conquered’; and surely, if victory is the source of any joy, we have the greatest reasons to congratulate ourselves upon obtaining it, since we had to contend with *enemies* so far superior to us, *viz.*, the government. It is, indeed, wonderful that they should submit; a miracle—a peculiar dispensation of Providence. Posterity will thank the class of 1823 for so successfully opposing these innovations.

“If, before I had entered college, I had known that this experiment was to be tried upon the present freshman class, I should not have entered this college, or, at least, deferred my coming another year, for what man would voluntarily let a *quack* try the effect of his patent medicines first upon his body? Would he not shudder at the thought of ever taking them, or at most, wait till others have proved them? I do not call T. a quack; on the contrary, I think he truly knows much about the Greek language, has great enthusiasm in its cause—perhaps too great. It might well be said of him, ‘too much learning has made thee mad’ (*i. e.*, Greek learning). Indeed, the effect of a superabundance of this language has frequently produced effects bad enough to deter any one from its study. Dr. K., our Greek professor, who is probably the best scholar in his branch in this country, is one of the most eccentric men I know. It is related of him—and I believe it is a fact—that when he was courting, and on the point of *offering* himself, instead of doing so (his mind was so occupied with the charms of the Greek that probably those of the lady were unperceived) he began to conjugate the verb *τοπτώ*!

“But some say that this was the only method he knew of to captivate her heart, and therefore he made use of it accordingly.

“26th.—Saw a most astonishing prodigy to-day, *viz.*, a man possessed of calculating powers similar to those of Zerah Col-

bourn. He has been struck with the palsy, and was a hideous object to behold. By telling him when you were born, he would immediately give you the number of seconds you had lived, without the aid of pen or paper. Also by multiplying any number of figures which should be made known to him, by two that should not, and telling him the two last figures of the product, he could in a moment tell you the whole product and the multiplier. I asked him how he did it. This he said he was not able to explain; but if he could he would readily do it. He observed that he had been possessed of these faculties from his youth; at that time he used to think that every one had the same, and was often surprised, when children of his age were asked some deep arithmetical question, that they did not immediately answer it. It was as singular a fact as ever I witnessed.

“27th.—Dined with Dr. Foster to-day. It appeared quite strange not to be surrounded by my usual mess, and the silence of a private room formed a strong contrast with the noise and laughter of commons hall.

“28th.—This evening, A., the former president of the Acri-boligoumenoi, returned to the society, and again performed the duties of his office. We were all glad of his return, for he is a ‘*fine fellow.*’ Bonaparte was voted into the society. Our debate continued till ten o’clock, and was quite spirited. We speak, after the manner of the Quakers, only when the ‘spirit moves,’ and seldom continue speaking a long time at once. This I like, for there is nothing more tedious, especially if he is not interesting, than one of those long-winded bodies that go on conversing, without giving any one else an opportunity, as long as they can retain an auditor. I have frequently been caught in this way by some garrulous *old maid*, and kept whole hours listening to her gossip tales. I hardly dare to go within mouth-shot of a notorious old maid, for fear my ear should be saluted with a volley of words, and I should be obliged to ‘heave to,’ and remain as long as she lists under the thunder of her victorious cannonade.

“29th.—Exhibition took place to-day. The parts were elegantly written, and generally well spoken. One of the per-

formers, who belongs to the black-list, a very unpopular man, and one whom the seniors supposed very instrumental in getting N.'s part taken away, was, on these accounts, hissed ; a thing which has not been done of late years, and which is a great insult upon the government. After the performances were over, the company 'turned out' and displayed themselves in the yard to a large concourse of females, who literally crowded the windows of the college building. Their plumes nodding to and fro, leghorns and numerous fancy bonnets, bedecked with all that the milliner's art can supply, and beneath these, their (for the most part) lovely faces, suffused with smiles of approbation, presented a beautiful, and to us collegians, heart-cheering prospect. Nay, so beautiful did they look that they almost equaled the appearance of the plants and flowers with which many of the windows are adorned. So unusual a phenomenon was it, that, instead of paying the least attention to the company, their evolutions, dress, or music, I stood with my eyes fixed upon it, lost in wonder and admiration ; perhaps gaping like some country bumpkin, when for the first time he marches through the streets of a populous town. And if the shops and signs were new to him, and therefore his staring excusable, this assemblage of beauty in such a place was no less so to me, nor my staring the less excusable. It was, indeed, as if upon a desolate island, where you had been for years without beholding a human being, a company of females, like angels from heaven, should suddenly present themselves to your astonished view. Joy, mingled with surprise and awe, would thrill your heart. It would be a welcome sight, but the suddenness and strangeness of it would nearly petrify you on the spot. However, I was much delighted with the sight. My eyes have not had so rich a feast this many a day ; after so '*high living*' I am afraid they will, with reluctance, betake themselves to their former plain fare of ugly Greek characters, disgusting mathematical figures, and, what is still worse in contrast, the odious look of that nymph of the broom, the Goody !

"In the afternoon the company encamped about a mile from the colleges, where they were visited by the government and Captain Partridge, of Norridge Academy. I was treated with a

ride to Fresh Pond. Returned at dark, quite worn down with the business of the day.

“30th.—Numbers received ‘publicks’ for ‘blowing’ last evening. It is an established custom for every one that has a part at an exhibition to give a treat to his friends. The government endeavor to abolish this custom, but in vain. There were many interrupted in their joviality last evening by the tutors’ voices at their door, and those that did not obey them were reprimanded accordingly. The government have passed a vote to expel every one that hissed B. when speaking yesterday. They can not, however, find out for certain who the offenders were; so they will take, I suppose, their usual *just* method, viz., expel those whom they suspect.

“May 1st.—The government have had a great many ‘up,’ but as yet have punished none. They blame N., and attribute the whole cause of the hissing to him, whereas, he not only did not hiss himself, but also used his endeavors to prevent his class, and did, in fact, in a great measure restrain them, for they had determined to hiss him off of the stage, but through his entreaty they did not hiss till he had finished speaking. The class were more enraged against this man, since it has been found out that he has acted the *informer’s* part, and given the government false information concerning N. N. wished to prevent the hissing, because he knew it would all be laid to his charge.

“2d.—This morning N. was *dismissed*. The class have sworn vengeance against B. To begin with, when they went into the chapel to declamation, before the exercises had fairly commenced, that part called the White list, consisting of three quarters of the class, rose up from their seats, hissing, stamping, and crying ‘Out with him! ’ ‘Out with him! ’ A complete scene of confusion ensued. They rushed upon the fated man, and by force drove, or rather kicked, him down stairs, the other classes all the while, through sympathy I suppose, echoing the noise and hisses, without taking an active part in the proceedings. When the White list commenced *business*, C., the professor of oratory, endeavored to still them, but the more he cried out to come to order, the louder grew the noise, and, when he saw them attack B., he flew to his assistance, but was kept

off by the outer body. When the object of their hatred and contempt was thus expelled from among them, they returned, saying that they would then go on with the declamation; but, C. observed that after such an uproar he could not suffer the exercise to proceed, and therefore dismissed the classes to their rooms. Forthwith the government set, and dismissed four of the White list. The remaining part formed their plans in the afternoon, resolving to 'live or fall together.' They attended prayers at night. B. made his appearance while the Praeses was praying, and again the cry of 'Out with him!' arose. And out with him they did, in spite of all the exertions of tutors and professors to the contrary—in spite, too, of the remonstrances of the Praeses, upbraiding them with the want of respect due to religion and to the place, and threatening college punishments, with the deprivation of their degrees. But all in vain. They were determined upon this measure, and nothing could move them from it. The Praeses was, by the noise and confusion, compelled to omit praying, and the classes were dismissed accordingly. After commons, between six and seven o'clock, the White listers marched through the streets until they had collected the whole of their band. They then entered college yard, proceeded under the rebellion tree (a tree which had oftentimes before waved its branches over meetings like this, from which cause it acquired its name), and called over the roll of those who were about to engage in the rebellion. The other classes all the while—for they had been ordered not to depart from their rooms under any pretense whatever—were witnessing their movements from open windows; but the tutors and some of the professors were endeavouring to quell this insurrection against their authority. Some might be seen 'laying their heads together' afar from the reach of danger, others skulking round at a distance, listening to catch a word which the winds might haply waft to their ears; but no one save Dr. K. dared to expose himself to the treatment they would probably receive from men in such a situation. He, bold man, rushed into the midst, and cried aloud to be heard, but they proceeded with their business as if none but their own number were present, so determined were they to carry their point. They then marched

in a body, with a bugle sounding at their head, from the yard to a place beyond college ground, the tutors still continuing to follow at a respectful distance. While passing through the yard they raised the cry of 'Seniors, seniors!' and then of 'College, college!' to join them in the rebellion. They appeared like desperate men, yet they conducted with the greatest coolness and resolution. They remained together about an hour, and all swore to a number of oaths, such as not to attend recitations, but to go to the chapel to prayers, and to put B. out as long as he should continue to come in; that no one would consider himself a member of college till N. and the other four should be recalled: on the contrary, they would all take up their connections, etc. After this they marched to the yard again, and then separated for the evening.

"3d.—In the morning they punctually attended prayers, and, when B. did not make his appearance (having previously agreed upon this step), they left the chapel. The services afterward proceeded as usual. The government then set, and by the advice of the corporation dismissed from twenty-five to fifty—the greatest number probably that was ever dismissed at a time. The remaining part of the White list, according to their oaths, took up their connections (saving one who remains, an unhappy perjurer), so that the senior class, but yesterday the largest and finest of all in college, now consists of about twenty members. Those that were sent off were mostly grown men, and perhaps of the richest families of any in college. Secretary Adams's son was of the number. Went to town in the forenoon; saw 'lots' of seniors parading the streets dressed in *blue*. They are to hold a meeting at Concert Hall this evening, to concert future measures. Returned 'home' in the afternoon, quite worn down with the fatigue of the day.

"4th.—The chapel looked quite desolate—a quarter of it is now hardly peopled. Dr. Ware preached in the morning; President in the afternoon—the latter's discourse was, I thought, applicable to the present disturbances. The other classes have caught the spirit of the seniors, and all express the utmost contempt for B., as being a person unfit for the company of gentlemen. The Juniors and Sophs both held illegal class meetings

this eveuing. We, the Freshmen, wisely concluded to await the issue of their meetings, before we had one of our own. It appeared that both these classes entered into oaths similar to those of the seniors, viz., to hiss B. and put him from the chapel whenever he should appear there, and, moreover, if any one was punished for these meetings (to which they are liable), that the class would all meet the same punishment by raising a rebellion. Thus this matter, which was at first confined to one class, has now spread through all college; for, although our class has not met, yet we all feel the same spirit as the others. It seems rather wrong for the members of an institution thus jointly to oppose the proceedings of its government, but we all think they have acted precipitately in dismissing N., and dishonorably in upholding such a character as B., and therefore resort to such measures to express our disapprobation as are in our power. When the whole body are thus firmly united against government, they *must* submit. Yet the Praeses says the winds shall whistle through the desolate walls of college before such proceedings shall be allowed. So both are determined to win their point; which will eventually succeed, time alone will show. The government, however, have the advantage; for they can, if they chuse, dismiss every member of college. Sore eye this evening.

“5th.—Passed a night of great suffering; my eye, running with water and aching painfully, kept me awake the live-long night. In the morning it was so ‘bunged up’ that I could not for some time see out of it. After commons endeavored to get my name out, but the Praeses said he wanted all the students to remain in town, and thought I had better wait a day or two, and then, if I could not study, I might go home. Was excused from getting any lessons till my eye should be well. It has been an ‘awful’ long day to me—lounging about from one room to another, unable to read or do anything else where the eyes are used. However, have stole a moment to continue my diary. The Juniors rather repent of the last night’s meeting, fearing that some one of them will be sent away, and then the whole, fulfilling their promise, will have to follow. How many objections we see after a thing is done, when we are re-

flecting, which, on account of our inconsiderateness, we before did not think of!

“6th.—Corporation and overseers of college met to-day to deliberate concerning the late disturbance. What they agreed upon is not known. It is certain, however, that college will not be dismissed till the usual time; for before it was thought our vacation would commence immediately, on account of the rebellious state of college. A., of my class, was dismissed for scraping T. yesterday at recitation, and T. himself to-day is sick abed, so, for the first time, the class had a Greek *miss*. In the afternoon obtained leave of the President to have my name out for three nights and as much longer as my health should require.”

Once the young student, with an intimate friend, had been to the theatre in Boston, “which was against the rule.” Shortly after, they were summoned before the President. His guilty ally on the way said to him, “Dodge, we may as well make a clean breast of it at the outset.”

“No,” said Dodge, “let us wait and find out what the trouble is first.”

The President, after some uncertain preliminary remarks, presently settled down on the request that they would discard those preposterous caps which they had been wearing. To which, as may be supposed, the delighted youngsters readily agreed, and derived thence the moral lesson never to confess until they were forced to it!

It was while Mr. Dodge was at college that his father’s reverses culminated, and he was obliged to remove to Hamilton. His son asked leave of absence of the President, on the ground that his father had moved to Hamilton, and he wished to see him. “And do you think he will look different in Hamilton from what

he did in Newburyport?" asked the penetrating President; but he let the lad go home.

To help pay the expenses of his education, Mr. Dodge left college a while, and taught school for two terms in Concord, Mass. He was "examined" by the reverend Father Ripley, and received from him the certificate :

"That the bearer, Mr. Allen Washington Dodge, is qualified, in respect to moral character and learning, to teach an English school in Concord.

"EZRA RIPLEY, *Minister of Concord.*

"CONCORD, November 28, 1824."

After the examination was completed, Mr. Ripley horrified the young man with the announcement that he must open his school with prayer.

"But I can't," said the poor fellow; "I have never been accustomed to praying."

"You must," said the inexorable, "or you can't have the school."

"Well, then"—after a vain struggle for release—"can't I write it out on the slate, and read it with one eye open?"

"Fix it any way you like, young man; but pray you must—Hannah," calling aloud to the house-maid, "bring a mug of cider!" And they sat in jovial good-fellowship all the remainder of the evening.

In regard to the payment, the committee told him that, if he would teach as good a school as his predecessor, he should be paid at the same rate. In enumerating his efforts to teach well, Mr. Dodge always laid special stress on the assiduity with which he took the committee's young-lady daughters sleigh-riding, and succeeded in teaching beyond his expectations.

The first money earned he carried home and placed in the hands of his delighted father, who could not restrain his tears of gratification, but refused to keep the money.

A bit of yellow paper discloses to us, in elegant handwriting, that :

“ Allen W. Dodge proposes to open an evening writing school in Concord, North District, as soon as a sufficient number of scholars can be obtained. Attendance to be given two evenings a week, such evenings as may be most convenient for the scholars.

“ Terms, *One Dollar* for sixteen lessons.

“ Writing materials furnished gratis.

“ Lights provided by scholars.”

Whether a sufficient number of scholars was ever obtained to begin the school I do not know; but the inspection of the handwriting of the few names signed on the paper leads us to hope that there was.

December 30, 1823, he seems to have been one of the chief persons concerned in founding a theatrical club in Newburyport, which issued or, at least, framed the following wise “ *Prospectus*. ”

#### “ PROSPECTUS.

“ Amusement is the grand desideratum of youth. At this period of life, when we are free from care and fond of excitement, it is impossible for the mind, without great danger of being overstretched, to confine itself exclusively to any sober business or pursuit; and therefore it has need of frequent unbending by such means of pleasure as are in our power.

“ Dancing and female parties are the chief amusements Newburyport affords. The expense attending the former, especially at the present season of the year, is greater than all are able or willing to defray. As for the latter, they are ‘like angels’

visits, few and far between.' Debating, too, as it is here weekly pursued, can not strictly be considered an amusement, not only on account of the subjects discussed, but also on account of the disparity of ages in its votaries, which imposes a restraint upon the freedom, ease, and mutual pleasure we feel in the society of our equals.

"Theatrical exercises seem, then, to be the only amusement, which, while the expense attending it is small, shall afford a certain source of pleasure, and serve to pass the long winter evenings in eliciting and improving a talent for oratory. This was formerly attempted in this town with great success, and by a company of individuals, too, to whom we trust—unless the present set of young men have most shamefully degenerated—we are by no means inferior. If, therefore, it seemeth possible and agreeable, we, the undersigned, propose to form ourselves into a theatrical club for the purpose of amusing ourselves and entertaining our friends, provided upon trial we find we may exhibit with honour. (*December 30, 1823.*)"

"*January 7, 1824.*—Club met agreeable to adjournment, and at seven o'clock was called to order by the President. Some of the club not being present at the opening of the meeting, first attended to voluntary declamations from Cutler, Dodge, Jenkins, and Le Breton. Afterward rehearsed for the first time in character the play 'Of Age To-morrow.' During the rehearsal, that strict order, decorum, and silence which become a club of genuine amateurs of the art of speaking was unobserved; this, however, was the more pardonable, as some of the scenes were of so ludicrous a description as might draw a smile from the most sober face in Christendom. The performance was good, for the first attempt; and under the guidance of the Comic Muse we may hope to arrive at that Canaan of all theatrical performers—the public stage. This evening were purchased a lot of new plays, and one selected for rehearsal, viz., 'The Prize,' with parts as follows:

MEN.

Lenetive .....	Stickney.
Label .....	Jno. Titcomb.

Hartwell .....	Silas Titcomb.
Mr. Caddy .....	Cutler.
Guba .....	Jenkins.
Caroline .....	Perkins.
Mrs. Caddy .....	Dodge.

The play being read over in character, and all things for the evening being performed, the club then adjourned.

“A true record.

(Attest)      “ALLEN W. DODGE, *Secretary.*”

“12th.—The club met according to adjournment, and were called to order by the Secretary, the two superior officers being absent. It being understood that these two members, Mr. Le Breton and Mr. Chase, for private reasons, had withdrawn their immediate connections with the club, from which loss a short debate arose ‘whether it was expedient to continue the club on the original plan.’ After hearing the opinions of various members, decided in the affirmative. It became necessary, therefore, to elect a president and vice-president to supply the vacancies. Mr. N. Johnson was elected to fill the former office, and Mr. Dodge was promoted, whether from merit or inability to discharge the duties of secretary was not stated, from the secretaryship to the vice-presidency. Mr. Cutler was chosen secretary, but declined the honour. Mr. Perkins was next agreed upon as the man who should keep the records and accounts of this club. He also begged to be excused, but, advancing no satisfactory reason ‘why and wherefore,’ was at length induced to accept the office. Instead of appointing two of the club to fill the places of Messrs. Le Breton and Chase of the board of managers, it was voted that henceforth the three officers of the club should constitute that board. On account of the above necessary business, the regular duties were this evening omitted.

After mature deliberation, they decided to call themselves the Roscian Club, and assessed themselves in the certainly not extravagant sum of twenty-five cents each, to defray immediate expenses; and then pro-

ceeded to discussion : Whether the pulpit or the bar was calculated for the display of one's oratorical powers ? Is the frequency of capital punishment expedient ? Would it be expedient for the United States to emancipate slaves ? Is it beneficial for young gentlemen to associate extensively with young ladies ? (this question, I observe, was "proposed for discussion by Mr. Dodge, and by him reported in the affirmative"). It is edifying to know that when this important question came up, "after a lengthy discussion, the question was taken, and decided by a large majority in the negative!"

"For our further amusement" [says the record], "at this meeting Mr. Dodge proposed this question for debate: 'Are religious controversies beneficial to those who engage in them, or to the community?' He reported that they were, and was opposed by Mr. Perkins, who was answered by Mr. Dodge. After a considerable warmth on both sides, in which many others engaged, the question was taken, and decided in the affirmative."

And then the record comes to an untimely end, February 2, 1824.

I have always understood that Mr. Dodge was a member of the Porcellian Club, of Harvard, though I do not find his name on the records. Among his papers is a yellow, torn fragment, headed "Ribband Plot Agreement," saying :

"We, gentlemen . . . Harvard University provoked to the in . . . which the Porcellian Club . . . heaped upon us, solemnly pledge ourselves to wear the ribbands of the said club on Exhibition day, believing this to be the most effectual step we can possibly take to destroy a society, the existence of which is only a continuation of insult. We likewise feel the necessity of silence upon the subject until Exhibition day. N. B.—The

proper ribbands will be given out to the subscribers, on Exhibition morning, at sixteen Massts."

Among the subscribers are the names of Jarvis, Dodge, Putnam, Page, Palfrey, Walker, Russell, Wheeler, Hamilton, Haskins, and others. A subsequent paper gives us a glimpse of the cause of the trouble, which was but a foreshadowing of the wider trouble of the nation :

"The honorary members of the Porcellian Club, who attended the late exhibition at Cambridge, were perhaps surprised to observe that their badge was worn by nearly all the Junior Class. Lest our motives should be mistaken, we have thought proper, through the medium of this communication, to inform them of our reasons and our designs.

"Had the Porcellian Club always continued what it was when they left it, we should have been the last persons in the world to have insulted an institution so ancient and honorable.

"We have too much respect, for many of the names which the catalogue of that association exhibits, to have once thought of so disgraceful a proceeding.

"But when the society has become what it now is, we cease to feel any such delicacy. Hitherto, a candidate's own individual merit was all that was inquired into, but now his parentage, and the degree of latitude under which he was born, have become subjects of serious consideration; and this Club, which we can not but feel interested in, as it was founded by our fathers, and cherished and supported by our brothers and kinsmen, though once open to all, is now confined to a few, who are as much separated from the rest of their class-mates by prejudices or peculiarities of their own as they are by the very distance of the places of their birth.

"We, if we have had the misfortune to be born under a northern climate, are utterly excluded from a club which we may claim as our own by more titles than one, and even those who might otherwise perhaps become members of it, unless they

will submit to confine their intimacies, and even their courtesies, to a peculiar class, are also excluded.

“It is to this system, and not to the club itself, that we are opposed. We claim a right to be elected members of it, not all of us for ourselves, for there are many among us who neither wish for nor expect any such honor, but we claim it for those of our rank and standing, for our friends and associates.

“And it was to intimate to the present members of the Club our claims and rights that we thought proper to wear their badge. We considered it a just and an honorable proceeding, and we believe that those who understand our motives will agree with us, or, if they should not judge favorably of the action, they must at least approve of the design.”

From October 7 to December 14, 1825, the record charges him, then a senior, with “9 absences from chapel daily worship,” out of 127 “exercises required,” and “6 absences from recitation,” out of 152. I have no other record, and I do not know how this corresponds with records of modern students.

During his senior year Mr. Dodge was attacked with hip complaint, arising, as he supposed, from an over-long pedestrian tour which he took in company with his friend and class-mate Robert Rantoul. He was first doctored for rheumatism, and was then sent to the Massachusetts General Hospital, where he remained four months, and where he lay ill on the commencement day when his own class graduated. He was, however, so well advanced in his studies that he was allowed his degree; and in the stately and sonorous roll of Johanneses and Josephuses and Gulielmuses and Hieronymuses, the stubborn Yankee name of Allen Washington Dodge stands out in bold, patriotic defiance of all attempts at Latinization! At the hospital he refused to occupy a separate room, on account of the expense to his father, but, by special privilege, was allowed the use of wine

every day. Tradition reports also that he made himself very popular with the young women who were assistants there, wiping dishes for them and in various domestic ways insinuating himself into their good graces!

Dr. Willard Parker, a class-mate of Mr. Dodge's, says :

"I think our old class was peculiar in its attachments and, in many cases, affection. We were all workers and believers in character, such as is the outgrowth of an enlightened conscience, the conviction of responsibility to society and accountability to God."

I give a few extracts from letters of college life, partly for the glimpses they throw on college life and character, and partly to remind parents whose sons are not wholly wise that there was a time when they were not wholly wise themselves—albeit, perhaps, Harvard graduates—and chiefly because to myself these touches of real life are intensely interesting. The lapse of long years has, I think, removed from them the seal of personality.

*W. S. to A. W. D.*

"NEW YORK, January 10, 1825.

"DEAR ALLEN: . . . I hope you continue to be pleased with your situation at Concord. I think you are extremely fortunate in obtaining so good a boarding-place. McLean, Malchet, and myself made an expedition to Plymouth on horseback to hear Everett's oration, and enjoyed ourselves very much. Miss E. is staying with her brother. She does not seem to be averse to receiving attentions from me as when in Cambridge. I have accompanied her to several public and private balls, but I now, I can't assign why, don't feel the same regard for her as formerly. My friends have consented to my leaving Dr. Ware's, so that the next term Allen will be the only boarder. I intend to occupy the room in Massachusetts, opposite to McLean's. I was

very much amused with the account you gave me of your school, and the capers of your scholars. Do you associate much with the Concord lasses? Be careful that no one of them becomes *mistress of your heart*. I suppose you have heard of Eleanor Davis's engagement. N. mentioned to me, the last time I saw him, that he had found Miss Eliza two or three times 'at home.' Oh! by the by, N. owed me the exact sum I owed you. I desired him to remit it to you. I trust he has not forgotten it. If he has, don't scruple to let me know it. New York is as gay and pleasant as ever, the streets, especially Broadway, very lively. . . . There is at present in New York a young boy of fifteen years old [Fair Harvard had not taught over-conciseness], who has the talent of cutting profiles with a simple pair of scissors without drawing or machine; he is not more than twenty seconds in doing them—he has taken mine very correctly."

A letter from Rev. Hosea Hildreth, father of Richard H. Hildreth, dated February 16, 1825, shows that, then as now, the ways of Harvard sometimes mourned :

"It gives me great pleasure to believe that you and my son continue to live together in harmony and happiness. My earnest hope is that nothing may occur to interrupt the harmony, and as you began so you will close your college course as chums and friends. You had considerable influence with me at the time I concluded to send Richard to college; and though I sent him with some feelings of distrust as to the expediency of the measure at that time, yet I will frankly own to you that I am now satisfied with the measure, and feel under obligations to you for the influence you exerted in relation to it.

"Richard has doubtless told you of E.'s long epistle to Dr. Abbot, and of a copy of the same sent on for circulation among his friends here. I am greatly amazed at the whole business. His letter, instead of clearing up, will only injure his character here, at least among the best informed. I was sorry it so happened that you and Richard had any concern in the affair, but I persuade myself that neither of you acted dishonorably. And, so

far as I can learn from those whose judgment and opinion is of most value, the impression here is that, all things considered, you both took a manly course.

"It would certainly give me very great pain to think that either you or Richard had taken the least pains to injure E.'s character—his character is his all; and it is an act of great cruelty and injustice to treat any one's character wrongfully. I do not believe either of you have done it in the case of E. Nor do I think he had the least occasion to make the stir he has made. All he has done seems to me to be very unfortunate for him. I regret it much, as I certainly feel entirely friendly to him.

"With respect to yourself and Richard I wish you to be very prudent, and to avoid everything that might look like a disposition to revive or prolong the difficulty. I could wish that you both might treat E. pretty much as if nothing unpleasant had taken place. This seems to me the best method of manifesting a becoming independence; and it will have a tendency to lessen the injury which E.'s conduct might otherwise bring upon himself, if not upon you. The business of the *certificate* is an inexplicable affair. I hardly know what to think of it, or of the causes that procured it. Whether the causes were feigned or real, they can not fail of making an unhappy impression. I write confidentially on this matter; I wish you would not give my opinion to any one, as it can do no possible good, and may do some hurt. . . .

"P. S. I wrote to R. yesterday, and hope he will give us some account of himself in a few days. I intend to say to you what I said to him in relation to the recent measures of the overseers. They will supply copious topics of conversation to many. But I would advise every young gentleman, who wishes to make his college life useful and pleasant, to take very little interest in what is going on, but to apply himself to his books, and to make the best of everything. So far as I could learn when last at Cambridge, the government were pleased with you; they spoke of you with great regard.

"I should be sorry if the late disappointment concerning

*fellowships* should induce any to make uncandid remarks. And though I thus speak, I beg you to be assured that I have great confidence in your candor and generosity, and that you and your chum will avoid the very fashionable sin of saying hard things of instructors. The situation of a college officer is at best a trying and difficult one. The sober and discreet part of the students will doubtless so consider it. Your candor will excuse a freedom which, did I not feel a deep interest in your welfare, I should not make use of."

*From Hosea Hildreth, to his Son Richard and A. W. Dodge.*

"**MY YOUNG FRIENDS:** As I have the welfare of both of you very much at heart, I assure myself that you will receive this letter with kindness, although it may contain very little that is worthy of special attention.

"In the course of the present term you will determine whether to live together another year or not. My earnest hope and desire is that you may find yourselves so happy in each other's society as to remain together not only another year, but during college life. Or, if particular circumstances should render it convenient for you to separate, I hope you will not separate through want of mutual regard; but that you will uniformly conduct, the one toward the other, in such a manner as to lay the foundation of a sound and lasting friendship.

"But my wish is that you should not only live happily together, but that you should distinguish yourselves as correct young men and good scholars. In the belief that you both entertain a strong sense of moral obligation, I certainly rejoice, but, considering the numberless dangers and temptations that surround you, I am compelled to rejoice with trembling. College is often spoken of as the school of the prophets—as a society of young men devoted to the service of God and mankind.

"Our fathers a century ago delighted to speak of it and to represent it as such; but I was convinced when at college myself, and subsequent years have afforded me no ground for changing my opinion, that college is a place of very great danger to the moral sentiments, as well as moral habits, of

young men. It is a place where well-principled youths have sentiments advanced from one quarter and another, which not only contradict the precepts early instilled into their minds, but which lessen the deformity of vice.

“A vicious young man or a young man of loose opinions and principles, who at the same time possesses captivating intellectual and social qualities, will often counteract and destroy in his admiring associates all the influence of a virtuous education.

“And it has not very seldom happened that such a young man has betrayed and completely ruined an amiable companion, while he himself has had force of mind and character to rise at length above his vices and to become respectable. College is a place where wit and ridicule have sometimes had the effect of rendering young men ashamed of being serious and virtuous, and where a deference for the popular sentiment has caused them to say and do, or omit to do, things in opposition to their better judgment and the dictates of conscience.

“Indeed, wit, ridicule, and a deference for the popular sentiments have, all over the world, a surprising influence in modifying the opinions and characters of men.

“But it is the business of a virtuous and improved mind to rise above such extraneous influence.

“I can not conceal my strong desire that you should both stand high as scholars; I know you are both capable of it. Indeed, your standing is already good, and I have no doubt that in real scholarship you are above many that seem to outdo you. But I wish you to study the graces of scholarship not merely for the sake of shining, but for your own real advantage.

“While you are reading Horace, you certainly may put on as good a show as anybody of the finish of scholarship.

“You may not only master the thoughts of the poet; get a critical knowledge of his style and language; but you may deliberate upon the best mode of rendering every passage, and thus improve your own elocution as well as English style, which is certainly very important.

“It seems to me it would be a good plan, after each of you has what he calls gotten his lesson, to render it aloud to each other, and to make criticisms as you go along.

"It would also be a good plan for one to read the Latin, and the other to translate from the ear, instead of the book. This, in my opinion, is a very useful exercise very much neglected. It has a tendency to render the language in a degree vernacular, I may say. I could say a great deal upon this subject, but you see my paper fails. I must resume the subject at another time.

"I will conclude with saying here that, while we are aiming to acquire knowledge, we should not lose sight of an easy, natural, and happy manner of communicating it, and I certainly could excuse a young man for even studying to be elegant."

*From — to A. W. D.*

"*February 8, 1825.*

"**FRIEND ALLEN:** . . . I am very glad to hear that your success in the pedagogical line has been so complete. However, had you had to contend with mothers or fathers, those pests of pests in a school, perhaps I should not have known how to sympathize with you as I ought, for I have been fortunate enough so far to steer clear of them.

"What a 'happy dog' you are to be so favored by the fair damsels! . . . As for my single self, I am never so fortunate as to receive such favors; however, I always endeavor to balance accounts by making up on my own part any deficiency on theirs. I should like right well to attend one or two of those Tophet balls, that I might make the natives stare at my skill in tripping it on the light fantastic toe. Oh, Lord! how you must have struck them with admiration at your pigeon-wings, et cetera, which, you remember, you and I learned together at Saugus dancing-school in the 'haleyon days of youth.'"

*From his Uncle Francis Dodge.*

"*GEORGETOWN, April 8, 1825.*

"**DEAR NEPHEW:** Yours of 7th ult. came to hand only yesterday. It had been missent. I was very glad to receive your letter, giving your plans, and shall be very happy in giving you any advice in my power. As to any real benefit derived from wealth,

I doubt very much indeed. We almost invariably, or very generally, find those who have had no advantages of that kind making the greatest and best of men. Depend on your own exertions, be industrious, steady, frugal, honest, and not ambitious to advance too fast, and my word for it you will succeed in almost any business you may engage in. I approve your plan of finishing at college, am pleased at your success at school-keeping and at your savings, and have no doubt that the amount was very gratifying to your friends. It was the first, and promises well. As to studying law here with a view of entering the practice, I am sorry to say the prospects are quite discouraging unless we should have a change. There are now three times the number that can get a living. . . . I strongly urge that you attend rigidly to the observance of all the duties of a son, brother, friend, etc., and that you be industrious, frugal, and attentive to all your undertakings, and . . . there can be no doubt of your success in life."

Like a good many of our moral reflections, Uncle Francis's wise contempt for wealth was rather directed to the moral welfare of his nephew than intended for home consumption. But a very little while after I find him deprecating poverty as forcibly as the rest of us—to his brother.

"Really, losses and bad business and bad times make me feel poor; and, add to that, the large family I have to provide for, with other friends here, altogether make me at times (really) anticipate poverty, and how to do for the best I can't well tell. If I strive in business, it would seem (lately) to be altogether a losing and dangerous business. Everything I do goes wrong—bad sales, bad debts, agents breaking, etc.—and to stop all business will not do. I have so much property here and boys to introduce into some business, therefore I feel poor, gloomy, and cross."

The following letter indicates that Mr. Dodge had already began to dally with literary writing.

*From George Lunt.*

“NEWBURYPORT, June 20, 1825.

“I have received thy truly edifying and descriptive epistle, Friend Dodge, and thank thee for the elegant compliments thou art disposed to pay me at its commencement on the score of punctuality. Methinks thou shouldst have waited a reasonable time before thou didst determine me a common breaker of my pledged word. There may be many reasons . . . and one is that your communication, from a cause you will observe alluded to in the papers I herewith send, was not inserted in the columns of the first number of the ‘Essex Courant’ . . . the glorious seventeenth was as peaceable a day here as you can well conceive, and I confess to so little taste as to prefer the rapturous repose that hangs over this ‘city of the silent’ to all the bustle and toil and care and trouble and dust of the Western emporium and its environs. . . .

“But, seriously, it is a crying shame, that those men who say they can not afford a trifle toward celebrating this great national anniversary, should spend ten times as much in witnessing a show where their presence must be disgraceful to themselves.”

His sister Adeline was married, in the year 1825, at the age of eighteen, to Ebenezer Bailey, the brilliant and accomplished teacher, who may almost be called the apostle of female education the principal, and, in some sense, the founder of the first high school for girls in the country—a man whose early and cruel death seemed the very wantonness of nature.

*From his Sister Adeline.*

“HAMILTON, January 14, 1826.

“. . . Father received a paper from the President of the college, stating your rank as a scholar.

Intellectual and Moral Philosophy (including Forensick  
disputations) . . . . . 1

"We were pleased to see you stood so well, and hope you will lose none of your stations, but rather rise in rank, during the remainder of your college term. . . .

"I must not forget to thank you for your new baby song. I have not learned it all yet, but mean to soon. It is rather pretty, and charms from its newness, to say nothing more."

*From his Brother-in-law Ebenezer Bailey.*

"BOSTON, January 20, 1826.

"Do we pass through Concord, in going to Chelmsford? I intend to ride as far as there next week, and should like to see you on the road. From this, you will infer that my new school is not in operation. I suppose I shall be at liberty two or three weeks more. I am now taking lessons in—what do you guess?—drawing! Of course it is no part of my design to become an artist, a painter: my only object is, to become well acquainted with linear drawing, and the principles of perspective. I wish I could bring a little of your talent, and taste in sketching, into my aid in the study."

*From the Same, to A. W. D., at Hamilton.*

"BOSTON, May 15, 1826.

"DEAR ALLEN: . . . By the way, I have seen Hayward and the President, to both of whom I have stated your case. They both spoke well of you, and seemed interested in your welfare.

"The President said Dodge was a clever fellow, a good scholar, a good character, etc., and that you had got along so far you would have your degree.

“This last remark was made in reply to one from me, that your sickness would prevent your studying *much*, but I trusted you would do what you could to keep along with your class.”

*From H. Wood, to A. W. D., ill in Hamilton.*

“CAMBRIDGE, September, 1826.

“FRIEND DODGE: I suppose you think that it is high time for me to fulfill my agreement. But you must not look to me for an account of your commencement, for the papers have furnished you with all the particulars. Suffice it to say, that it is generally spoken of in *the highest* terms, and that Walker, Palfrey, Putnam, and Page distinguished themselves.

“To the honor of your class, all concur in saying that the speaking was unusually good, and that many were right down eloquent! I congratulate you on your class doing so well, and wish that you might have been able to have enjoyed the commencement with them.

“We are Seniors now, you know, dignified Seniors, situated over your old room, which is occupied by two Juniors.

“There have been about 20 admitted to advanced standing in the Junior and Sophomore classes. But as to the Freshmen, there are only 39 of them. Oh! how I pity them, a set of poor, miserable, timid, meek-eyed, sheepish-looking, sheepish-feeling creatures. I remember exactly how I used to feel, and I would not be a Freshman again for any money.

“I believe that it is at length a fact that Mr. Otis and Mr. Hayward are college professors! They both board at Mr. Mel-  
len’s. We have a new librarian, Mr. Price, of Salem, father of the Sophomore, the mathematician. Among those writing mathematical for next exhibition, which is four weeks from Tuesday, are Dixwell, English, Sweetson; Cushing has the oration. Bishop has been out here to-day, and been to meeting with us. Dr. Ware began his course to-day. The church has been opened, and none but Episcopalians allowed to go to it. I never was so glad in my life as when that church was opened, so that Rand and Wourt might worship as their fathers do. S. got a certificate to attend, but the government would not let him. S.

was glad that he obtained the first Boylston prize this year, for he needed the money. Sherwin is tutor of mathematics, in place of Mr. Gage.

“The famous Institute, that far-famed society, founded by Mr. Rantoul, by whom its roots were deeply fixed in the richest of Harvard soil, and whose branches he confidently anticipated would extend through all our colleges and overshadow the land—the *American* Institute, which I have no doubt some of the members of the liveliest imagination figured into a great hen, which some day or other should take Phi Beta Kappa as a chicken under its wings—how it flourishes and how it exceeds the fondest anticipation! Alas! tell it not in Gath, nor let the sound thereof reach Askelon! Palfrey, of your class, has entered the divinity school this year with about twelve others. I board this term at Miss Dixon’s; we number twelve at our table. Don’t you think here is enough of Cambridge for one dose?

“My sister and myself enjoyed our visit to your house highly; your kind attentions to us will not be forgotten. The ladies in N. P. still keep up riding horseback, which, you know, is not only an accomplishment, but an excellent exercise, giving health, spirits, and rosy cheeks.

“I had a letter from my sister a few days ago, dated a moonlight evening, in which she observes, ‘I have cantered my horse to-night nine miles.’

“The gymnastics do not flourish quite so well as they did; still, I practice them every night, and have now some pretty considerable bumps of muscle. I can climb a rope by my hands alone 45 feet. Cleaveland has been chosen captain and Meredithe ensign of the company to-day. Dodge, I have told you what is going on in our little busy world; now I wish you would write me of the condition of yours, and of your own condition.

“There has been one of the largest meetings of the gymnastics to-night that we have ever had. All college seemed filled with new life and spirit. Among the distinguished spectators were the old President, who partook of the general excitement, throwing about his arms and kicking his legs in all directions—a most amusing sight, and one of the professors of Yale College,

sent here by the government to observe particularly our manner of exercise, and if in his opinion likely to be attended with benefit, to take the dimensions of our apparatus, and make a report. Horton spent last night with us, and is the same old six-pence."

*From Richard Hildreth (the "Deep-searching Dick").*

"CONCORD, September 17, 1826.

"DEAR CHUM: If I am slow, I do beseech you to remember that I am sure, having constantly in my mind that ancient and wise saying, 'Better late than never.' It is too late to say anything about Commencement, nor is it needful, for you have doubtless read with much edification the wise remarks and observations upon it which have appeared in sundry newspapers.

"As these newspapers said nothing, probably, of the evening performances, it may not be amiss to inform you that Porter provided in very good style, and that we had a very good band of music.

"The first toast, was 'The memory of George Atherton'; the second, 'The prosperity of all our ungraduated classmates'; the third, 'The recovery of those classmates who are sick'; the fourth, 'The present company, the present time, the present occasion, *num pellete curas vino, Cras iturabimus magnum equor.*'

"The progress and conclusion of the meeting you can easily imagine. I could not help but smile when I read your account of our goods and their value. Truly, four years of college life may not be endured by frail wood or clay. Our chairs I sold for \$2.00 and the looking-glass for \$1.50, and whatever else there was which I did not send to you was absolutely unsalable and valueless. I believe we found all the articles in your list except one blanket, and I suspect that you did not have more than one.

"I left Cambridge a fortnight ago, but did not begin my school till last Monday; I live quite at my ease, having only sixteen scholars. . . ."

*From E. L.*

" NEWBURYPORT, October 12, 1826.

" You give me a gloomy view of my prospects; however, I can't deny that it is in a great degree true. Still, I am sorry that the dark side of the picture had deterred you from entering the lists. I can't see that a lawyer's prospects are much more gloomy than those of the other professions. The fact is, if a person wishes to distinguish himself in any profession, he must toil hard for the honor; he must pore over his books by the midnight lamp, and bear on his pale cheek the marks of intense application. You say, 'one half the brethren of the green bag are actually starving for want of employment,' but how is it with the other professions? Who would be the pastor of a country village, living on a salary of \$300 a year? Who would be the country physician, to travel twenty miles, and get twenty-five cents for extracting a tooth? 'I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon.' I can't say, however, that it is much more pleasant to drag out the day alone in one's office, starting at every footstep, and trembling with agitation at the hopes of seeing the face of some 'luckless wight,' who needs your assistance to extricate him from the fangs of justice, till at length, in pure desperation, you seize your pen, and, 'pour passer le temps,' scrawl a page or two for the paper. Oh! truly 'hope deferred maketh the heart sick.' But to leave this gloomy subject, I suppose you have heard that Cushing has been nominated as a candidate for the office of Representative at the twentieth Congress. Even so; and what is more, everybody says he will be elected, and what everybody says, you know, must be true. For my own part I pity—I was almost going to say, despise—all public men. Such eringing, such bowing, such scraping; it is sickening, it is nauseating. It reminds me strongly of the 'ambitus' of the ancient Romans. 'Tis even better in England, where only the purse with silver talents is the 'slave of thousands,' but here talents of another kind must be blown about by every 'wind of doctrine'; and what is the return for all this sacrifice of honest independence? Why, perhaps, at the next election to be cast out, to make way for another can-

dicate. A public man must watch the signs of the times with a lynx's eyes; he must weigh and measure every word he utters, or it will afterward rise up in judgment against him. Who would be a demagogue? Yet Cushing seeks this 'mushroom popularity.' Well, may he long enjoy it! For my own part, should I ever have it in my power, judging from my present feelings, I would not be a public man; at least, I would not seek a public office.

"By the way, Cushing's history, of which I send you a copy, between you and me is not thought much of here. To be sure, it contains a good deal of information respecting the statistics, etc., of the town, but its historical part is very meager, and, besides, the biographical sketches in the opinion of some are not quite impartial. Many, too, think it was an electioneering scheme, and look upon it with an evil eye. It certainly did come out very 'apropos.'

"The ladies here are all as fresh and blooming as ever; you certainly were right in supposing my opinions of them in some measure changed. Formerly, I thought them all paragons of excellence in every respect, but, now that I have associated with the fair of other places, I have lowered them to their proper level in the scale of intellectual attainments. Where that level is I need not say to you, who have had equal opportunities with myself to ascertain. You have undoubtedly heard of the riding mania which has been so prevalent here of late. Every day we are favored with the sight of troops of fair ones mounted on their gallant steeds, with plumes waving, and ribbons flying, prancing it gayly along. How long the mania will last I can not say; probably it will die with the warm weather.

"I am very pleasantly situated here. I can truly say of Newburyport, 'With all thy faults, I love thee still.'

"I hear very little of Lunt. I hope he is devoting himself to his studies, *at least* with his usual application. Perkins, according to general opinion, is going to disappoint the fears of all. He really promises to become a good doctor, not to mention his qualifications as a man. I have seen H. since I have been home. He carries his head as stiff as ever. However, notwithstanding

his stiff-neckedness, he has a good heart. 'Tis strange how these Andoverians put on the 'robe of sanctity!'

"By way of tantalizing you a bit, I will tell you that there have been five parties here this week, including two for to-night, and to-day is only Thursday."

*From Richard Hildreth.*

"CONCORD, November 9, 1826.

"DEAR CHUM: Though I am tolerably ingenious at inventing excuses (having been obliged to learn the art in self-defense), yet I find it somewhat difficult satisfactorily to account for your long and continued silence.

"At home, and at leisure, I can scarcely imagine how you can satisfy yourself with so long neglecting your friends—how you can avoid comforting so forlorn and miserable a fellow mortal as myself (do not stare—remember, I am a schoolmaster) with now and then a letter. Do you remember the first paragraph in 'Old Mortality'? If you have the book by you, take it down and read the passage. I am precisely in the predicament which poor Peter Patteson so feelingly describes, and as he did refresh his overwrought spirits and exhausted powers, by composing in his hours of leisure 'The Tales of my Landlord,' so I (to compare little things with great) find no small solace and relief after the fatigues of my school in writing letters to my friends. Indeed, since I have been in Concord, I have become one of the most regular and untiring of correspondents, only that my friends (whether because I weary them with my garrulity, or because, not being excited to write by so strong a stimulus as that which excites me, they do not feel the same enthusiasm of letter-writing that I do) most sadly fall short in their part of the correspondence.

"I believe that for every letter I have received within the last two months I have written at least three. I hope, therefore, you will have generosity enough to supply not only your own deficiencies, but, having ample leisure, the deficiencies of several of my other correspondents, as by so doing you will contribute to one of the few remaining sources of pleasure

which the dog's life I am now leading has left me. You perceive how much this school-keeping troubleth me; it is best to make a clean breast of it at once.

"I, therefore, Richard Hildreth, of Concord, pedagogue, do solemnly declare and affirm that of all troublesome, vexatious, teasing, heart-sickening, head-stupefying, spirit-sinking, power-exhausting employments, this same business of school-keeping is incomparably the worst. I once talked of following it three years. Good heavens! three years. Why I would 'list in the army; go a common sailor aboard a wood sloop; hang myself first. If I live through this year, most assuredly I will adjure the business for ever, though the beating a little common sense into all the brats in the community depended on my continuing where I am.

"What a life we schoolmasters lead! Tortured and tormented in school by lubberly, blubbering, obstinate, unruly, stupid blockheads, and out of school half teased to death by ten thousand nonsensical questions: 'How does your school flourish?' 'How many scholars have you?' 'How do you like your school?' are the never-failing sounds that salute my ears wherever I go, and, were it not that it would be in some measure transgressing the bounds of scholastic gravity, I should be tempted to cram my walking-stick down the throats of some of these everlasting question-askers. However, 'Time and the hour run out the longest day.' In this hope I live.

"Weld is at Roxbury. Jarvis met him in Boston the other day; he says 'it is *buggered* hard work to keep school,' to which sentiment all the school-keeping members of our class, whom we have heard from, give their hearty assent."

*From E. Bailey.*

"BOSTON, December 20, 1826.

"DEAR ALLEN: If you have determined to make the law your profession, and *if* your health should be so far restored by next August as to enable you to discharge the duties now required of Lunt, and *if* you are well enough acquainted with the Spanish pronunciation to read the language to another success-

fully, perhaps you would do well to make a trial of the situation with Mr. Prescott. Should you find the duties too irksome, I suppose you could leave the place whenever you should please. I can not say that I think the offer peculiarly inviting, however. The compensation is very niggardly; to fag six hours a day in Boston, and board one's self, would be almost as hard a bargain as to wheel turnips all the way from Squantum to pay an old debt! 'Thereby hangs a tale,' but I can not stop to tell it now. What I would have you understand from these remarks is that I do not think the place of much importance, either to be accepted or rejected.

"Sarah Ann (A. W. D.'s youngest sister) wishes me to say she is as 'happy as a king.' I believe she does not intend to return to Hamilton for the *three next years*. She is in great luck in her visit, as this is emphatically party-time, and she is engaged somewhere almost every day. She was at Mrs. Gamage's last night; has been at Mrs. Snelling's this eve, at a real swell house full. And is engaged at Mrs. Whitmarsh's to-morrow. She conducts herself with great propriety."

## CHAPTER IV.

### ESTABLISHMENT IN NEW YORK.

AFTER undergoing a course of treatment at the Massachusetts General Hospital, the young man was brought to Hamilton, to be ministered unto by the angels of his own household. He continued, however, vigorous efforts for recovery—not excepting that most valuable effort of all, keeping his spirits cheerful and his mind occupied. His only surviving nephew, Major Ben; Perley Poore, dates his first recollections of his uncle to the time when the latter was an invalid at Hamilton, and with his ingenious jack-knife used to make carts, shovels, and other tools, with which the little fellow carried on an imaginary farm at the foot of the Great Elm, before the house. Dr. Peabody says: “I visited him at his father’s house in Hamilton at that time, and well remember his emaciation and suffering, his apprehension of permanent lameness, and his unremitting flow of vigorous, keen, vivid, and entertaining monologue, rather than conversation; for I was at that time much more ready to hear than to talk. My impression of that period is that his disposition was not so much that of acquiescence in the Divine will as of defiant resolve not to be conquered by physical evil. As I think of him then, the ‘Prometheus Victus’ might have been his text-book rather than the New Testament.”

Late in August, 1827, his health had so far improved as to permit him to take a journey—with his leg in a sling—to Georgetown, D. C., to visit his Uncle Francis. Of this journey he has left the following fragment of record—which marks vividly the difference between the old time and the new, but shows that in 1827, as at the present day, the superhuman wisdom of the young Harvard graduate rises superior to all earthly follies.

*“Thursday, August 23, 1827.—I prepared to start for Georgetown, in company with sister and cousins. Being the longest journey I had ever undertaken, and not having entirely got over the lameness which for eighteen months had afflicted me, I can not conceal from myself that some doubts crossed my mind as to my ability to encounter the dangers and fatigue to which I should be necessarily exposed.*

“At any other time I should have been tempted to smile at the figure we cut—that is, myself and Mr. Gallop—in our little red waggon, loaded with trunks and bandboxes, lumbering along the road as though we were emigrating to Ohio. Passed the night at my uncle’s, in Salem.

*“Friday, August 24.—Early this morning took the stage, and after a pleasant ride arrived at Boston, where we tarried about two hours. On account of my lameness, I remained at the tavern, while the rest of our party walked out to view the city. By noon we were on our way to Providence. Here the country began to be new to me, for I had never before traveled south of Boston. It being, however, a turnpike, and extremely dusty, there was very little to be seen. Indeed, I always hated a turnpike, so straight, so uninteresting, with few country seats to admire, and little scenery worth looking at. This is a peculiarly dreary one, and I was heartily glad when we arrived, late in the evening, at Providence.*

*“Saturday, August 25.—When I awoke in the morning, found my bedroom looked down into the hall, through the only window the chamber contained. It was a large and elegant*

dancing hall, furnished with numerous mirrors, at one of which a lady was arranging her head-dress, after the damage it had suffered the preceding day. Poor woman! She little suspected that more than one eye beheld her admiring her own charms, and endeavouring to set them off to greater advantage. Strange, nevertheless true, that we love to look at ourselves better than any other person in existence, and, in most cases, persuade ourselves that there is nobody so handsome as that sweet creature, ourself. Went in the forenoon on board the steamboat Connecticut, the first vessel of the kind I ever stepped foot into. Everything bore the charm of novelty ; here were spacious and elegant cabins, fitted up in a style which would not disgrace the most fashionable dwelling-houses. The ladies' cabin being on deck, the roof of it forms a delightful place to sit or walk, and commands an elevated view of everything around. There were nearly one hundred passengers, among whom were Commodore Bainbridge, in whose son I found a former acquaintance and old school-mate ; Commodore Chauncy, and the distinguished engineer Loami Baldwin. There was also an impudent little Frenchman, with mahogany face and lecherous eyes, who incessantly fixed his gaze upon some of the women, particularly a young lady from New York, whom he fairly made love to—if officious attention and broad flattery can be called by that name—and actually captivated her heart. So true is it that women in general are pleased with flattery, in however large doses and by whatever person it is administered. We sat down to a most sumptuous table.

“We arrived at the city by six o’clock, and were immediately boarded by a swarm of porters and coachees, who could with difficulty be kept from seizing and carrying off yourself and baggage, in their eagerness to be employed. In a short time we were comfortably lodged at Sister’s, who occupied a beautiful room in Broadway. The weather prevented our going out, so we remained at home, and saw many of our New England acquaintance, who make this a rallying point on Sunday evening.

“*Monday, August 26.*—The weather cleared up about noon,

and the sun smiled upon the crowd of beauty and fashion which thronged the streets. My friend Spofford took me to ride through the principal parts of the city. In the evening went to the Bowery Theatre; the performances consisted principally of dancing by a company of French, or Italian, opera ladies, or, rather *women*, for their exhibition was altogether so indecent, and themselves betrayed so little modesty, that, in truth, such women deserve not the title of ladies. It was a satisfaction, however, to observe so few ladies in the house; though crowded to overflow, not more than one twentieth were of the female sex. Long may it be before the fair daughters of America unblushingly countenance immodest behavior, under whatever specious name it may be disguised! No! let foreign customs and manners never invade our shores, if they destroy those bounds of modesty or decorum which now so happily preserve the purity of our morals. Let us repel them as we would the enemies of our altars and firesides, and let us incur the reproach—if there be any—of being puritanical in manners, before we admit such lascivious dances as the *waltz* into our ball-rooms. The good sense of our countrywomen has already convinced them of the impropriety of participating in this disgraceful amusement, and has driven it from many of the places where it had acquired a temporary popularity.

“*Tuesday, August 27.*—In the morning received a visit from my old friend Schuyler, who appeared very glad to see me. Took the 12 o’clock steamboat for New Brunswick. The city looked most enchanting as the boat receded from it—its forest of masts, above which the lofty steeples reared their heads; the Battery, all in motion with persons of every description, and the Castle jutting out into the sea in majestic grandeur. Altogether, the scene comprised such an assemblage of beautiful objects as is rarely presented in one view. The waters of the Raritan are extremely muddy, exhibiting a striking contrast to the clear streams of New England. The scenery on the river, with the exception of a distant view of Newark, is uninteresting, being a constant succession of low land, with here and there a cultivated tract. New Brunswick had nothing to recommend it to notice unless it was its miserable houses and dirty streets;

though I was told by a passenger in the stage the upper part of the town is very pretty. Princeton College is a very handsome building, situated in a spacious yard ornamented with trees.

“ After leaving Princeton, we passed a long tract of flat country, covered in many places with stagnant water. My imagination could easily discern the ‘fever and ague,’ those fell destroyers of the health and lives of the Southerners, lurking beneath the dark mass of water, whose fearful slumbers could not be observed, without thinking of the more awful sleep it would soon impart to those within its region. Give me my own native hills, whose tops are always fanned by the healthful breeze, and the green-waving valleys, which nourish no malignant disease in their bosom, and I willingly resign the warmer sun of the South, with the richer fruits it ripens into maturity. Late in evening—arrived in Trenton. The waiters at the hotel were all blacks, which was the first place where we saw them in such numbers. We now begin to come into the land of slaves.

“ *Wednesday, August 28.*—Early in the morning, took passage in the Philadelphia steamboat. The weather was delightful, the scenery more so, and myself was soon in that state of mental tranquillity which approximates to my ideas of happiness. We sailed by some beautiful country-seats at Bristol. They are situated on a little eminence which slopes down to the river side, and is bordered with rows of the weeping willow. Their long, graceful branches hang quite down to the surface of the water, which reflects back the beautiful image. After passing a couple of hours at Philadelphia, in which I saw but little of the place, we took the boat for Newcastle. There was nothing particularly interesting on the Delaware, so that I did not regret the exchange of the water for the land conveyance. This alternation is an agreeable, as well as refreshing mode of traveling, for which we are indebted to the invention of the steam-engine. I was much amused, in the ride to Queenstown, by the conduct of a new-married pair, who happened to be in the same stage with me. They took good care to inform the company by looks and actions that their honeymoon had not passed, so that it could not have been made more evident, had the fact been expressly stated in words. Husband and wife ought

to be careful how they doat upon each other in public—they only make themselves ridiculous by it. The lady at last fell asleep on the arm of her spouse, and in this state of delightful repose—which was highly edifying to me, a young bachelor—she continued, till we went on board the boat.

“*August 24.*—Long before daybreak we were crowded—ten human beings, and the same number of bandboxes—in a dark carriage, and thus left the city of Baltimore, as much in the *dark* as we entered it. Daylight, it is true, did not reveal a single black among our fellow travelers, but it found us in company not many shades better: a blowsy woman, who was the daughter of a tavern-keeper, and looked just like one of her father’s brandy-bottles—another, whose physiognomy bore a close resemblance to the battered face of the brass watch she exhibited when it was light—then, there was the last woman’s husband, who carried in his lap, good man, his wife’s bandbox, which was large enough to hold the rigging of a seventy-four—and opposite sat a single gentleman, I concluded, who spoke ne’er a word, but all the while eyed the married man with a pitiful look, as much as to say, ‘Between bride and bandbox, poor fellow, you are heavily laden!’ As for the bachelor, however, I must give him the credit of being the least objectionable of our companions, for he wrapt himself up in profound silence and indulged in his own meditations, which is the proper way for a man who sees no advantage to be gained by conversation; but other of the passengers kept up such a constant jibber-jabber that I felt half disposed to cram my cane down their throats, to stop them. Glad was I when the stage came in sight of the Capitol, whose black dome rears itself into the air, and can be espied at a great distance in every direction. I felt, however, so completely jaded with the fatigues of the morning journey that I was in no condition to enjoy the beauties of that building, or the President’s house, both of which we passed. The roads, too, were excessively dusty, which rendered our ride through Washington not very pleasant or comfortable. At noon we arrived at uncle’s, having been just a week on the journey, in which we had traveled over five hundred miles. It was quite refreshing to get on *terra firma* once more, to sit down to a family din-

ner, to be entirely free from the care and anxiety and sufferings of traveling.

*"Tuesday, September 18.—*Resolved to spend this morning in making my long-intended visit to the Capitol. Accordingly, I called upon my friend McLean in the city, and secured him as my guide. The first appearance on entering the Rotunda is grand and imposing—man sinks into insignificance within its walls, while his voice, reverberating from wall to wall, approaches to the loudness of distant thunder. This room—if it may be so termed—is situated in the center of the building, is of a semi-spheroidic form, ninety-six feet in diameter, and extends from the second story to the top of the dome, which it includes, and by which the light is admitted. On entering, the eye is immediately attracted by four large pictures that occupy one half of the walls, the other half being not yet filled. The subjects are all historical, intended to illustrate some of the important events connected with the Revolution. I was aware they had been subjected to severe criticisms, but as I was totally ignorant of these, I examined the paintings free from prejudice, and depended on my own taste and judgment to form my opinions of their merits. Whether they are correct when tried by the standard of artists and connoisseurs, I shall take little trouble to inquire. I shall not regard them the less for being the effect of my first impressions, on beholding those paintings, to the subjects of which no American can be indifferent, whatever may be his opinion of the execution of the work. 'The Signing of the Declaration of Independence' ranks foremost in point of merit as a painting, as it does in importance as an event. On this the painter seems to have bestowed, if not exhausted—for it was the first executed—the whole of his talent. The countenance of every man is expressive—expressive of the high purpose for which they were assembled, of the firm determination with which they acted, and the deep sense of the responsibility and consequences which their conduct involved. Not a solitary smile breaks upon the solemn shade that pervades their looks; no other feeling is there visible but the intense one which fills their minds. Add to this, that the faces are all considered excellent portraits, that the picture is a correct representation of the scene, and is finished

with considerable felicity of coloring, and it is impossible to withhold our admiration of the skill and execution of the painter. True, there is not all that accurate and minute knowledge of the human form and face displayed which is discovered in the works of the great masters, and by some is considered so requisite to the character of a good painter, but there is enough to show that the work is not the production of an ordinary hand; enough to recommend it to the notice of every one that is disposed to judge with candor and impartiality. Considerable animation is displayed in the 'Surrender of Burgoine'; the figure of Morgan is finely executed, as are the features of Arnold, the traitor, whose sunburnt and exhausted looks are such as a soldier might be supposed to present after a battle. But in the 'Surrender of Cornwallis' there is nothing that tells of the labor and fatigue of men just ceased from fighting—of the unrestrained satisfaction of those who have won the day, and the irrepressible disappointment of the vanquished. The figures present a painful air of stiffness and uniformity, every face is screwed up into a most formal rigidity of muscle. Even the very horses are curbed into an unnatural restraint. Horse and rider, soldier and general, vanquished and conqueror, have all such a stiff and uniform expression—if expression it may be called—that the portrait of one individual will answer for the whole company. I hardly know what to say of the 'Resignation of Washington,' for the formality of the scene itself must exempt the artist from the same charge in the execution of his work; but it can not palliate the entire want of life and naturalness in some of the figures—particularly the nieces of Washington—whose arms have the appearance of pieces of dead flesh, and whose countenances betray not one symptom of animation. The figure and expression of the General himself are extremely good, and convey a favorable impression of the appearance of that great man on the august occasion which closed his military career. In all the paintings, the colouring—which had been lately retouched—is extremely high; which, though it made the faults of particular parts more glaring, gave to the general appearance, especially of the two military pieces, a very pleasing effect. This brilliancy of colours is well adapted to catch the attention.

"I may apply the same remark to the sculpture with which the Rotunda is adorned, as I did to the paintings—that I formed my opinions of their beauties and defects unassisted by the criticisms of others. These, too, are intended to illustrate the history of our country, by representing some interesting or important scene, and perhaps are more valuable on this account than for any intrinsic merit they possess as productions of the art. Still, no small credit is due to the artists—who, I believe, were all Italians—for executing so well what must be acknowledged by all to be so difficult. Indeed, an entire new field is here opened to the labours of the sculptor, and in which he can derive but little assistance from the works of the masters. The North American Indian has never, to my knowledge, been made the subject of the chisel in Europe, the honor of first attempting so difficult a work belongs, as it should belong, to our own country. Perhaps this first attempt to portray the American savage has too much the air of a caricature to be correct; but of this others must judge. I will give my observations only on what I can safely make them. The fight between Daniel Boone and the Indian is a subject well calculated for the chisel. At his feet lies one of his foes, whom he has already dispatched—the strong expression of savage ferocity visible even in death—while the intrepid backwoodsman is in the act of engaging another. With one hand he is wresting his gun from the powerful grasp of the Indian; with the other he is making a thrust with his dirk to anticipate the blow of the tomahawk that is uplifted to destroy him. His youthful, yet bold and resolute expression, the coolness with which he appears to pursue the fight, contrasted with the hideous and almost demoniacal rage exhibited in the countenance of the savage, together with the furious exertion of his strength, convey to the mind of the beholder some idea of the dangers to which the first settler of Kentucky was exposed, and the undaunted courage with which he met and repelled them. It may, however, be questioned in point of fact, whether Boone, a man so celebrated for personal prowess, was of such a youthful and effeminate appearance as he is here represented. This, it is true, may serve to impart to his character an air of interest, and to awaken those emotions of joy

which naturally arise on beholding youthful valor successfully struggling with the strength of maturer years. But if the artist has designedly misrepresented the person of Boone to give a better effect to his work by contrasting it with that of the Indian, the attempt, even though it has succeeded, should meet with our just indignation. Truth ought not to be violated, or even trifled with, in works of sculpture or painting intended to commemorate the images of great men, any more than poetical licenses should be taken in writing a history. The well-known adventure of Captain Smith and the Indian princess Pocahontas forms the subject of the next piece. The Englishman has fallen overpowered to the ground, and lies on his back at the feet of two Indians, who, with their ponderous clubs upraised, stand ready to strike the fatal blow. But from this they are unwillingly restrained by the interposition of their king, Powhatan, whose savage nature is softened by the entreaties of his daughter. She has thrown herself on her knees at the head of the white captive, and bends over his body, to shield it from harm at the risk of her own life. There is a touching gracefulness in her attitude that heightens the heroism of the action, and impresses the beholder with sentiments of her beauty hardly surpassed by those of her magnanimity. The appearance of Pocahontas as she bends in this posture of mercy, her hand just raised between an attitude of defense and prayer, her long hair flowing in disorder over her shoulders, her lips, on which the sweetest persuasion seems to sit, addressing with effect hearts that never before relented at the voice of supplication; and her eye, speaking the stronger language of entreaty, thrills the whole soul of him who gazes upon her, and leaves there a deeper impression than words can convey of the divine spirit and the mighty influence of woman, wherever she exists. This piece, both in point of design and execution, must be acknowledged to possess higher merit than any of the rest can lay claim to. The subject is, it is true, one of superior interest, and, if executed even with tolerable skill, could not fail to excite admiration. But, from the very nature of the scene, it was also the most difficult to have justice done it; the artist, therefore, deserves higher praise for having accomplished his work with

so much felicity. The two other pieces—one of which consists of William Penn negotiating his celebrated treaty with the native possessors of the soil, who are here represented by two crafty, cautious-looking Indians; the other having for its subject the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth—have nothing to recommend them besides the recollections with which they are connected, and which they serve to awaken. There is very little meaning in either, and in the Landing of the Pilgrims is a violation of truth, which nothing can justify. One of the natives is represented in the act of kneeling on the rock at which the boat is just arrived, and offering an ear of Indian corn to the new-comers, whether in token of friendship, of submission, or of what, I was at loss to conjecture. Now, history informs us, if I am not very much mistaken, that the Indians *fled* upon the approach of their visitors; at least, I do not remember to have read anywhere that they welcomed upon their arrival those whom they could only have considered in the light of invaders. It appears to me that some of the wise men who go up to the Capitol might take the trouble to expose the ignorance, or intentional misrepresentation of the artist, by correcting so gross an error. If false impressions are conveyed by works designed to commemorate distinguished events, one of the principal objects of such works is defeated—worse than defeated—for they mislead the mind, which, but for these false guides, might have found its own way to truth.

“As the Senate Room and the Representative Hall were undergoing repairs, I did not examine them, and proposed to see them in all their pride when Congress was in session. But, before returning, we drove to the burial ground of public officers, which lies at some distance from the Capitol, in an uninhabited part of the city. The monuments are on a small scale, and few in number. Most of them are made in imitation of the pedestal of a pillar, with a small part of the shaft. There are one or two, however, rather more splendid—particularly that of the former Vice-President, Elbridge Gerry. Here, too, is buried a famous Indian (Choctaw, I believe) chief, on whose tomb is inscribed the following singular sentiment, which was expressed by him in his last moments, ‘Let the big guns be

fired over me when I am dead.' The name of this chief, who had been a great warrior, was Push-ma-ta-ha-ha. This depository of great men's bones is situated in a retired and beautiful spot, not far from the Eastern Branch, which may be seen winding its way among the trees that line its banks. The distant scene, too, is highly picturesque; woods on woods, and hills on hills arise, crowned here and there with farm-houses, whose white walls peep out from among the surrounding green, and enlivening the gloom of the deep forest. When we were going from the yard, a little snake crossed our path, and, stopping, reared his head, as if to spit his venom on those who had not provoked his wrath. The incident would not have excited notice but for the place in which it occurred. True emblem, thought I, of the malice and slander which will hereafter raise their hydra-heads to assail the memories of the great men who shall here be interred! Yes, on their very graves, will foul calumny feed, like the reptiles that riot on their bones. And for a time those names will be darkened with the breath of detraction, till History wipes it away and enrolls them on her own bright scroll."

In November of the same year Mr. Dodge returned from Washington as far as New York, and began the study of law with Anthony Dey, Esq., originally from Newark, N. J. His brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Poore, being already established in New York, with them Mr. Dodge found the home associations which he loved and needed. Here his ready wit, his inexhaustible fund of anecdote and information, and his affectionate and confiding disposition, made him very popular. While he was studying law, he also became editor of the "Constellation," a paper started by a cousin of Mr. Poore's from Maine. He was a personal friend of Lewis Gaylord Clark, and was one of the group of young men who founded "The Knickerbocker Magazine," to which he became a contributor. He was also the New York

correspondent of the "Boston Atlas"; but his profession was always paramount. He was admitted as attorney in the Superior Court, October 29, 1830, and as solicitor, July 5, 1831. After a temporary arrangement with Mr. Hamilton, he became the partner of Mr. Elijah Paine, a gentleman eminent in his profession, and subsequently Judge of the Superior Court. Mr. Alexander I. Hamilton says of Mr. Dodge: "He appeared devoted to his profession; with his original and inquiring mind, his studious habits, and his absolute self-reliance, he would have been a profound lawyer. . . . The marked idiosyncrasy of his mind was originality and confident self-reliance. He had all the attributes of a noble, manly character, true and faithful in his friendships—governed by the sternest principles of integrity in all his business relations, he always commanded the esteem and confidence of all with whom he came in contact."

All who knew him at that period speak of him as a lawyer of great promise. I may mention that his first antagonist at law was Aaron Burr.

He remained in the city through the terrible cholera summer, and was unremitting in his attentions to the sick and suffering.

*From his Brother-in-law Mr. Benjamin Poore.*

"NEW YORK, February 25, 1827.

" . . . Tuesday evening, I called where Drs. D. and F. formerly boarded, and as they had removed, and another family occupied the house, I could not hear where they were, except the servant *ricond* they were in Broadway. I walked on one side and then the other, reading signs, like a Vermonter, but could not discover any. . . . I called on Dr. Perkins, but did not see him; his son, that was school-mate with you, was in the office. He spoke of Dr. Dean, as hearing his father say, he

was a *clever* old man, but, as all other physicians say, any man is a quack who, when he knows any remedy, will not divulge it. I should advise you to write to Mr. Withington, as Mrs. Adams says he had it for a long time, and was brought exceedingly low. Young Perkins said it required great patience, and he should by all means recommend you to continue with Warren's prescriptions, unless you were evidently growing much worse, and that daily—as he says 'tis one of the most protracted diseases in the world. . . . Wednesday; I have seen Dr. Dean this morning. He was not a regular-bred physician, but Dr. Frink is. Dr. Dean says he associated himself with Dr. Frink, that regular physicians might see one of their number (as he says) associated with him, and thinks by that to convince them that no regular physician would countenance anything that would injure any one. . . . I have just called on Capt. Farrier, who says he was master of a vessel to the West Indies, took cold, had the fever, took mercury, had the rheumatism and scrofula, which drew up one leg so that the heel touched the back nearly—that the physicians were about to amputate the limb—he heard that Dean could cure him—made application and put himself under his charge, and after fourteen months was restored. He commenced with every disadvantage, as he was then taking one hundred and fifty drops laudanum every twenty-four hours. He bled him, and, as he thought he had no blood to spare, he objected to it. Dean told him to put the blood by twenty minutes. They did so, when it turned to a kind of water. He says his medicines are mostly, if not all, vegetables, roots, herbs, etc. He enjoys good health now—has been cured two years, and is a very respectable man to all appearance. After all this, I have to say that you are in duty bound to abide strictly by the course your parents recommended, and do not understand Mary, or myself, to advise you *pro* or *con*; but be assured that if you want medicine from Dr. Dean, or think you could bear a journey here, I will purchase the medicine or, if you come, will pay your passage and your board while here. . . . I have just heard Mr. Withington (the Revd) had the hip complaint for years (if you noticed, he limps a little). Would advise you to write him a statement of your case, and inquire if his was similar and the remedy."

*From his Sister Adeline, Mrs. Bailey.*

"HAMILTON, June 17, 1827.

"DEAR BROTHER: Your letter was received yesterday, and we were rejoiced to hear of your safe arrival and pleasant situation in Newburyport. We also received a letter from Mr. Bailey directed to you, and guessing the contents were relating to your writing for Buckingham I opened it, as I had no letter from him since his visit. The letter was on the subject I thought it was, and as I am very much in want of something to fill my letter, I will give you a copy verbatim, instead of sending you the letter.

"BOSTON, June 12, 1827.

"DEAR BROTHER: I have had some conversation with friend Buckingham this afternoon \* relative to you. He would be glad to have you furnish him with articles regularly for either the 'Galaxy' or 'Courier,' but more especially for the former.

"Any original communications, either in the form of essays, tales, stories, criticisms, or piquant paragraphs, would be acceptable. Knowing his wish, which is to sustain the character of the 'Galaxy' for originality of matter and spirit of execution, your own good sense and taste will be a sufficient guide to you in determining what communications to make. As to compensation, Mr. Buckingham remarked that he was almost ashamed to ask any one to become a regular contributor, he should be able to hold out so small encouragement. He said he would leave it to me to make any offer which I thought would be just and satisfactory, and requested me to write to you in his behalf. I replied that you would not expect any very great compensation, and would be willing to leave that matter entirely to him.

"That you may keep a run of what is going on in the world, he will furnish you with as many newspapers as you are willing to receive through the post-office. And from time to time he will, probably, send you bundles by the stage, especially should there be any books handed him which he would like to have

\* Mr. Bailey was himself a frequent contributor to the columns of the "Courier."

you notice. I suggested this measure to him, as you might be troubled to find subjects for your pen adapted to the times.

"I think Mr. B. will take a ride with me to Hamilton in the course of a few weeks. He is much out of health, and I am sure you would be gratified to see him. This is very hastily written, but I hope you will be able to understand its import. You may commence your labors as soon as you please."

*From Allen W. Dodge.*

"NEW YORK, December 10, 1828.

"MY DEAR MOTHER: . . . . I wrote you by Mr. Spofford that Mr. Dey had increased my salary this year to \$150. Since then I have had the offer of a school—to instruct in it one hour a day at about \$100 per year. I spoke to Mr. Dey on the subject, but he was unwilling to have me absent from the office at the busiest time of the day (from twelve to one o'clock), and agreed to give me \$50 a year more if I would relinquish the plan of entering a school, which I readily did. Of course my salary is now \$200 a year. You see I am not inattentive to the *main chance*, as you were fearful; neither have been to the theatre but once for two months or more. As for the young lady with whom you were afraid I had fallen in love, she left our house long ago; she is out of sight and out of mind. Indeed, a young lady must unite more charms and qualifications than any I have met with for a long time to produce a *love fit* in me. And as for any serious thoughts of marrying, I know you would dislike much to see me rushing into a foolish copartnership before I had stock in trade enough to get along—I mean serious thoughts of getting married just *at present*, for I am not such a confirmed bachelor in my feelings as never to indulge in pleasing anticipations on this subject. And I promise you as soon as I have a person in my eye that looks as if she would make *me* a good wife, I will inform you of it; there, am I not a very, very dutiful son? My health is remarkably good. I rise at seven o'clock or before, and saw wood a half an hour before breakfast, for the benefit of the exercise. This I have done for three weeks, and have found much benefit in it—it opens

the chest, strengthens the arms, etc. I wish I could thrust my face into your presence and show what a fierce appearance I have, with a pair of most magnificent *whiskers* reaching down to the very corners of the mouth. However, you can fancy how your son would look in such company. Do write me a little oftener, even if you say nothing more than that you are all well at home. Why, it is a month at a time that we have no letter from New England. It appears to me that the ink in Adeline's and Sarah Ann's pens is frozen, or they would drop a line occasionally. Love to father and the rest of the family. Did Mr. Gallop get a Jackson letter from me?"

*From A. W. D.*

"NEW YORK, February 14, 1829.

"DEAR FATHER: . . . . How do you like the Scotchman and his family? Their way of farming is different from ours, but Mr. Dey employs them altogether, and says they are the best in the world. You must humor them a little, though; I think you will easily manage them. . . . My health this winter has been excellent. I have taken good care of myself, used much exercise, and am fatter than I was last summer.

"I have worked hard, but I am all the better for that. I receive now of Mr. Dey \$200 a year, which is doing pretty well. Next year hope to get more. At all events, I shall do the most I can while I am getting my profession. Afterward I have no fear about making a good living."

*From A. W. D.*

"NEW YORK, March 31, 1829.

"DEAR FATHER: We were very glad to hear from home, as it had been a long time since we had received letters. It must seem like old times to have Adeline and her children about you. Mr. Poore has gone into business—commenced about a week ago; his partner seems to me a fine young man, who has furnished a moderate capital; they intend to do a prudent and safe business, and not extend it faster than their means will allow.

I have no doubts of his success; his store is one of the best stands in the city, and the loft, cellar, and back counting-room rent for more than he pays for the rent of the whole building. I wrote Uncle Francis yesterday, and gave him some account of the New York politics. We are all for Jackson, you know, in the city, but I did not tell uncle I was myself a *Jackson man* (though I am), for fear he would not like it. Our ex-President meets with no mercy—everybody stands ready to give him a kick, now that he is going down hill—he deserves it, don't he? You ask about Jacob Barker; he is not making much noise at present. It is said the recorder is preparing an answer to Jacob's attack on him, but he will not be able to clear up the charges against him; and by and by must, I think, be forced to quit his office, though he may keep possession of it, as he is one of the greatest courtiers of popularity our whole city—and they are not a few—can boast of.

“Jacob wants to get into our Senate, but the people are afraid to trust him; he knows too much *deviltry* to manage the wheels of government. However, I don't know that he is a more artful, cunning, intriguing fellow than Mat. Van Buren—he has wormed himself into the office of Secretary, and the New-Yorkers *do say* he will be the next President. I am getting along very well in my studies—my time has now just half expired; I have eighteen months more. I receive \$200 a year, a very good salary, as good as any lawyer's clerks get, and do not have to work very hard either. I live quite prudently and within my income, always looking ahead to have funds enough to carry me home in summer. I think by the *first or the middle* of August you may see me at Hamilton. I shall wait, at least till the hot weather sets in, and then start for New England. I went too early last season, as I returned just as the hot weather and mosquitoes made their appearance. I assure you I am as anxious as ever to see home—to see my parents, sisters, and last, not least, my little nieces.”

*From A. W. D. to E. Bailey.*

"NEW YORK, February 1, 1831.

"DEAR BROTHER: . . . We had a letter from your wife last week, in which she expresses a desire to hear how I flourish in the law. It is but three months that I have been in business, but my prospects are every day improving. Thus far I am satisfied that I took the best course in entering business on 'my own hook'; there is more independence, more satisfaction, and I have no doubt in the end will be more advantage in such a course than in a connection with an elderly lawyer. What I do now, I do on my own responsibility; my professional character depends on the manner in which I do it, and therefore there is every inducement to do it well.

"As to the 'Constellation,' I yet write for it *sub rosa*, i. e., as sub-editor. Before, it occupied too much time, but now I get along with it well enough. My profession is the main object of my attention, however, and shall be paramount to every other. From that I can not yet expect much fame; but, God willing, I mean to get my bread from it. There is no news here, except the revolution in Poland, which no doubt the papers have informed you of ere this. There has been a great stir among the Presbyterians—an attempt at a revival; they held their meetings morn, noon, and night all last week, and a score or two of girls, women, and old-womanish men experienced a change. I have good reason to believe that great preparations were made to bring about this event; but anon we shall be told that it was the *Lord's* doings, and it is marvelous in our eyes. In a religious point of view—if I may use the phrase—New York is far inferior to Boston as a place of residence. The blue-lights here wish to force all men to heaven in their way; and such is their influence and number that a man can't oppose them without suffering in some way or other for it. It is a spiritual inquisition, to escape which, we Unitarians have to sit down in silence. The finger is pointed at us the moment it is known we are liberals; a mark is put upon us, and that mark is, beware! Such is the character of Presbyterianism here—a sect narrow and bigoted, illiberal, and exclusive. For myself,

I am a firmer Unitarian than ever. I attend William Ware's preaching constantly, and coincide in all his sentiments.

"We are all quite well. Expecting Mr. Poore this week. Give lots of love to the family over which you preside, and tell Sarah Ann to be careful of her foot.

"P. S.—Tell Mr. Hildreth to send his communication to the 'Constellation' by mail, if a private opportunity does not offer. By the way, Mr. Francis, the bookseller, is constantly sending packages to his son—a bookseller here, and might forward any letters. Direct them to A. W. Dodge, 49 Wall Street. Care of Mr. Charles S. Francis, New York."

*From A. W. D. to Mr. Poore.*

"NEW YORK, February 3, 1831.

"DEAR BROTHER: . . . Miss S—— and father started very suddenly yesterday morning for home. One part of your remark respecting said lady was true, that is, that I have grown wiser, for I should hardly like to run the same chance I did some time ago. . . . The old saying is too true, 'Times change, and we change'; but more when I see you. The 'Constellation' flourishes as usual. I will send the last number to Albany, and you may pick up a subscriber or two. My business increases daily. I find my arrangement with young Hamilton pleasant and convenient. He is a worthy fellow. There is no news in the city. The revolution in Poland makes but little talk."

*From Mr. Buckingham to A. W. D.*

"BOSTON, September 12, 1831.

"MY DEAR SIR: I have been put in a mood for cogitation, i. e., so long as I had time to think, by a paragraph in the 'New York Courier' (good out of Nazareth), relating to the 'taking off' of one of Na-ti-ves, by himself. You will find it in that paper of Saturday, or in one of to-morrow. But thinking is one thing, and writing is another, as I could prove to you, in case of necessity, and when, as in the case of your servant, one has

but few thoughts, he must use them economically. Now, you have many, and for a fair *quid* can afford to put them on paper. Now, you would be a deeper thinker than I take you for, if you discovered from this the drift hereof; wherefore, be further enlightened.

“We think that from the hint in the paragraph referred to is much matter—never guessed at by the dunces of that periodical—and that it contains the foundation of a capital article; and, moreover—don’t choke with vexation, or vanity either—that you are the man to *work it up*, as we printers say. A letter from one of those Savages, written in the Hajji Babo style, or, indeed, in any style, might be made the vehicle for conveying many queer things, many sober truths, and no little satire, in the way of criticism upon what he saw and heard in the New World. We have never suggested a topic to any of those who have written for us, nor have we asked anybody to write, nor have we felt under the necessity of so doing; but the idea struck me so forcibly this morning, and your image (how I know not, and shall not attempt to explain for fear of consequences) became so intimately blended with the ‘runaway,’ that I determined to give you the benefit of the suggestion hereinbefore contained, if you can get at it. What has become of ‘Peabody’s Magazine’? They kicked the dust among the authors here by valuing one at three and another at five dollars per page. I presume it has not been spoken into being, and that its pages will remain ‘unwritten.’ By the way, let me congratulate the *literati* of New York upon the accession of the new editor of the ‘Mirror’ to their numbers. I am happy to find him in such company—fumigate him, reputation and all, and keep before a looking-glass all the time; the ladies can spare him from Broadway. Speaking of ladies, so intimate are the connections between beauty and bestiality, I suppose you have learned more directly that your cousins from the South have been here. Your *belle cousine* from Salem, and all your cousins from Georgetown, who are, also, or should be, belles. But all this you might have learned upon inquiry of them when they went through—for, of course, nobody thinks of stopping in New York, unless he would die of bad liquor.

In short, as Mr. Benton says, at the close of one of his four-days' speeches, if you have nothing better to do, we and I (both pronouns) shall be happy to hear from you, if it be only in the way of an epistle for our private files. Don't let Mr. Stebbins get on a high horse, as the old ladies say, if his article is not in our next number; for, as we labor industriously, we have almost got as far into the bowels of the 'poets' as had 'Washington,' and we hope to arrive there 'in all next month.'

"Please keep the cholera in New York, for if it comes hitherward we shall be obliged to get up an east-wind to drive it away, so between both, your humble servant will have but a poor time, even if he should be left upon this earth, to remain, sincerely your friend."

*From Timothy Walker to A. W. D.*

"CINCINNATI, April 7, 1832.

"MY DEAR SIR: I beg your attention to this Prospectus. I ask for the review your friendly offices. We offer more per page, for contributions, than any other journal, and we have room for essays as well as reviews. We would aim at a *kind of work* something like a medium between the 'Edinburgh' and 'Blackwood.' Dry disquisitions, however learned, will not suit us so well as something spicy. I have read your contributions, to which Prescott called my attention, in his paper, and have been delighted with them. This makes me hope you will sometimes furnish us with a racy article. I also wish you to give us whatever aid you can in procuring subscribers. I shall be in New York in June or July, and will then see you. In the mean time, could you get Prescott to say a good word for us in his *papers*, you would greatly oblige us.

"With great regard, your friend and servant."

The prospectus of this journal, which offers more per page than any other, thus specifies with capitals: "For each accepted article they will pay THREE DOL- LARS PER PAGE—a rate of compensation for literary labor, unusual, they believe, on this side the Atlantic."

*From Mr. Eastburn.*

"BOSTON, July 23, 1882.

"MY DEAR DODGE: I want you to send me New York papers by some passenger in the mail stage. I will pay any price for them. If they are put into the mail we do not get them until the next morning—for it is not opened until 7 A. M.—although it arrives at 11 P. M. Perhaps you know some person who will attend to it for me. The mail, I believe, leaves New York some time in the morning, after seven o'clock. If you can get the latest papers, and give them to *some passenger* to *deliver to me* or *Haughton* (directed to me), at the post-office, one or the other of us will be in waiting to receive them, and we shall thereby be enabled to anticipate the other papers *one day*; for which service I am disposed to pay liberally. Everything from New York is now of the greatest interest. Help me if you can, dear sir, and believe me truly,

"Your obliged friend."

"ATLAS' OFFICE, 18 State Street.

"Noah is in town. When he arrived at Providence the examining doctor said to him, 'Where from?' 'New York.' 'What have you been doing?' 'Electioneering for Jackson; won't you look at my tongue?' 'Yes,' said Escu; 'I perceive something, sir, white upon the surface, and whether it is the cholera, or the blisters from telling electioneering —, darn me, if I know.'

"We intend to kill the king of the Jews. Yesterday one of our aldermen invited him to ride in a barouche, and our worthy Cit, being a very polite man, made many bows before him.

"They had not proceeded far before crack! went the whip, and Par Noah and Mar Noah and our fat alderman were spilt in the street.

"Serious alarm was felt for the Jackson editor—he laughed so long and so loud. No bones were broken.—E."

*From A. W. D.*

"NEW YORK, July 28, 1882.

"MY DEAR PARENTS: I have written you twice since my return, and have sent you the papers often, that you might know

I was well; hope you have received them in good season, and that you have thus been relieved from any anxiety you might have felt on my account. It has been a dark, dismal, and dangerous time here the last fortnight; but, thanks to a kind providence, the pestilence which walketh by noonday is now, we trust, passing away. The disease has been regularly declining the last few days; there were yesterday only one hundred and twenty-three cases, and forty-six deaths, which may seem a *large* number to you, but to us it appears small, as it is less than half what took place a week ago, daily. It would be in vain for me to attempt to describe the distress and alarm which this fatal disease has spread through our city. Suffice to say, that on the poorer classes it has fallen heavily—very heavily. Death has visited them with unrelenting hand, and now the survivors are thrown out of employment by reason of the stagnation of business, and they are dependent altogether on the liberality of the richer citizens; more than fifteen thousand dollars have been raised by subscription—more is still wanting, and is still collecting. Soup is daily given away to the thousands who apply for it; clothes, etc., are also supplied.

“My own health, I am happy to say, has been preserved during this perilous season. I have had not even the premonitory symptoms, with which almost every one has been affected, nor have taken any medicine. My lameness is fast going away—I walk now quite well; take a shower-bath every morning, from which I derive great benefit. . . .

“Be assured, my dear parents, I shall take every care to preserve that health and life which is so dear to you as well as all my friends. My best love to all.”

## CHAPTER V.

### HIS MARRIAGE.

PAUL SPOFFORD, of the firm of Spofford and Tileston, commission and shipping merchants, of New York, was second cousin of Mr. Poore, who was in intimate relations with the firm, both members of which had removed from Essex County, Massachusetts, to New York. Through this connection Mr. Dodge became legal adviser to the firm ; and in Miss Eliza, the young sister of Mr. Tileston, visiting him from her home in Haverhill, the young lawyer found the ideal companion for whom he had been somewhat leisurely waiting. She was bright and beautiful, gentle and good. They were married at her home in Haverhill, in November, 1832. The poet Whittier was groomsman at the wedding. And I should like to have those unintelligent people who think "*Love in the Nineteenth Century*" too scientific, to take notice that when this wedding party of four stopped at the first stage on their wedding journey in Providence, Caleb Cushing came in to spend the evening, and entertain them with reading aloud a manuscript story of his own writing, and was, says the contented diarist, "*very agreeable and social*" ! Mr. Dodge's life seems then to have become one of quiet, uninterrupted domestic happiness and of brilliant professional promise, shadowed only by an occasional re-

currence of lameness, and consequent apprehension. In his wife he found everything which his heart desired. His home letters are full of affection and content. An interchange of simple messages of love between city and farm, a mother's tender longings and prudent, homely hints and helps ; a father's advice and appeals, his pride and satisfaction in his son breaking out sometimes in a half-passionate despair at his own hard lines, sisters' pleasure and pride, a son's and brother's affectionate remembrance, congratulations, and hopes—are the burden of his correspondence for the next two years. His cousin is puzzled to know whether he is indebted to matrimony for all the pleasant things contained in Allen's letter—"wedding-cake, kid gloves, bright eyes, squash pies, honey-moon and other moons." His sister "will be much astonished to find you have grown so very polite. So much, you say, for the influence of your wife." His mother is "glad you are so pleasantly settled and so happy," and hopes "you will be attentive to Mary, for she has been a mother almost as well as a sister to you"—is sorry he has bought a house, fearing it is extravagant, but sends him a barrel of Indian and rye meal, cheeses, and a keg of pickles. Uncle Frank "can not advise stock speculations" to the young householder, in haste to be rich, unless one gives his whole time to it. "I have thought often of proposing to you to try it on joint account, but could never fairly get my consent. It is rather like gambling. My last purchase of W. S. B. was more like a speculation than I ever made in stocks."

Business flowed in upon him, and he had no anxieties for the future. Literature was kind to him, and his contributions were sought from various quarters. In the midst of his professional business he found time

to write for several periodicals, and a series of his humorous papers was gathered from the newspapers and prepared for publication by the Harpers, under the title of "The Yankee in New York, in a Series of Letters by Enoch Timbertoes."

The first year of their marriage they boarded in Broadway, next to Trinity Church. Afterward they bought the house No. 45 Bleecker Street, where they made a happy home, and a delightful resort for friends far and near. Their family and business relations were at once enlarged and endeared by the engagement and subsequent marriage of Mr. Paine, Mr. Dodge's law partner, to Miss Frances Tileston, Mrs. Dodge's youngest sister.

*From A. W. D. to his Sister Mary.*

"BOSTON, June 29, 1832.

".... Thanks to the country air and a kind providence I am now able to say that I am better. When I reached Boston I consulted Dr. Warren, who approved of Dr. Paine's prescriptions, and recommended a continuance of the same with greater strictness. For a full fortnight, therefore, I all but starved myself, and remained, I might almost say, in a state of perfect rest. The latter, however, as you may suppose, was not quite so difficult as it might otherwise have been, as I was at Haverhill most of the time, and of course had constant society. My friends there were very kind and attentive. I rode out nearly every day, but walked out none. Last week, on Wednesday, I went to Hamilton with Eliza and Frances Tileston, and remained there till Saturday .... I went to Hamilton in a two-horse carriage, determined not to trust myself in a gig, lest I should have my usual bad luck and break the shafts and perhaps injure the young ladies or myself. Father rode out with us one morning to Manchester, making a circuit of full twenty miles. He complained all day after that his back was broken, but I think he was all the better for the exercise. He is in fine health, and





looks really younger than I have seen him for some years. His spirits are good.

“ . . . We left Hamilton Saturday morning to return to Haverhill by way of Newburyport. On our way we called at Dummer Academy and took in Benjamin, who was highly pleased to see us, and gladly accompanied us, though he expected the chaise from the farm for him very shortly. I thought, however, it would please him to go to Newburyport, and the girls were quite in a nip to see him. Their tongues ran pretty fast, though Benjamin had rather the advantage. . . . I remained in Haverhill till Thursday. . . . Yesterday I came here in a gig with Eliza, who is to make a visit at Mr. Bailey’s.

“ . . . The cholera alarm has subsided here, though they are going on at a great expense in the work of preparation. The same is being done in all the small towns. . . . If it comes in New York I shall not be deterred by the fear of it from returning. I want much to know what effect it has produced in New York ; I hope, at least, it has made the streets cleaner. The alarm in the country towns is greater here than in the city. At father’s, where the accounts were related, with all the exaggerations of course, a boy on the place was so frightened that he was taken with sickness at the stomach and vomited an hour ! Mr. Bailey talks of removing next Thursday to Pearl Street, No. 16. The house is large, airy, and well situated. He is now over head and ears in the cholera business, being one of the Board of Health Commissioners, whose duty it is to pry into all the nasty places in town, and so smell out every stench that might be suspected of breeding a pestilence. He enters into it, however, heart and hand, though he is the last person in the world I should have thought of for such an office. . . . Ask Mr. Poore to send me a few New York papers of latest dates, especially if there is any news. It seems like being out of the world without seeing a New York paper. The Boston papers are nothing. The advertisements in a New York paper are more interesting than the editorial matter of their papers here—but then it won’t do to say so here, you know, so I will only whisper it to you.”

*From Uncle Frank.*

“GEOGETOWN, January 2, 1833.

“DEAR NEPHEW: . . . As to Nullification, it is absurd to think it the right of any State or minority to set up such doctrines; hope it may end well, but have some fears.

“Jackson’s Proc. went down with me as old wine used to. It is best he has been elected P. as far as this South C. D. is concerned.”

*From Edward Jarvis.*

“CONCORD, MASS., February 10, 1833.

“DEAR DODGE: This will be given you by Mr. Henry Merse, one of your professional brethren, late of Cambridge Law School.

“On his way to see the logocracy in motion he wishes to see the wonders of New York. Having a letter to Chancellor Kent, who will do much for his object in your city, it seemed proper that he should have one also to you, that you both might fill his measure of happiness in the commercial emporium.

“I hear that you edit the ‘Constellation’: fame speaks of you and your paper even in this obscure village. Pray send me a number, that we may testify more certainly of your works.

• . . . ”

*From E. Paine.*

“NEW YORK, May 9, 1833.

“DEAR SIR: I write you merely to give you information of a circumstance which has occurred for your future government. Mr. Pitkin called on me this morning in very bad humor, stating that he was desirous of obtaining a loan on the Gantion property, and supposed it could be done at once, as we had just searched the title, but that he was surprised to find that the lawyer objected that there were no register’s searches. I then explained to him as well as I could, and went with him to the lawyers, Johnson & Kent, to explain to them. I looked at the papers; I found no searches by the register, and the only certificate by yourself as follows: ‘I find no other conveyances or mortgages of this property’—without any evidence of names of persons searched against or between what dates. Mr. Kent

said they were willing to do anything to oblige me, but would not take such evidence in loaning money on real estate. The truth is, the whole abstract of title was wholly loose and unsatisfactory. Mr. Pitkin, who has other lawyers to do the same things for him, sees how differently they are done by them. The consequence of this is that Mr. Pitkin has to wait four or five days till the register can make these searches, when he is pressed for the money, and I am satisfied will never again employ us, a thing which I having been waiting for with certain confidence.

"I can only regret that I am obliged to allude again to this, to me excessively disagreeable subject. It is the last time I shall *repeat a complaint*"—

which is certainly a sufficiently disagreeable letter for a young man to receive on a pleasure trip to Washington with his young wife, when a little legal carelessness may reasonably be expected. However, the rebuke seems to have been effective, as I find no subsequent trace of anything but entire confidence and harmony.

*From his Cousin.*

"GEORGETOWN, May 28, 1833.

"DEAR COZ: Mr. W. Corcoran requested me this morning to write to New York for a white silk hat for him, such a one as I bought when last there. I must therefore trouble you to call at Delranier, No. 7 Wall Street, and have one sent on board the next packet for him, and directed to me.

No. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ is his size; the price is.....	\$4 25
Box.....	12
Postage on this letter.....	37
<hr/>	
	\$4 75

"I inclose \$5; you can, if convenient, pay the 25c. more to the captain as frt., so as to make the hat cost Corcoran just \$5 here. I am sorry to trouble you for others, but can not well avoid it, as I can not write to Delranier, as I do not know him

nor he me; nor can I well refuse my friends when they make these requests, therefore excuse the liberty, etc.

“Was glad to hear through your letter to father that you and Eliza arrived safe home, and were so much pleased with your visit this way. May the time not be far distant when you do the like again. . . .”

*From his Partner, E. Paine.*

“WILLIAMSTOWN, VERMONT, August 20, 1833.

“. . . I am starting to-day to carry father toward Hanover. He is going there to commencement, and so to Cambridge. . . .

“The union between the N. P. and Jackson parties in this State is not sincere, and I have no doubt is a piece of V. B. management. The Anti-Masons will carry their ticket.”

*From R. Hildreth.*

“July 29, 1833.

“. . . Mr. Houghton says that he cut the marriage of Major Downing from the ‘Portland Courier’ (the original and authentic source of the Downing correspondence), but whether it first appeared in that paper or not he is not able to tell. He first saw it there.”

*From A. W. D. to his Father.*

“NEW YORK, November 20, 1833.

“. . . I am every way satisfied with my purchase, and have no doubt I could get \$8,000 for it—but it is not my intention to sell at any price, as it is just the house I want to live in. I paid \$2,250 in cash from my own earnings—the balance of \$5,000 I have hired on mortgage at six per cent., payable half yearly, and am to have it as long as I want, so that all I pay out for rent a year is \$300. I have furnished the house thoroughly, but not extravagantly, at my own expense, and without running in debt for it, and I have no fears but that I can live well and at as cheap a rate as at boarding.

“I beg of you to have no fears on this head or as to the purchase; all my friends here say it is an excellent bargain. I

received mother's letter and the bill of lading; the goods are expected daily. If you could put me up a good quantity of eggs and send by the packet, I should like them much."

His most amiable and wise sister Mary gives, unintentionally, an excellent lesson to the young couple.

"WEST NEWBURY, December 1, 1883.

" . . . My thoughts often wander to your fireside, and I should like that you were so near that I could join your circle, but that is impossible; so I must content myself with making my own as pleasant as I can. I have had a grate to burn coal set in the parlor and in my chamber, so think I shall be comfortable. My children are all with me in good health, and I am much better situated than I should be at board in New York—now that my husband is absent. It was very unexpected, and I could not for a long time feel reconciled to his going away this winter. Benjamin is a very good companion for me. Mrs. Tenney is so lively that she will not allow my spirits to droop. And Aunt Judith amuses me with stories of days that are past. She says fifty-six years ago to-day Rufus King came to the farm and remained seven weeks with them. The more I see of her the more I am astonished at her memory. I should have been pleased to have passed Thanksgiving with our parents, but the weather is so uncertain I did not like to venture. Mother Poore had six children and twelve grandchildren to dine with her. I shall think of Eliza very often. I am glad to hear her health is so good; she must keep up good spirits. My dear brother, I hope you will take good care of your health. I believe I not only feel a sister's but a mother's anxiety about you, which I can not entirely give up, although I know you have a wife who will nurse you.

Yours truly,

"MARY."

"When you have a private opportunity, if you will send a bundle of newspapers and have them left at the post-office I shall receive them. If they are a month old they will answer to amuse us in a stormy day, as Benjamin will not go to the

academy in bad weather. I am very sorry Mrs. Trollope's 'Domestic Manners' was not sent home by Mr. Poore. I intended it should have been. I should have given it to Mr. Spofford if he had come here."

*From Uncle Frank.*

"GEOEGETOWN, January 5, 1834.

" . . . Our town is very dull, people getting poor, business worse and worse, the coporation in debt \$400,000, can't raise more than will pay the interest, and that with the greatest difficulty—property unsaleable and falling, and one fourth of the houses shut up, a gloomy picture and prospect. My business since I was with you has been very bad and I have lost \$10,000—so you will see I have not much to elevate my spirits, and they are rather dull. However, I must keep moving, and hope for better luck. A happy New Year to you all and many of them."

Uncle Frank seems to have shared somewhat Caliban's fashion of worshiping Setebos.

" Meanwhile the best way to escape his wrath  
Is not to seem too happy."

By August 5th of the same year his losses through "failures, fall of flour, bad shipments, and fall of stock" have amounted to "twenty thousand dollars at least." August 28th, he is obliged to confess to a great crop of wheat and small grain, but disarms Setebos by adding that "corn is nearly cut off with a severe drought which has continued six weeks—the fields all burnt up." In short, whether to placate Setebos or out of a delicate consideration for his brother's ill-fortune, Uncle Frank seems to have conducted a considerable and lucrative business by means of a series of terse, cheerful, and unremitting disasters.

*From K. J.*

"PHILADELPHIA, January, 1834.

" . . . At Washington political affairs are in such a state of doubt and strife, that were it not for some saddening reflections connected therewith, one could hardly help smiling at the blundering confusion in which they are. The rogues and the boobies (it is sometimes very difficult to distinguish between them) both in and out of Congress, are all at loggerheads with each other; and he who hits the hardest is the best fellow. The powers of darkness rule the roost now, and everything seems to take a tinge from them—as to *honour, integrity, political consistency*—they are 'names to conjure the devil with'—forgotten or known only to the learned in abstruse lore, and to a few who treasure them up as sparks, which in their fond dreamings, they may hope by and by to fan into a Promethean fire. Unhappy wights! how sad will be their disappointment!"

*From Mrs. B. Poore.*

"February 2, 1834.

"MY DEAR BROTHER: . . . On New Year's Day I could not help drawing a contrast between my occupation for that day, and the way I should have probably spent it if I had been in New York, for instead of receiving company, I attended an Ordination at our church; a Mr. Ober of Beverly was ordained. It was the first I had ever witnessed—the performances were very good—the day was delightful, and the sleigh ride a novelty to me. So that I did not think quite as much of my friends in New York as I should if I had remained at home.

"I should think Francis's engagement would be very pleasing to her friends, particularly to Eliza, and Mr. Paine is a man whose society would be an acquisition to any family. There is a great religious excitement both here and in Newburyport—three hundred new converts at N. Port. There has been a protracted meeting at the Methodist Chapel in *dogtown*, which has continued eight days, and is to continue until they cease coming to the *altar*. You know that the morals of the inhabitants in that place are generally miserable—many of

those who have led profane and intemperate lives have come forward, and promised to renounce them.

"If they are sincere, and I hope they are, I presume we may see a different state of society. Indeed I have often thought when they have been begging for foreign missions, that they had better send a missionary into their immediate vicinity."

*From E. Bailey.*

"February 4, 1834.

".... You speak of publishing Timbertoes. I do not much approve that kind of writing. Neither Joe Strickland nor Jack Downing is among my favorite authors. I think you would do much better to publish your tales in a volume, with such alterations and additions as might suggest themselves. I should advise you to retain the 'Slugg Family' for this one. You could produce a volume, in my opinion, that would both take well and sell well."

*From Mrs. B. Poore.*

"March 31, 1834.

".... I heard from you by Mr. Spofford last week. He gives a favorable account of your health and business. .... Nearly all the Unitarians in the upper parish have renounced their creed and joined the orthodox party. Colonel Newell, Mr. Hill and wife, have become zealous in the cause of religion. Mr. Little and John Hoyt (our cousin) are among the converts. I have not attended any of the meetings, and presume they think I am destitute of any religious principle. There is great excitement in almost every family."

*From E. Bailey.*

"BOSTON, April 12.

"DEAR BROTHER: I have the privilege of informing you that you are another uncle. ....

"What an infernal row you have had at your election. I hope you did not get your head broken. You have worked like good fellows, and, although defeated, I think you have a right to claim the victory. How many illegal votes were smuggled in by the wardens! How many legal votes excluded through

fear of the mobites! How much chicanery in counting! I do not doubt that J. was chosen mayor by the legal voters of the city. Will not the voters from ward six be rejected?"

*From his Cousin.*

"GEORGETOWN, May 7, 1834.

" . . . Since I received your letter we have had several bank failures in this district, which makes it very difficult for most persons to get along in business. We have had a good deal more trouble than we had expected. All the farmers and millers from up river will take nothing but silver or U. S. banknotes in pay for their flour, etc. The latter are very hard to get, as they (the U. S. Bank) are discounting little or nothing. We have had to open our account in the branch at Washington, and deposit what they will receive, and draw out their notes. This is a roundabout way, but the only one left for us. You see we can have tough times here as well as elsewhere.

" If I had nothing to do I could spend a very pleasant time every day in the U. S. Senate. There is something interesting and amusing going on every day. Some resolutions or memorial always on the carpet, as an excuse for the Senators to cut at each other and old Jackson—poor old man, he is getting quite sick, and talks of going back to the Hermitage. I hope it may be so. Van Buren can be no worse if he is not better."

*From Mr. Buckingham.*

" BOSTON, June 13.

" MY DEAR SIR: My *own feelings* had convinced me that *June had come* before I received yours of the 11th, but still I am glad to be supported in my conviction by so good authority. As to the magazine, if you have been looking for it, you looked too soon. I never promised it till the 1st of July. It is in press and I shall send a copy, which you may have to soothe yourself withal on that dullest of all days—the *Fourth of July*. It may save you the trouble of sleeping before a sleepy orator.

" I have not forgotten the 'Twice-Fat-Cat.' I looked for a copy among the rubbish of my editorial apartment, but the

ancient heap was too large and too well consolidated to yield up all its treasures to the labor of a single day—thermometer 95°. So, rather than attempt a second assault, I concluded to send to Cambridge for the article wanted. My son will doubtless procure one, but I have not seen him since I made the request.

“Friend Stebbins’ article, prepared for the magazine, I hope will not grow *cool* by keeping; but, if such a catastrophe is feared, I beseech him to send it hither and I will get it renewed for a slight premium. I beg you to convey to him my respectful regards. Shall I see you here during the summer? Notwithstanding the atmosphere indicates the approach of the summer solstice, and Sol seems determined to deprive us all of our shadows, we have still ice enough left to cool a glass of Champagne, and of all practices, drinking Champagne *solus* is the most unsociable. ‘Come over and help us’ is an apostolic admonition which I pray you to keep in mind.

“And, above all, forget not that, whether hot or cold, under a vertical sun or *ursa major*, I am yours truly and ever.

“Is the poetry in the ‘Constellation’ under the signature J. H. S. from our friend Stebbins?”

*From Caleb Cushing.*

“NEWBURYPORT, August 1, 1834.

“ALLEN W. DODGE, Esq.

“DEAR SIR: I have duly received your letter and the accompanying papers, which are just what I desired. I did not expect the original letter from Mr. Smith, which clearly belongs to him or his counsel. As to politics, I am glad to find that you are awake for New York. I hope the best, and fear the worst. In the great and grieved army of office-holders you have fearful odds to contend with, but in respect of money or zeal—however, God speed you. I am engaged industriously at least, if not usefully, in various anti-Jackson operations; my pen, at least, shall not be idle so long as I can hold a stump of it in my fingers. Herewith I send you a pamphlet which I have just published, on the corruptions and usurpations of the administration. The editor will, I presume, be used up in Massachusetts.

It is deeply aimed, as you will perceive, to stimulate the more intelligent classes of the community. If you should think it capable of doing any good in New York a new *reprint* would be needed, and if any of your printers should be disposed to make use, I can send a corrected copy for that purpose. Matters look encouraging in Essex North; but as yet it is impossible to speak with certainty upon the subject."

*From A. W. D.*

"NEW YORK, August 19, 1834.

"MY DEAR PARENTS: Since writing you last week the cholera has continued in the city, though not to an extent to cause any alarm—in fact business goes on as usual, a few people have left from fears—still it is here, and so long as it remains it becomes us to be cautious. By letters from Uncle, I found that the boys were so sick he was unable to come over to the city, and was anxious to see us, so on Saturday morning I went to Princeton with Eliza, and returned last evening. We found that Robert had got so well as to walk and ride out, tho' weak and emaciated. Hamilton is yet confined to his bed, being there four weeks, but is, I think, beginning to recover, and his fever has left him. They have both had a sort of putrid fever, occasioned, as their Doctor says, by stagnant water in the Raritan and Delaware Canal, which runs near Princeton. They have been very sick—low indeed—as sick as I ever saw one, and it is only by the greatest care and attention that they will recover. Uncle, aunt, and Emily are there, and will remain till they can return home with the boys. They were very glad to see us, and it was only from a sense of duty that we went over. Eliza, I think, is better for the jaunt, but her health is such she can not stand much fatigue or exercise. I have made up my mind to go on to see you this season, if it be but for a few days, as I learn by Mr. Poore you will be quite disappointed if I do not. Be assured, my dear parents, if I do not go it will not be from a want of desire to see you, for you are ever uppermost in my thoughts, but from the nature of circumstances over which I have no control. Eliza *can not well* go on without exposing herself to that fatigue which I, as well as she, am

especially desirous of avoiding; but next year I trust that we can come. I had made up my mind to leave this week for New England, but I am induced to defer my visit till the cholera has abated, as I should feel less anxious when absent. I will write when I shall start."

*From Edward Jarvis.*

"CONCORD, August 25, 1834.

"DEAR DODGE: I take the liberty to introduce to your notice Mr. Wm. M. Pritchard, who will reside henceforth in New York. I do this the more confidently, knowing that you are ever ready to aid and counsel, encourage and patronize all good young men, particularly when they are nature's noblemen—such as I now send you. You will find him a very valuable friend, well worth your attention. Be kind to him, I pray you, both on his own account and on mine.

"I was glad of your letter by Stephen, and just then I was beginning to complain of the heat, but when I read yours I found how much hotter it was in N. York; I immediately changed my views and offered up thanks that we were so cool. But I like the warm weather and would gladly have perpetual July. Nathan wrote me from Mississippi, 17 July—the climate is delightful, very hot, and I have no rheumatism—I wished I was there. To-morrow is commencement; I hope to meet you at Cambridge. Concord remains unchanged, only I grow older. When you were about I begged and sought for a school, now I am on the committee, secretary, principal, agent, and dispense schools as I think meet, and almost wonder a school can be worth the strife and the anxiety to obtain it that I formerly exhibited."

*From R. Hildreth.*

"BOSTON, August 29, 1834.

"DEAR SIR: I want to trouble you to make a little inquiry for me. You must know, in the first place, that I have a pretty strong intention of leaving these parts and migrating to the south, for which I have two reasons; one, the little prospect of doing anything more than live here, and the little prospect even

of *living* under the severe inflictions of this climate. The Doctors advise me to seek a more salubrious, or, if you please, a warmer atmosphere, nor is my business here such as to detain me by any tye too strong to be easily broken. Florida is the promised land toward which I am turning my eyes, and Apalachicola, at the mouth of the river of the same name, which seems likely to become the seat of an extensive trade, is the place upon which I have thought of making my first descent. There are several lines of packets from New York to that place, and what I wish to learn through you is, the frequency and times of their sailing; I should like to know what opportunities there will be of going from N. Y. to Apalachicola between the 1st of October and the 1st of Dec.

“It appears by the ‘Journal of Commerce’ and the ‘Courier and Enquirer,’ where you can see the advertisements, that among the agents of the different lines are E. D. Hurlbut & Co., 84 South Street, Wm. Hastings, Richardson & Livingston, etc. If without too much trouble you can obtain for me the requisite information, you will confer a favour.”

## CHAPTER VI.

### CHANGE.

WHEN the lovely Eliza Tileston stood up in her Haverhill home and gave her hand to the promising young New York lawyer, a schoolmate and playmate of hers, since known to the world as the poet Whittier, wrote some verses for her, in which he said :

“I know that the journey of being is one  
More darkened with shadow than glowing with sun ;  
I know that the purest, the fairest, the best,  
May pause by the wayside, and sigh for their rest.  
But for you I can picture no vision of sadness,  
No change but the changes of rapture and gladness,  
In a path bright as ever Humanity trod,  
While ye love one another, and go ye with God.”

Two brief, bright years, and that young head was laid low. Only two years, and all that brilliant fabric of happiness and hope, of promise and fulfillment, into which had gone so many years of patient preparation—love and toil and waiting and anticipation and consolation—all crumbled, dissolved, vanished, never to reappear save in a feeble phantasm, hovering for one pale moment across these pitying pages.

Thus suddenly, blankly, in darkness and desolation, Mr. Dodge’s first life closed.

His grief was overwhelming. The petted and plea-

sured boy, the prosperous and successful man, had met his first great blow, and his friends feared that the light of reason, the light of life, would go out. The tenderest consolations of love and of religion were poured upon him by father and mother, brothers and sisters and friends. Then a change came over him. Exactly how it happened I do not know. He had followed his father and sisters into the Unitarian Church, while his mother remained a mournful and devout orthodox Christian. His wife's family were also Unitarian. How it was that orthodoxy penetrated into his grief through his Unitarian surroundings I do not know, but in some way it did so penetrate ; and above his grief and amid his grief a rapturous joy and exaltation diffused itself through his soul. He rose or he fell into a wholly unnatural state of being ; nevertheless, it undoubtedly saved his reason, if not his life. He had been a man of unexceptionable character and habits, yet he now felt himself to have been the chief of sinners, a brand snatched from the burning. His sisters had been admirable women, true and faithful in every relation of life, devout and reverent before God ; but they had not gone through a certain process, indefinite and intangible, and, if they had been Mary Magdalenes every one, he could not have labored more indefatigably to cast out of them their seven devils. His own pure and upright character had naturally led him to associate with pure and upright men and honorable women not a few. Yet now he appears constantly occupied with notifying them of the greatness of their danger, and warning them to flee from the wrath to come. Yet, for all the danger which threatened most of his family and friends, and, but for a rigorous and incessant watchfulness, seemed ever ready to spring upon himself, he lived in a

sort of magnetic, not to say metallic, joyfulness. Society ceased to have any charms for him beyond the opportunity it afforded him to exhort people to repent. His profession became distasteful to him, and he desired only to be a minister, that he might be wholly dissevered from this world, and lead a life of pure spirituality and holiness. His proposed book became a sin, not to say a horror, and he withdrew it promptly from the publishers. Yet he by no means took leave of his common sense, though he gave it a long leash.

The effect upon his friends was characteristic. His father was maddened with disappointment. His mother was thrilled and tearful with joy, all the more intense because she had, as far as she could, to conceal it from her brusque and angry husband. His brothers and sisters could not quarrel with what gave him such consolation, yet could not countenance all the consequences, and trod cautiously. His sister Mary, wisest and loveliest of women, acquiesced in her own stupidity and iniquity with a tranquil cheerfulness, but nevertheless insinuated motherly counsel at every unconscious opportunity. From no one but his father did he receive any positive disapprobation, and that only furnished the needed touch of martyrdom to increase his exaltation. The great sorrow which had overtaken him softened all hearts toward him, and gave them more sympathy, tenderness, patience, and consideration than they would otherwise have been able to show or to feel. They were glad indeed of anything which could divert his mind from despair.

*From his Mother.*

“MY DEAR SON: Your kind letter caused me tears of joy and gratitude, to see that God by this affliction had been pleased

to open your eyes to see your lost condition and that there is no hope but in the Saviour's merits. O the goodness of God in giving his Son to die for sinners. O, my dear son, he is able and willing to save all who humbly come and put their trust in him. I hope you have been enabled to give yourself up to him, and that you will have that peace and comfort which the world can not give or take away. I have had you so much in my mind lately it has caused me to review past blessings. In your distressing sickness I trust I was enabled to give you up to God, but he was graciously pleased to hear and answer my poor, unworthy prayers, and when you were at home lame, and to human appearance cut off from usefulness, it was a trying season for me, but again I had cause to bless the Lord. How anxiously did I feel that these afflictions might bring you to see the importance of being prepared for death. I lament over my past life. I have not been faithful in warning my children of the danger of putting off repentance. . . . I have had the satisfaction of seeing all my children but you the last month. Write me. Let me know your mind freely. . . .

"I received your welcome letter of the 27th. I can not describe the emotions of joy and gratitude it gave me, and can I ever forget the goodness of God to me, a poor unworthy creature? I hope and pray that God may strengthen and encourage your heart. He that has begun a good work will carry it on, I humbly trust. Pray for your parents. I need divine assistance. Do write to your sisters; you may be the means of bringing them to Christ—which is the earnest desire of your ever affectionate mother.

" . . . I received your affectionate letter. . . . It was very gratifying to me to find you enjoying so much of God's presence. I beg you may ever have it for your guide through life. . . . Oh! Allen, it fills me with shame and mourning when I reflect on my past life—how unprofitable it has been, how much more might I have done for the glory of God—how many tears I have shed for you and your sisters that I could not give you up to God in baptism. I hope I did give you up in my heart. My mind has been troubled with doubts and fears at times, but O it does not seem to me I ever could have been supported un-

der the trials I have had if I had not found God my Refuge and Comforter. I know you will pity and pray for me, and your father, that his eyes may be opened. . . . I have a great deal to say if I live to see you. Since I began to write it has snowed and become so cold that your father and myself think you had better put off coming on this winter, there is so much danger of your getting sick and suffering. He says he wants to see you very much, and I never wanted to see you so much. If we are sick we will let you know. . . . When you come on I should like to have you bring me one or two of your good books for me to read. One thing I should set very much by if you have it to spare—that is, a little lock of Eliza's hair, although I never, never shall forget her whilst I have my reason. Mary and Adeline are kind to me in getting me anything they think I want. All I want is things comfortable and decent. How much have I to be thankful for that I have kind, affectionate children. . . . I was pleased with the 'Observer.' We have the Boston papers every week."

It was a matter of quiet pleasantry among her "kind, affectionate children" that their mother's simple requirements for comfort and decency generally implied the best that was in the market. Her innocent principle was, in sober truth, nearly the same as Dr. Holmes's humorous sally :

"Good, heavy silks are never dear."

And it is noticeable, that of the dozen tables in her house, twelve were solid mahogany !

*From his Sister Mary.*

"WEST NEWBURY, INDIAN HILL, December 25th.

"MY DEAR BROTHER: . . . Mother wrote me a few lines expressing the joy she experienced in the change in your religious views, and much pleasure it gave me to think she had such a comfort—such a comfort I expect as she has never be-

fore known. To think that one of her children has renounced the pleasures of this world, and is resolved to become a follower of Jesus. May your example be such as to induce your sisters to follow it. I had feared you were sick, or that the trouble you had met with was more than you could sustain; but your letter relieved my mind from those distressing fears—as it appeared calm and rational. Altho' I have never experienced those feelings myself, I have frequently witnessed them in others, especially in Mr. Hills and wife, and Mrs. Little—who still are devoted to the cause they have chosen. I wish you could have seen the joy which shone in their countenances when I informed them you had also changed your sentiments and become a believer in the same doctrine which they professed. You are aware, my dear brother, that the Unitarian sentiments were never fully realized by me. I liked Mr. Ware very well, but the Unitarian ministers, generally speaking, I had no interest in. But I always thought you had considered well the matter and was so from principle. The early impressions I received from one of the best of mothers has always made it difficult for me to embrace a doctrine so opposite—don't, my dear brother, think I intend to infer that I have felt the influence of divine grace, for I know that I have not, yet I am sensible it is necessary for my eternal welfare, and often wonder at my own stupidity when I see my friends so happy, rejoicing in the way they have chosen; I am sure it must be the work of the Almighty, when I see the great change that has been wrought in the upper parish. They have an excellent preacher in that parish, but ours is not one that I can respect. I hope you may continue to feel the influence of divine grace.

“If you don't come on soon, write to me often. I was sorry Mr. Poore had left when your letter arrived; I should have liked much to have him read it. May you, my dear brother, lead such a life as to cause him to think you are an altered man—and a rational one *too*. You know his disposition, therefore be not austere in your behaviour, but conciliate his good feelings, and perhaps more will follow. I expect you will think I am very stupid about a concern of so much importance, but I know you wish me to write candidly, and I have done so. It is

Christmas day, and I expect it will recall Eliza fresh to your mind. I think often, very often, of your lonesome condition, and am glad you have that to support you which no earthly person could give. Mrs. Tenney and myself have been reading the 'Young Christian' aloud, and think it an excellent book. You will exert yourself to take care of your health. Remember you have parents and sisters. Mother has great confidence that you will be spared to be a shining light in the Christian world; may her most sanguine wishes be realized, and yours as well as her prayers be answered, is the ardent wish of your affectionate sister."

*From his Sister Mary.*

"WEST NEWBURY, February 8, 1835.

"MY DEAR BROTHER: . . . You may suppose it gave me much pleasure to hear that your health was so good and your mind in such a calm and happy state. . . . I have read attentively the passages in the Testament which you alluded to, but am still insensible of their true merits, and I often wonder, my dear brother, that I am so, when I see so many deeply interested in the great work of religion. I was visiting a short time since at Mrs. Hills'. Mr. Edgehill and wife were there. He is their minister, and I think an excellent man. She is a daughter of Mr. Adams, preceptor of the academy at Andover, a lady of an excellent education, and I consider her quite a gem in our little circle at West Newbury. The state of society is such in that parish that all or nearly all their parties close with a prayer.\* You had been a subject of conversation, and he prayed very fervently that I might follow your example. Indeed I know that they wonder at my stupidity. What they think so easy does not appear so to me. All that you say on the subject will be cheerfully attended to. I do not try to harden my heart, although I think it grows more callous every year. I am sen-

\* April 5, 1852, her son writes to his Uncle Allen: "We are trying to rejuvenate our parish, and next Wednesday will tell the result. If unsuccessful I shall go to Newburyport, and 'put in' for an Episcopalian chapel in West Newbury. In the upper parish they are moving every possible lever to oust Parson Edgehill—result doubtful."

sible I do not possess the right spirit to become a disciple of Jesus. They say I can if I choose, but I need the spirit to make me desire it. I will say no more, but hope the time may come when we shall participate in these happy feelings. I think it favorable that one of our number has gained the 'one thing needful.' A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump. Within the last four years Mother Poore has had three of her children join the church, and Mr. Hills and Mr. Little. Do you recollect Mrs. Townsend, John's wife's mother? I know not when I have seen such a devoted Christian. I do not wonder John was led to see the charms of religion with such an example before him. . . . Henry Townsend has experienced religion or they have reason to think he has. He is quite young, and they intend to prepare him for the ministry.

"I am much obliged to you for the 'Young Men's Advocate.' We find them very interesting. You must continue to write and have patience with me. Remember you were once in the same situation as myself and pray for me. Recollect if I do not sympathize with you in your religious feelings, I am still your sister, and feel a sister's affection in your welfare, and all that concerns you."

*From his Father.*

"HAMILTON, February 3, 1835.

"DEAR SON: . . . I found by your mother's letter from you that you thought of changing your calling. It struck me, dear son, that you should look well before you do it. I wish you would look to the business at Vermont. . . . I hope to see you this spring, and then I can let you know what I should like you to do for me and your mother."

*From his Mother (on same Page).*

"MY DEAR SON: I was glad your father received a letter from you. He read it very calmly—has said but very little on the subject. If he could but feel the worth of his own soul and the souls of others he would feel differently toward ministers. It is my sincere desire and prayer that you may be directed to do your duty.

"I think the people are much more united in Mr. Kelly than they were with Mr. Felt. He boards at Mrs. Faulkner's. He is engaged to a Miss Marsh of Haverhill."

*From his Sister Mary.*

"March 22, 1835.

"MY DEAR BROTHER: You will perhaps be surprised to receive this note from me, but since you left I have thought so much of what you said respecting changing your profession, and staying during the summer months at Hamilton, that I wished I had conversed with you upon the subject. To speak plainly, I wish you to remain long enough to see if it would be congenial to your feelings to make it your home—that is, if Father's heart does not change. Perhaps you are not aware to what extent he dislikes pious people, and how often his observations have made the tears trickle down our dear mother's cheeks. I, my dear brother, have witnessed these scenes, and have felt that it would cause me much unhappiness to be present. Now if he does not yield his full consent to your plans, I am confident you will have much to encounter. Mother would enjoy your society, but she would be very unhappy to see you treated with unkindness—perhaps you and any of your friends turned to ridicule. Altho' it is your father's house, you will not be the master. . . . We ought to try to avoid every occasion to irritate Father's feelings. You have always been his pride. May God soften his heart and render him all that his wife and children could wish. He has been a kind, indulgent parent to us, and as much as we may feel his errors, we should treat him with the respect due to a parent. Don't, my dear brother, think me officious—only consider well before you determine, and also before you leave your business. Think how much good you could probably do in your present situation. If I have said anything to injure your feelings, forgive me, but I felt that it was so long since Father had seen you he might restrain his feelings for a few days; but I fear ere long they would burst forth. May your prayers be answered for him and your other relatives who have need of them. Adieu.

"Do destroy this immediately as it is designed only for yourself to see."

I am not quite certain that even the lapse of fifty years has fully removed the seal of secrecy ; yet the letter is so wise and sweet and quaint, that, in her secure, reinstated home beyond the skies, I can not think the daughter and sister will find it in her heart to be vexed, even if she should hear this faint echo of her old loving words.

*From his Mother.*

"April 27, 1835.

"MY DEAR SON : I have received your kind letter, and have had you much in my mind, and all I can say is I hope you will see the path of duty plain before you. I thought you had made up your mind too suddenly. It does appear to me a great thing to be a faithful minister of the Gospel. . . . I think you did wisely in waiting a while. . . . Your father was very much pleased when you wrote him you were going to remain in your profession awhile longer. I have suffered a great deal having your father scold so much about your going to study. He will have it that it is all my doings. I hope and pray that I may be patient and submissive. . . . I have got a girl from down East, and a young girl from Essex, but all the care comes on me. Mr. Kelly called here to get some garden seeds. Your father was pleasant with him, but talked very improperly. He was published to-day. . . . I could not get an opportunity to ask him how the Vestry was likely to make out. . . . There is going to be a protracted meeting here the last of May. I fear I shall not enjoy much the privilege of it."

Doubtless, sarcasm, brusquerie—anything but reverent admiration, toward a minister—would seem, to the pious and simple-minded Christian lady, highly indecorous and "improper."

## CHAPTER VII.

HIS JOURNAL : VOLUME I, NOVEMBER 25, 1834, TO  
JANUARY 24, 1835.

THERE seems to be a fashion in religion as much as in coats and gowns. When Mr. Dodge joined the orthodox, he fell into the prevailing orthodox fashion. It had its excellences and its weaknesses, both of which are illustrated in a copious journal from which I shall make sufficiently copious extracts. It was written evidently by a bereft soul seeking society and solace in self-communion ; by a sincere soul eagerly seeking to uplift itself to a high ideal ; by a benevolent soul devoutly seeking the good of others. It will not fail to be noticed also that the redundancy of the lawyer and the fluency of the writer mingle with the simplicity of the saint.

*“ November 25, 1834.—I this day commence a private diary or journal. My object is to mark the progress of time and the improvement of it ; the various events that occur in my own life or those with whom I am connected ; to note my own experiences, reflections, resolutions, and failures ; and above all to submit in a permanent form to my own observations the examination of my own heart—my growth in grace, piety, and all the other acts and feelings and exercises, which, under God, I trust as a good Christian I may be enabled to do, feel, and take part in. God has been pleased in a wonderful manner to exer-*

cise my mind since the death of my dear wife. It is now one month and a day since that event, ever memorable and to be remembered in my life. I saw her die, as I trust, a good Christian—with all the sweet resignation for which her life was so distinguished, and seeing this, I was not only enabled, under God, to bear and submit to it without murmuring, but have been led to reflect more and more on the nature of life and death, and particularly of my own past history and character, the exact situation I am now occupying, and the probable destiny and tendency of my future career. I have been led naturally and almost irresistibly to look into the Bible for consolation and support. This has been my only strength and refuge, and, blessed be God, the more I have read and pondered, the more has he been pleased to reveal himself and his dear Son to me. I think I see his hand in the Scriptures in a light I never before saw it. Everything is now wonderful and cheering. Cheering! alas how humbled and vile have I felt before God and in my own sight! I have prayed and do still pray to him through the blood of his Son that I may be cleansed from all my former sins and transgressions. To him, to his glory and service, I have resolved again and again, and I do now here in as solemn and permanent manner as I know how at present to do, dedicate both body and soul. May his grace assist, confirm, and strengthen me, and to him, through Jesus Christ our Lord and Master, our High Priest and Great Exemplar, and Saviour, and the Holy Ghost, be all honour and praise. Amen. Amen says my tongue and pen, and may my heart and life ever echo it here and my soul hereafter.

“Last evening went with my esteemed friend, Mr. Fisher (who has been a friend and father to me indeed in the solemn scenes I have gone through the past month) to see Rev. Mr. Mason, an Orthodox preacher, whose sermons I have heard with great profit during this period. This at my own request. I wished to unburden my mind and lay bare my heart to him, and to seek spiritual instruction from him. We were left alone (Mr. F. being obliged to leave), and passed two hours together very profitably. I trust I stated to him freely and fully my case, situation, views, and feelings—that I was a lost sinner,

and felt no hopes of pardon and grace, but would willingly hope and endeavor, as I had prayed I might obtain it. He was very kind, judicious, and solemn—gave me confidence when he thought me right, and admonished me when wrong. Asked me if I was willing to give myself up to God? Yes, yes, I said, wholly and unreservedly before men and the world, and would glory in it; but that I was all unworthy and God, I feared, would not, could not, receive me, so vile a sinner, etc. This sense of unworthiness, he said, was the strongest evidence of worthiness under the divine plan of redemption, etc., but that the *distrust* I seemed to evince of God's willingness to receive me, if I truly desired it and felt unworthy of it, was wrong, sinful, etc. He explained the parable of the prodigal son. I felt some comfort, went home, and passed a wakeful night, endeavoring to realize these views. Before retiring, addressed myself in closest prayer to God (as I began to do night and morning for the first time in last week), and such comfort and assistance have I received from it that I pray I may never forego so great a privilege. Woke this morning long before light, thinking of God, the Saviour, the Holy Spirit, and myself. What relations do we bear to each other? Oh, who can speak or conceive the glory of God, and his own vileness—the love of the Saviour, and his own ingratitude—the influence of the Holy Spirit, and his own hardness of heart in grieving it?

“November 26, 1834.—Last evening, Francis, the youngest sister of my dear wife, was married to Mr. Paine, my partner in business. I attended the wedding at Thomas's; it was to me especially, being married two years ago, within two days, a solemn and impressive scene. . . .

“Before going to the wedding, went to Mr. Mason's lecture—he sick—a chapter read by some one and expounded. . . . Felt much spiritual comfort from the exercises, particularly the singing, in which I endeavored to take part; the spirit was strong, but my voice weak and all untuned to unite in so holy an exercise. Mean to go to singing-school this winter, at all events, to learn to sing. Left the wedding as soon as it was over, before the others left—walked home alone, full of serious reflections—nobody at home—sat up till 12—read James's ‘Anxious

Enquirer'; also, before retiring, 3 first chapters of Paul's Epistle to the Romans. As I am now reading the New Testament in course, I had to read the 3d chapter two or three times before I could gather fully its meaning. . . .

"Recollect not to speak quickly or harshly to any of those under me, as I have detected myself (to my sorrow and shame) in doing to-day. . . . The last fortnight have been reading the following books: The Bible, *first* and foremost, daily; 'A Friendly Visit to a House of Mourning,' which was put into my hands by Mr. Fisher the day my dear wife was buried (Sunday, Oct. 26), and I then read with peculiar interest and comfort how strange and wise are the coincidences of God's providences. This little tract, Mr. F. said, when he called that morning, was put into his hands by a friend just 7 years previous to that day, the very day he buried his first wife (who was a pious Christian), and that he read it with such spiritual comfort he could not forbear tendering it to me. So that, in the very depths of sorrow and affliction, God sent me a friend, like a ministering angel, to sustain and strengthen me. Oh how gracious that God is! Next, I bought the 'Young Christian,' by Abbott; don't know who recommended it, but believe the title caught my eye at a book-store; read it half through with great profit; admired its simplicity, clearness, and love for the souls of the young. Mr. Poore going home at this time, I sent this book as a present to Benjamin, his son, with the prayer it might do him good. I determined to buy another, when I met in the street Mr. Southworth (an old college classmate), who was one of the wildest and most reckless of our number while at college, but two years ago was (as I had before learned) converted from his sins, and had become a *strict orthodox* (to use the phrases of the world). I spoke to him of my recent loss, and my views, and desires, and also of having read the 'Young Christian,' when he advised me to get the 'Corner Stone,' by the same author, which I bought immediately, and read it with much instruction half through. Both these books are yet unfinished, but I hope to renew them again. Thus God again sent one converted from the error of his ways, errors similar to mine, to encourage and

minister to me. It was at this period of time that I went to see my old friend John Cleaveland, from whom I had been estranged and not spoken to for two years and more, and that after once being on the most intimate terms with him. We came to the city, both of us at the same time, just seven years ago; both entered as students of law in the same office, and were room-mates and bedfellows for a year or more. About two years ago he became converted and a *strict orthodox*, as I understood. We were both in business then and doing well. I used to call on him, but he did not (and I now can well understand the reason) reciprocate my calls. I told him I felt hurt at this, and should not call, if he did not on me, and desired him to consider it the last call I should make him unless by his returning it he evinced a disposition to be on terms of intimacy. He apologized, etc., etc.—but did not call, and I felt hurt and grieved at the loss of a friend, but put the very worst construction on his motives; and, at last, although he used to treat me kindly when we met, I dropped his acquaintance entirely, and would not speak to him. This has been the case for a year and more, and all along I have continued to impeach his motives, both in my heart and conversation with mutual acquaintances particularly, by attributing his change of heart and renouncing of worldly friends to mercenary motives, to curry favor with and get the law business of the orthodox. Oh! what injustice, what sin, what guilt have I, in so doing and thinking, been guilty of! I know I have his pardon, and I pray and have prayed God for his. This must be an example to me, and I must expect, in ten thousand ways, to have my motives impeached for separating myself from the world and uniting myself to Christ and his followers; but let me learn to endure all this, and more than all, saying, in all sincerity, ‘Father, forgive them, they know not what they do.’ The night of the day of the death of my wife, in conversation with her father, I was speaking of forgiveness of our enemies, and said I could forgive them all, but there was one, once a friend of mine (J. C. meaning) whom I had promised myself never to call on till he called on me, as he had treated me so wrongfully, but if he called on me I should be happy to see and forgive him.

Thinking of this after I went to bed, and contrasting it with our Saviour's love and forgiveness of his enemies, I saw I was all wrong, and my heart smote me. The next morning I sent for Mr. Poore, early and expressly, to desire him to go to Mr. Cleveland, as I could not in my affliction go to him, and tell him I forgave him freely and fully, and that if he was a good Christian he would come and see me. Oh how my heart longed to see him, and tell him how I had wronged him, and beg his forgiveness. Mr. Poore did not come up till evening, and said it was so late he could not see him that night, but would endeavour to do so next day. I begged he would, but for some reason he did not, and I did not see him as I had hoped; and it was best, for I was not yet sufficiently humbled and prepared rightly to meet him. Monday morning (the day after the funeral) I went to the office, called by urgent business. Mr. Benson was in, and I told him how I wanted to see Cleveland, and thought of writing for him to call on me, as I had not time, and did not feel able to call on him; asked him (after stating the terms on which we stood) if he thought C. *would* call if I wrote, etc. He expressed doubts of the propriety of the step, etc., and was proceeding to discuss the matter, when I stopped it by saying: 'I won't write or send for him, but will, the moment I can, go to him.' Was B. right or wrong in dissuading me from writing or sending to C.? What were the views that actuated him? Christian like or worldly? And how should I have acted had I been him, and how would C. have acted had I written or sent to him? What is the true Christian course under both these circumstances? As I may be placed in them, let me recall this often to mind, and view it in all its bearings, and may the example of Christ be my rule, and God give me grace to do what is right, to act for his glory and the welfare of souls. I endeavoured all that week to call on C., but found not a leisure moment, but my heart yearned to do so. It was not till a week after that I had time and was able to call. I prayed to God to make the interview profitable to us both, and to humble me before him, my friend, and myself. I called at about dark, and met him just coming from his office. I saluted him and he me cordially, and we went in and conversed together an hour,

freely, fully, and profitable, and I desired his forgiveness, received it, and that too in a right spirit, he taking all the fault of our long coldness on himself for not breaking through it and speaking to me, but that he had been restrained from so doing by the knowledge of my pride of character and the almost certainty that I would have turned my back on him in contempt. I *might* have done all this, but do sincerely think, had he approached me as a Christian, humbled and desiring to be friends, I *should* at any time have met him in a proper spirit, and been overwhelmed with a sense of my own misconduct and uncharitableness. This only an opinion, however, which I adopt with much distrust, as the heart is deceitful above all things, and we know not what manner of men we are. Refer back to this for assistance in governing my conduct hereafter, if need be, in intercourse with old friends. Thursday evening, the week after, I called on him again to request him to take tea with me (having seen him a number of times in the interval), when he excused himself on account of the evening lecture at Dr. Spring's church. I proposed going with him, and he invited me to take tea at his boarding-house with him. I did so, and went to lecture, very profitably I hope, hearing the education of pious young men for the ministry and missionary cause ably advocated by Dr. Spring and Mr. Breckenridge, the agent of the society, so that I became an annual subscriber for \$37½—Cleaveland \$75—which last is all that is necessary for the yearly support of a student. My heart upbraided me for not contributing as liberally as he did, but I pray my money, like the widow's mite, may be received and blessed, and that I may make it up by further contributions of this world's goods to the cause of our Redeemer, or by devoting myself to his ministry. Mr. C. was called home to Mass., by the low health of his sister—he left ten days since. Before this, however, he referred me to 'Henry's Letters to an Inquirer,' addressed to a young man who was *seeking the right way*. Mr C., in his note on the subject, said he would 'name more than two men who had been seemingly guided by this book through the apparent difficulties which lie in the pathway of one who is looking for the way.' He also referred me to Foster's 'Reasons why Literary Men do not be-

come Religious'; but this last I had read through imperfectly years since, and therefore did not get it. The other book—'Henry's Lectures'—I purchased; and oh! how well was the trifling sum I paid for it spent! Oh what a delightful, clear, and excellent work! It was just the pioneer I wanted to lead me in the way—a collection and explanation of those passages of Scripture calculated for persons in my anxious condition. Oh how did I read it eagerly, and devotedly, and attentively, I am sure, and profitably I trust. Mr. C. also loaned me Wilberforce's 'Practical Views' and Payson's 'Memoirs,' both of which I had read half through last Sunday. . . . Mr. M., on inquiring what books I had read, and my telling, said I should be careful of reading too much, lest I should get bewildered, and my thoughts distracted; that Payson's 'Memoirs' was not exactly the book for me. Henry's 'Letters' he approved of, but recommended me to the Bible and my own heart—to prayer and the grace of God. He also named James's 'Anxious Inquirer,' and the 'Life of Brainard Taylor,' by Dr. Rice, both of which I have bought, and the first read half through. These things are recorded for future instruction, and may God grant that my *experience* may be the means of making myself and others wise unto salvation! Cousin Frank arrived here at 4 p. m. I was much affected by the interview, almost to tears—the flesh still weak, but the spirit stronger.

"November 27, 1834.—Last evening was at home alone. Sent Sally in with a note for Mr. Fisher. He called, and was delighted to find me so comfortable in mind, but by an engagement, he left with regret, first recommending me to send in for Mr. Tappan. I did so. He soon came, and oh, what a delightful evening we passed, and profitable, I hope. He is a professing Christian. I *always* respected him, *now* I love him.

"We read the Bible together, and talked of all the wondrous goodness of God, and the Saviour's love and death, and the blessed comforter he left as a precious gift to poor dying men! How was my heart lifted up and strengthened by this conversation! We also read a number of devotional hymns together, and last, not least, joined, on our knees, in ardent, sincere, solemn prayer. . . . After he went, read the Bible for

some time, retired, first giving my heart up to God in private prayer, and had a sweet rest for the first time since the death of my dear wife. At breakfast, after family prayers, being alone with Sally in the kitchen, had some sober, and, I hope, profitable talk with her about coloured people (she being one), abolition, and Colonization Society, etc., and hope, under God, I made some good impression on her. Poor soul, she can not read—not read the Bible! Oh! what a want—would I could supply it! I do by having her in the room at family prayers, but is this enough. . . . Expected a letter from mother; not getting one, wrote her fully about my *conviction* and *conversion*, and ascribed it all to the hand of God; requested her to show my letter to father, and prayed it might do him good. Mother will rejoice over her lost son that is found; the angels rejoice when one sinner repents; much rather then should those on earth who are connected with him by ties of blood, and are themselves right with God. Showed my letter to Frank—wanted him to know my state of mind, and to be profited by it. He has a good disposition, and wants to be good; told me so in a letter lately, but added, ‘we can not always be as we *would* be.’ Why not? Alas, the world—world—that busy, deceitful, treacherous world—thou knowest why, and Satan knows why, and exults in keeping us from not being ‘as we would be.’ . . . Guarded my tongue and temper better to-day, but was betrayed, against my better part, into a *pun*—one of my besetting sins. It must be corrected, and, by God’s grace and assistance, I will do it. Met many old friends to-day, but was afraid to talk with them lest they should turn the heavenly current of my thoughts. Met one, however, who asked me how my wife was (not knowing she was departed this life). I replied, without emotion and very calmly, ‘that I had followed her to the grave a month since,’ and am thankful I can feel such heavenly composure. She is in heaven with her Lord and Saviour, and there would I be also. . . . Frances is well, and I must go and see her soon; hope she will remember to read the Bible I gave her; she can’t but read it, after what I said to her, and what she promised. This has been a very, very happy day.

“ November 28, 1834.—. . . Dined with Frank. Dreamed .

of my dear wife, but indistinctly, yet dreamed of her last night —just five weeks to-day since her death, and just two years since we were married. What changes have we both passed through in that little period. . . . Sept. 10 she gave birth to twin boys; one lived only to be born, the other lived about five or six hours. I saw it open its eyes, heard its voice in the first feeble cry of helpless infancy, and then a father's feelings overcame me, for I knew it could live only a short period. My dear wife said it would live, she knew it would, but God knew otherwise. . . . Eliza was overcome with grief and so was I, till our physician said the premature birth of the children was probably the means of her safety and life. We were submissive freely and fully, but I still clung to her and her health as the supreme and only object of my wishes. Oh, God! how sinful to forget thee and not to have yielded myself up to thee first! . . . Read again before family prayers, Charlotte and Sally there. After reading the Bible instead (as has been my practice since the death of my dear wife) of reading Church common family prayers, I fell on my knees and prayed aloud for the first time before them and this I repeated this morning. . . . Have guarded my tongue pretty well this day and have dropt some words in season, where I found opportunity to do so with my clients, but it grieves me so to hear them swear—‘Swear not at all’—said the Saviour, and really I have doubts about taking an oath under any circumstances, and am inclined to believe the Quakers are right in *affirming* only. Must think of this and practice it, if I think swearing not right. . . .

“November 29, 1834.—Last evening went from the office to the Commissioner of the Alms House in the Park on business. It was some time before dark, and as a large number of applicants for assistance were there so that I could not get a hearing, thought I would go to Thomas’ and wait there till about dark, the time they would be able to attend to the business. So I left fully intending to go there, but in passing by the Poor Debtors’ prison (also in the Park) the Lord seemed to draw me in thither, and before I had taken any resolution of my own about the matter, I found myself within its dismal walls—full a year since I was there before. I seemed to be sent on an errand

to do good; got admission into the prisoners' apartment, knew not one of them; the first man I met was a sailor, Chas. Collins, he said his name was, in a towering passion against an Irishman at whose suit he was in prison and who was just leaving him as I entered. The sailor was smashing his fists to his bosom and exclaiming he was a true Columbian, and vaunting his imprecations against the whole race of Irishmen. My blood curdled to hear him, but my heart yearned to do him good, and I immediately addressed him, desiring to keep cool, etc. He stormed and raved on, and I took him by the arm, desiring him to show me up stairs to see the prisoners. He said he had been in but a day or so, and knew none. I replied it was no matter, I wanted to see any one—all—to see how they were and what they wanted, and if I could contribute anything to their wants, etc. I touched the poor fellow's heart and he was gentle as a lamb, and led me upstairs and into the further cell, first asking of its inmate admittance. 'Who are you?' asked a stern voice, from an old man I could just see in the twilight, without distinguishing his features; 'what are you? What's your business?' 'I am a lawyer and a man!' said I. 'Come in,' he said. I entered, and he requested my name and object of the visit, etc., before he said much. He began to talk then, and I found it was a man of no ordinary mind I had to deal with, and I had some suspicions after a while who it was, which the event justified. He then told me he was summoned to appear in court this day, but without an *Habeas Corpus*; he didn't see how he was to get there or by what right or law he was required to be there. 'I have been here in prison 19 months,' said he, 'on the most unjust, wicked, and horrible charge and verdict ever given or made.' 'Who are you?' said I again. 'I will show you the summons,' said he. He struck a light, and before me stood as singular an object as I can well imagine. Old, yet intelligent-looking, and with a long beard over all the lower part of his face, spectacles on, and his room betokening a mixture of poverty and filthiness with business and good living and drinking. He showed me the summons; the defendant in it was 'Joseph W. Parkins.' Though I had suspicion of this, I was confused and surprised. 'What,' said I, 'is this the fa-

mous Ex-Sheriff? '—'The same,' said he. 'Sit down and I will tell you': here I was implicated, I know not how far or in what unpleasant business, but I gave myself up to the Lord to do as he should graciously be pleased to direct. Parkins swore frequently and the sailor also in their conversation—the latter I silenced, but not Parkins—he ran on as wild as ever notwithstanding my remonstrances. At length, from some insinuation of my motives in calling on him, I raised my hand and appealed to God for them sincerely, when Parkins immediately caught me by the hand and told me to stop saying I was swearing myself, and yet was so tender in conscience could not have him swear. I was silenced, rebuked, humbled, and cast down. Oh! presumptuous man that I am, who shall deliver me from the error of my ways? The grace of God, the love of the Saviour are my only refuge and protection. Parkins on parting made me promise to appear in Marine Ct. for him this morning. I have done so and seen him again and he seems quite calm, rational, and grateful. The sailor also, poor fellow! is gentle as a lamb this morning. . . . Told Sally last night to go to evening school and I would pay for her, also she must go to Sunday school; said she would, must attend to this and instruct her myself if she can't find a school to go to. . . . After tea called at Mr. Mason's—at home and glad to see me—being disengaged, he insisted on my stopping to pass the evening in his study with him. I did so, and was much encouraged, cheered, profited, and sustained by the interview. Spoke with him on the subject of the Lord's supper, and I wished if I was really born again to be made a partaker of the blood and body of the Saviour, to set this solemn seal to the Christian covenant; had much conversation on the subject, told him I knew I was right on the essentials as recorded in the Bible, and that as to the smaller matters of church government, etc.—trusted I should be right of course—that God would support me, and that to him I looked for support in this as I hoped to in all matters. I got the profession of faith of Mr. M.'s church, see nothing in it I would not freely subscribe to. Only this point I must enquire about—the candidate promises to walk *blameless* in *all* the commandments, how can I do this without grace?

*“Dec. 1, 1834.—*Yesterday Frank dined with me, and for the first time in my life asked the blessing of God on what we ate! Oh what a wretch I am, to have lived 30 years and more and never once craved God's blessing or given thanks for the bounties of his hand! Went to the jail this morning; saw Collins, and agreed to get him out by paying half his debt for him, if his creditors would consent to it. Saw two others—Edwards, a sailor, and McGuire. Both stated their cases, from which it appears that they are imprisoned unjustly, being *residents*; am to look into their case and test them; also was consulted by a negro; about 30 in all in jail. Now, if I can once interest them in me, may the Lord not design that some great good may be accomplished for their souls by my humble instrumentality? . . . I really do want to hear more of the extension of Christ's kingdom by the missionaries; the subject assumes a new and great interest to me. I am yet ignorant as a child of all this; must read and learn, and must contribute liberally to this and other objects connected with it. . . . After breakfast, came down, stopped at the jail, took a couple of loaves of bread with me, talked with the poor prisoners, gave them advice about their debts, and they all seemed to receive my attentions kindly. I then requested to read a chapter from the Bible to them. They all readily assented, and were very attentive while the 6th chapter of Luke was being read. When I finished reading, one of the prisoners, I guess an Englishman, who came in after I commenced, said that ‘they wanted none of my religion; that a blanket was all the religion they wanted.’ I told him I would supply their wants as soon as I could, but could not do all at once; that I wished to *do* as well as *talk* and read, and hoped they would believe my motives were good. The rest assented, but he was dogged, evidently not liking my reading in the Bible. For this reason, and also lest I should be getting along too fast, I did not pray with them, though I longed to do so, and felt my spirit striving in prayer for them. Oh that I may yet do something for their dying souls! Who can tell? Then went to see Parkins; found him boiling shin-bones for the poor debtors below. He was in good humor and spirits, and really seemed to have a heart warm and benevolent. I begin to be-

lieve him an injured man, but won't decide yet. He certainly has treated me very kindly, and took me by the hand very, very cordially, and made his acknowledgements for attending to his business. At his request, agreed to attend to the same suit to-day; he gave me a note against Robert Usher, the plaintiff, to place as a set-off. When I went down, though in a great hurry the Englishman aforesaid caught me by the hand, and begged me to come into his room; told him I could not; he insisted on it, and I went. His wife there, and everything neat and comfortable. His object was to apologize for his harshness, etc., to me in impeaching my motives in reading the Bible; said he did not know I had brought the bread; that they had so many to *preach* and not *practise* he was distrustful. I told him to think nothing of it, as I did not, and I knew he did not mean it in his heart, etc. He was much affected and really sorry, I believe. Am inclined to think the other prisoners forced him to this step, though he did it with a good grace. Had great thankfulness to God for this encouragement. I think more and more of forming my poor debtors' society, to supply the wants of their bodies and souls. Think 6 or 7 young lawyers, who were right in the Lord, and willing to work, would be enough, and the best persons, each take a morning a week, say from 8 to 9, or 9 to 10, so that one of us would call daily, give law advice, and attend to small business, but everything to be done gratuitously or not at all. Our motives then would be above suspicion, and we could operate with more effect on their hearts and minds. We could raise subscriptions easy enough to buy wood, food, lights, etc., but no strong drink. We could induce them to keep cleaner, etc.; could release from jail really honest debtors, by compounding debts or otherwise; and, by doing this, and more too, the only reward we would ask would be to read and pray with them. . . . Went to Marine Court and got Parkins's suit adj'd till to-morrow. Usher was there and denied his own signature to the note flatly; had no witness to it, and therefore couldn't disprove him, but hope to do so to-morrow. He, the judge, and constable, stared and were surprised to see me volunteering, as it were, in Parkins's behalf. I told them all I wanted to see was

justice, and that Parkins was entitled to it as much as any other man. Usher abused him sadly. Don't know and can't tell who is right of the two—perhaps both are to blame and both wrong, as is frequently the case. Am resolved not to commit myself with P. in such a way as to be identified with him, but he has a *way* with him that takes one unawares—that is, when he is in good humor. I dare say, when enraged, he is a perfect madman; at least it is said so, and he has driven off in disgust every lawyer (a dozen or more) who have been employed by him. . . .

*December 3, 1834.*—Last evening went to see Mr. Hastings, teacher of music and chorister of Mr. Mason's church. He is to make arrangements to teach me music, either by private lessons or in a class. Can't but desire to learn to sing, it is so delightful a part of public worship. . . . Last evening began to instruct Sally, and found her very apt and quick, but quite ignorant, even of her letters. Hope to do her good by instructing her to read; must send her to Sunday school; she promises to go, but has so much pride fear she will not. Rose early—went to the jail—received the thanks of the poor debtors for some tea I took them last night. They are grateful but insensible I fear to any thing but the wants of the body. Went to Marine Court for Parkins; his witnesses were there, but could prove nothing, and therefore had to abandon his defense. On communicating this to Parkins, he was outrageous, abused the courts, the law, and the country, gave me some credit, however, for good intentions, but, as they had failed, said they were not much, etc. On leaving him, he took occasion to tell me that he believed in a God, but not in the Bible, or any *secondary causes*, as he styled it. He abused his antagonist at law, and wanted me to do so also. I said no, I could not judge him—there was one who judged, etc. This enraged him more and more, and he said it was an over refinement of religion he could not understand, and was all affected; that there were thousands of base men who went thus *unjudged* under the cloak of religion, and that that sickened him of the whole of it, etc. I declined entering into any discussion, and so bid him good morning. I fear my kindness has been thrown away on him;

however, I must expect all this, it is but a part of the young Christian's discipline. . . . Read 'Payson's Memoirs'—he is the man for me—I like his deep feeling, his strong feeling, his whole *souledness* in the cause of his Master. Oh what a pattern for a faithful servant of the Lord! If I should ever be a minister, could not stop short of his example if I died in the service. Was interrupted in my reading by a friend (Mr. Barlet) coming in. We spent the evening in converse on worldly subjects—couldn't help it—but hope to grow better as I grow in grace. . . . Called at the jail on my way down, took some bread there with me, had some talk with debtors; full of gratitude, but fear it is not right kind. Do want to help them—to relieve their souls. Oh may I be instrumental in this! Had a long talk with Mr. Ramsay, the jailor. He encourages me to go on, form my contemplated society, but suggests alterations which I fear won't do; however, will lay them before Cleaveland and others, and see what we can do. Let us do all in the name of the Lord, and it will come out right. Met this morning an old friend, Prince, editor of a paper in Newark, N. J., a pious man. Received his congratulations on his hearing how my afflictions had been sanctified. Also met John Slosson, a young Christian, and from him received the same delightful greeting, and had a pleasing, very pleasing interview. Told him all my case, etc.; that I meant to do right if I had grace to assist. He said I must go on in that spirit, never fail, never be disheartened, never yield to temptation; that he had found when he *felt* weakest himself he came off strongest, and did the most good. He spoke of the joy of the Christian, asked me if it was not a heaven on earth, and if I ever had felt so before, etc. . . .

"Dec. 5th.—Wife's father and Charlotte, Martha and Frances dined yesterday with me. Asked a blessing, and hope and pray it may be granted. Duties like these must be performed by every one who would take up the cross and follow Christ. It is a privilege as well as a duty, and, under God, may be the means of awakening the unconverted heart. True, the motives may be impeached that lead to the act, but God judges, and if he approve what matters it if man condemns? After dinner met the elders and Mr. Mason on the subject of joining the

church. I proposed it; said I wished to do so, felt willing and able, by the grace of God; that I could assent cheerfully to the profession of faith, all except 'walking blameless in all the covenants.' Stated my reasons for objecting to this; that, of my own self, my own resolution, I could make no such covenant; it was too *fearful* for any human being to make; but if it meant that the candidate covenanted so to do, and to endeavor so to do, God assisting him, his grace supporting and strengthening him, then I would willingly so covenant. This, by Mr. Mason and all the elders, *viz.*, Mr. Fisher, Mr. Wilbur, and Mr. Hyde, and Mr. Taylor, was expressly stated to be the clear intent and spirit of their understanding of the covenant. 'Then,' said I, 'I am ready and anxious to become a member of your church. Life is short, and I know not how soon I may be summoned to give an account of my stewardship—let me profess my Saviour before men; therefore, while I may declare thus publicly all his goodness to me, and my willingness to take him for my Lord and Master, and to enter into his service, I have now discharged my duty. I have the responsibility of taking now or waiting longer upon you, who are the heads of the visible church here, and who know of this matter better than I can know; do as you judge best, and whatever you do, let it be for the honour of God and the glory of his church.' With these remarks only on my part, and some conversation with each of the gentlemen, I left them, sincerely praying, as I now pray, that the Lord will aid them in their deliberations and judgment on the question. I freely submit it all to him, and may he who laid down his life for us soon be received into my heart, in all the solemnity of that token which he commanded to be done in remembrance of him! How strange, how passing strange it seems to me, that when one is renewed in heart, by grace *is* born again, he should have any doubts or fears or hesitancy on this subject. . . . Took tea at Mr. Littlefield's; had a very delightful conversation with Mrs. L. before tea—a young Englishman there also—Mrs. L. invited him to accompany us to lecture; he excused himself on account of an engagement to a *whist party*! Oh, the fashion of this world! But it soon passes away! Once a *whist party* would have had

far greater charms for me than a sermon or prayer meeting; but now how different! how widely different! Blessed be God for so blessed a blessing! Whereas I was once blind, now I see! . . .

"Dec. 6, 1834.—Saw my friend Cleaveland yesterday—just returned from the Eastward, was glad to see me, but I could see by his look when we first met that his thoughts said, 'Is it well with thee?' and I said 'it is well with me'; and taking him by the hand desired him to wish me joy and to rejoice with me, for I had found that which I was seeking for when I saw him last. Oh! there was a cordiality, a sincerity, a soul and heart in the welcome and gratulation he gave me, that speaks as the world's friendship can not speak, or the world's friends understand. We had a long talk together at his office, though it was right in business hours, but what is the business of this world to the pleasures of the spiritual world, and it was only till he was interrupted by a client, that I could break away from so rich and rejoicing a feast of soul and ante-past of the enjoyment of heaven. Dined with Mr. Spofford; was treated very kindly by him, and was invited to take up my abode in his family as long as I wished, free of expence—declined the invite for the present as I have not yet broke up housekeeping myself, but am willing to take, and so told Mr. Spofford I would take, the will for the *deed*. As to my own house, I advertised it for sale four weeks ago, but have received no offer for it. Have had a number to let it, but this I decline. I wish to be free to sell and start if so be. I wait the will of Providence in this, as in all matters. Perhaps it is best for me to be alone at housekeeping this winter, and I have made arrangements with Sally to stay; if I stay, I am perfectly easy on the subject. Spofford took tea with me; on the way up, had a little talk with him on religious subjects. He wants to be a good, pious Christian. He says he does, and I told him if he sincerely desires it and prays to God for it, he will find his prayers answered; that he must read, attend church, etc. I pray for him indeed, for he is *almost* a Christian. Had a letter from Mother to-day. Oh! how rejoiced she is and how rejoiced I am to know that she is so rejoiced at my being born of

grace, renewed, and regenerated. Her letter is so precious, I must quote a part. . . . Oh, my God! my God! to thee I render all the thanks, all the honor and the glory for the joy and gratitude of such a letter, for giving me such a mother—Oh! what a mother—how long and how patiently has she waited for thy coming, for the influence of the Holy Spirit on her son, her last and wicked son, for the time when his eyes should be unsealed to the glories of the cross, the blood of the Saviour, and the power and efficacy of the atonement by the death of Jesus Christ, and, in a word, the wonderful love, the power and wisdom displayed in the great plan of redemption! Let me remember to pray fervently for my dear parents, and to write my dear sisters, kindly, solemnly, and prayerfully, and may the grace of God give power and effect to my poor unworthy efforts to bring them to taste the goodness of the Lord. Visited the jail to-day; prisoners very glad to see me call; had some requests to make, endeavored to comply with them, found I am already imposed upon; two of them (sailors) have got me to go to their landlords for their chests and clothes, stating positively they left them there; upon going, found none there, so that either the sailors or their landlords tell falsehoods. I can not judge between them. It may serve as a lesson, however, not to put too much confidence in tales of this sort. Saw my friend Mr. A. J. Hamilton to-day, an old classmate and a lawyer; an excellent young man; he is a Unitarian—I told him the change of my views, and that I had given up the Unitarian doctrine, and believed now in what are called the 'Orthodox sentiments'—the atonement, the Holy Ghost's influence, changes of heart, etc. He was, or appeared to be, completely astonished and astounded—said that grief must have so softened and affected my heart that my mind had not been left to its free and proper action. I begged to differ from him, and to say that, in my judgment, my mind had never worked so well and so fully as of late; I agreed to have an interview with him one of these days. . . . Mrs. Littlefield has a sister, younger than herself, who is a strong Unitarian; when informed of my change of heart, she replied to Mrs. L., that 'Mr. Dodge must be crazy'; well, so it is. I can bear all this, and I trust more too, for his sake who has redeemed me, and whose grace will

strengthen me. Yea, let me become to all men a fool, that God may be glorified. This I can sincerely say, and trust I may ever say. How strange the world judges, and yet not so strange, for it judges after the flesh, and not after the spirit; for spiritual things can be discerned only by the spirit. Oh, what a reality is there in the spirituality of religion! Had an offer to-day to take Mr. Dewey, wife, and child, to board; he is a Unitarian minister; declined the offer for the reason that I wish to live alone, and have declined similar offers heretofore.

*“December 8, 1834.—*Saturday evening Mr. Fisher called and invited me to accompany him to an association of merchants, who met every Saturday evening in the neighborhood, for the purpose of praying and concocting measures for the missionary cause; was delighted to go. The meeting was at Mr. Knowles Taylor's in Bond St., a brother of James Brainard Taylor, whose life I have been reading. Found about from twelve to twenty gentlemen present; meeting opened by prayer, all kneeling, then alternately singing and prayer for a half hour or so, and then conversation and discussion. Heard a number of interesting statements, particularly as to the Baptist Burmah Missionary and Mr. and Mrs. Judson. It was stated that by late accounts the knowledge of Christianity that was disseminated by these persons is still remaining in the country, though all the original teachers and others were swept away. Heard also about China missionary, and a good deal was said about a young Mr. Champion, who lately sailed from Boston as a missionary to South Africa, I believe. He had large expectations. His grandfather offered him \$10,000 outright if he would stay as a missionary in this country and get a substitute for the foreign mission, all of the expences of which he would pay, but Mr. C. declined the offer. He sailed; he left all, all for his Master's cause. A son of Dr. Woods of Andover was present who knew Mr. Champion while at that institution and who spoke in the highest terms of his ardor, piety, gentle, and gentlemanlike conduct and his complete qualifications; was much struck with the remarks and prayer of Mr. Woods, full of thought and enlarged views of God's kingdom and the present state of the Christian world. Went home at 9; found Mr. and Mrs. F. Ab-

bott there, they joined Dr. Spring's church lately; came to congratulate me on my spiritual welfare, etc. Had a long and gratifying interview. On the whole, Saturday was a great day for me and I hope a profitable one. . . . Went into Mr. Mason's Sunday school this morning for the purpose of seeing if any coloured girls are admitted and to get Sally to go. Found she would be received—a number of coloured girls larger and older already there; was much pleased with the school and am to become a teacher in it if nothing prevents. Think higher and higher of Sunday schools than ever. What would the city be without them? . . . In the afternoon went by request with Mr. Fisher to Dr. Spring's to hear a sermon on the Trinity. Was well pleased with the sermon, especially as I had often before heard the great Unitarian preachers on the other side; but it now seems to me that Scripture is all on the side of the Trinity; that our Saviour was a mere man I never did and never could hold in common with many Unitarians; but I used to think he was inferior to the Great Father, but it now seems to me that his power and the power of the Holy Ghost must be coextensive with the power of God, or we can never be saved by the blood of the one or the influence of the other. However, I don't wish to trouble my mind too much about contested points of doctrine, all I can say is 'Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief.' Had just got through tea, when young Mr. Talmadge whom I had not seen for years, and who is a member of Mr. Mason's church, called to invite me to a prayer meeting at 6 p. m. of the young male teachers of the Sunday school. Went with him, found only a few, mostly quite young; heard two of them pray very well and beautifully, lamenting in their prayers the cold indifference many young men now felt for their first love and praying for an outpouring of the Spirit. At their request, prayed with them, being the first time I ever prayed in so public a manner, but I seemed to be present only with God, and did not feel that poor sinful men, children of the dust, worms of a day, were listening to what I said. . . . Spoke to Mr. Hastings again. He promised to call and give me some lessons in psalmody. . . . This morning at breakfast had a serious conversation with Charlotte, found her mind somewhat affected,

can not but hope and pray she may yet be brought to see her lost condition ; she would be a Christian and says I ought to tell her how, if I have found it out. Oh how cheerfully I would. God grant a blessing on my endeavours and poor prayers. . . .

*" Tuesday, December 9th.—Was invited to attend another meeting of some teachers this evening, but declined, as I want a little time for my own improvement. I see I shall have numerous calls on my time and services and I feel as if I was wholly ignorant of what has been doing in the religious world the last quarter of a century, especially when if I had read I might have been influenced—I now feel the greatest desire to do and know all I can respecting these things. . . . Charlotte seemed quite serious at family prayers this morning and also last evening. Oh that her heart may be touched, but the world, Oh the world, it is so full of allurements and snares, that I fear for her coming to the knowledge of herself. But may my fears be groundless! Mother's injunction to write my sisters must be obeyed, but I know not how or what to write. Oh, that I may have grace and strength from above to write with power and effect, to touch the true chords of love, and to bring forth that music in reply, which is richer and more ravishing than a seraph's lyre, the humble confession of penitent and contrite heart! Called at the jail this morning; found one poor fellow (a black) quite sick. Prisoners much aroused that the doctor did not call oftener; say he has \$500 a year for this purpose and should come often. Had an interview with Mr. Wilson, a very gentlemanly Englishman, who is just arrived ; in the simplicity of his heart he gave all his money, forty-nine sovereigns, to a ship companion, also an Englishman, but who had lived here, for safe keeping. The fellow kept it and ran off. Wilson, after three weeks, by advice of police court sold a few articles of clothing belonging to him in his possession, when the fellow puts a writ on him for treason. He has now been in jail a month or more. Truly a hard case, and worst of all, he has been fleeced by a pettifogger ; I went to see the opposite party, but could do nothing. He admitted it was a hard case, but said he acted under orders of his clients. ' Woe unto you, lawyers,' well may we exclaim, when we have to do that which our own*

consciences and sense of justice tell us is wrong. Poor fellow, I must try to do something for him yet. All glad to see me and grateful for some bread and pork I took in to them. This morning in conversation with a client (a highly respectable and intelligent Frenchman) I was reminded by him of a failing of mine which I hope to correct; I am fully sensible of it and mourn over it. It is a feeling of impatience when others are speaking to me and a desire to cut off conversation by interrupting and not listening to others. Let me sincerely strive to remedy this evil and pray for grace to assist me in it. At about 5 P. M. Mr. Cleaveland called at the office. We had a two hours' talk on subjects connected with religion and our own condition, etc. Hope it was profitable. I mentioned to him my plan for a poor debtors' society, but with all distrust of my own judgment and with a true desire to have his opinion of it. He approves it highly, wonders it has been so long omitted, and we are to go to work together to see what can be done, get facts and information, then report at a meeting called for the purpose. If the Lord wills, he will prosper it. His will, not ours be done! Amen.

“Wednesday, December 10, 1834.—Charlotte away last night. I at home alone. Heard Sally read, and read most of the evening in Doddridge's family Bible. Called at jail, saw a black man sick, supposed to be small-pox; am to call again this afternoon to see what can be done for him. Wrote Mother a letter seven pages; told her of my intention to join Mr. Mason's church, and should probably join it next Sunday. Have been hard at work to-day; don't take so much interest in my business as formerly, however, must keep up courage. Be not slothful in business, says Paul; he also says be fervent in prayer—let me remember and practice both. Dinner at Mrs. Viall's; saw all the old boarders, looked dull there—very—don't like a boarding-house so much as formerly. Saw Mr. Pinneo, my old friend, again to-day—pious—glad to find it is so with me; said he never was so surprised in his life. I told him, nor I either...

“December 11th.—Better to-day—Thanksgiving-day—rose early, took some jelly for the sick negro in the jail. Called on him yesterday; found one of the Assistant Aldermen there; he

promised to get him out to the Alms House, but this promising found nothing done; the prisoners quite uneasy about it; the man was broke out with small-pox, quite sick; all afraid they should get it. I left some tracts yesterday, and took more to-day for them, but found them so agitated and anxious about the disease that I did not give them the tracts or read and pray with them as I fully intended. I therefore set to work to get the sick man out. It seems nobody had power to discharge him without paying the debt—which is only \$24.05. The Mayor says it is out of *his jurisdiction*; the Common Council say it is out of their *jurisdiction*, and the Alms House commissioners say it is out of theirs. The jail physician had called once or twice, but done nothing, and the prisoners think him remiss and afraid of exposing himself. In this conjuncture I took hold and, under God, resolved to get him out, knowing that the case was not beyond the jurisdiction of humanity—no, nor of true Christianity, and by that I hoped to be actuated. Her laws are paramount to human laws, and no case is beyond *her jurisdiction*. After consulting with the jailor, I went to find the man who had put him in jail—a black man and a landlord. He lived at the Five Points—he was not in—then went to the docks, and after an hour or more found him, he was hardened and unwilling to do anything. At last, got him to sign a consent for his discharge on payment to the jailor of \$8 and the note of the prisoner for the balance; took the paper to the jailor, and meant to pay the \$8 myself, but the Lord was pleased to come in to my assistance; just as I entered a man came in with \$5 for the prisoners, the jail doctor also came in with a permit to take him to the Alms House. I put it to vote to the prisoners if the \$5 should be applied to the debt of the sick man, it was carried unanimous. I was then going to pay the \$3 to make up the sum, when the doctor and another person each gave \$1 and I \$1, which completed the arrangement, after having got the sick man to sign the note. Also got a carriage and got the black man out into it, with the help of two of the prisoners—the doctor, jailor, and turnkey seemed afraid of the disease, but for myself can safely say I had no fears, knowing that the Lord is with me, and will protect me in so human an act, but should

I take the disease and die of it, I shall be (I trust) willing and prepared for it; not my will, but thine, O Lord, be done. This consumed till twelve o'clock A. M., and so was unable to go to church as I fully intended, but I feel that I have been engaged in a *good work*, and by this have had a happy *Thanksgiving*. Had a letter from Uncle Francis at Georgetown. . . . Dined at brother Thomas Tileston's, with his family and Charlotte. He dines at Mr. Paine's; who has a dinner party to-day, eight or ten gentlemen. Oh, I regret it, and would not on any condition be present at a wine-drinking dinner at such a time. Don't see how Francis and Martha can be present, but trust the Lord will preserve them; asked a blessing at dinner—felt it a duty. Was carried through by his grace, who reigns in me and through me. After dinner had some conversation of a pious nature, but fear it made but little impression. How feeble is the work of man, unless the Lord bless it! On the whole, a busy, happy day; thought much of myself, my dear wife, my parents, sisters, friends, God and Eternity.

*“December 12, 1834.— . . . Walked home with Cleaveland, who passed the rest of the evening with me till near eleven o'clock; talked much of our experiences, and what the Lord had done for us. Spoke of our prospects and what we would do in the world for God's honor—told him of my desire to be a minister. He is to see Dr. Spring on the subject, and I am to have an interview with him. . . . Went to the jail this morning, no more cases of sickness, all very grateful for my kindness. Have spoken again with C. about the jail society and suggested that it include the City Hospitals and the Alms House and Penitentiary. Can't but hope and pray something may come of my visiting the jail. I certainly have effected an entrance there which ought to be followed up. Saw Mr. Fisher this morning, learned from him that I was to be admitted to the Church, etc., but I understood that it was on Sunday next, the day of the communion. My surprise was great, therefore, on going to the preparatory lecture this evening in company with Charlotte to learn that it was this evening I was to be baptized and admitted—it took me by surprise, indeed, but did not find me unprepared. . . . After the discourse, the names were announced*

of those who were to join the Church on profession of faith and those on certificate—about eight of the former, and twelve or sixteen of the latter. Of the former was another young lawyer besides myself—Walter Edwards, who has been piously disposed for a year; he is a married man. Also two children of Mr. Hastings (the leader of the choir), viz., a boy only eight years of age, and a girl ten years, but remarkably pious and intelligent children, so much so that Mr. Mason told me lately that even he was surprised at the extent of their religious knowledge. . . . As soon as the covenant was read, and we had assented to it, I went up to the altar, and after giving my christian and middle name to Mr. Mason, was baptized by him ‘in the name of the Father, of the Son, and the Holy Ghost,’ being the only one of the eight who had not previously been baptized. . . .

“*Sunday afternoon, December 14th.*—I have witnessed (I believe) the first and only administering of the Lord’s Supper. I have not only witnessed it, but have partaken of it, eat of his body and drank of his blood. Oh, what a Saviour! solemn and impressive ceremony. . . . After prayer meeting, Mr. Fisher spent an hour or more at my house in religious conversation with me; says I must guard against pride, and especially pride of humility, says he was almost afraid he had done wrong in *influencing* me to join the church so soon, but that he believed I was sincere in my desire to do so. I told him he *never* had, nor any other man had *influenced* me in this matter. I took counsel only of my own heart and God, under the influence of the Holy Spirit, and that I was glad he thought me sincere for, however I might hereafter be, I never had been more sincere in anything in my life than in this, and that, however it eventuated, whether for weal or woe, the whole responsibility of coming forward in this manner was with myself.

“*December 16, 1834.*—Took tea with Frances, now Mrs. Paine—he and his brother George there—felt little enjoyment as our conversation was necessarily on topics not connected with religion. Oh! that my dear wife’s youngest sister, her dear Frances, would be brought into the fold of her Redeemer—how happy should I be. What is matrimonial happiness to that of

a ransomed sinner! May I not speak from experience, that it is nothing. The one is worldly and selfish, the other heavenly and Christian. Hastened away after tea at 8, and went to Mr. Littlefield's. He and his wife both pious. Found her alone; she read two letters from persons in England, one an officer in the navy, the other a lady of great rank, both exceedingly pious—as their letters fully declared. Oh! how delightful, and invigorating, and encouraging to see persons of different nations, and at a remote distance from each other, thus feeling and expressing views and sentiments similar to our own, and which find a hearty response in our own bosoms. Attended Mr. L.'s family worship; wished me to pray, but excused myself lest I should appear too forward to the rest of the family; especially to her sister, who is a Unitarian. Said a few words to her, however, which I trust in God may by his grace be of benefit to her. Mr. and Mrs. L. both urged me to be a minister. Went home thinking of it, and after family prayers, being alone from 11 to 12, read an essay of Prof. Emerson's of Andover on 'What constitutes a call to the ministry.' Was highly pleased with it; think I have some of the qualifications in a great degree, many in a moderate degree, and others I fear but little if at all. Now what shall I do? I want to study devoutly, to enter the service of my Redeemer heart and hand, body and soul, wholly and always; to be the means under him of extending his kingdom and hastening the time when all men shall come to a knowledge of the Lord. The millennium will come—Scriptural prophecy declares it, and Scripture also tells us it is to be brought about by preaching! Now what is there to forbid my making one more to the long list of those already enrolled? Long as it is, it is not enough to supply the wants of the world. I hope I can say that all I have or enjoy, I would willingly resign to obey the Lord and to follow him. The only doubt and hesitancy I have about it is, whether I shall be able in the ministry to do more good than in the place I am now in. Let me have this question decided in the affirmative, and I quit all my prospects in the law to become a disciple of the Cross in the greatest sense it can now be used. God grant me a correct issue of this great momentous question! Let me seek of his

grace that wisdom and counsel I so much desire. Was this evening forcibly and singularly reminded of some of my besetting sins. Geo. Paine is something of a phrenologist, and after tea I got him to examine my bumps; he found the bumps of self esteem and love of approbation largely developed, and this fact I acknowledged to be literally true and that I had too much of both of these qualities. Oh may I set a strict watch upon myself, mortify as much as possible these wrong propensities. May I esteem myself only as an immortal soul redeemed by the blood of my Saviour, and may I seek no approbation but that which results from a consciousness of endeavoring to do all things to the glory of God; to seek, in short, his approbation, whose favor is light and whose loving kindness is better than life. Have this afternoon been into the jail; found they were comfortable yesterday, having a plenty of wood; to-day it is quite moderate weather. One man sick—rather feverish—went out and bought some castor oil and gave directions for him to take it. Collins begged me for some more tracts; told him I feared they had not read the others I left. ‘Oh yes, sir, we did,’ said he, ‘all of them and were much diverted.’ He is a sailor, and I gave him Payson’s address before the Portland Marine Bible Society, which I had in my pocket; he received it thankfully and promised to read it aloud to the rest. I promised to talk more to him to-morrow. Found a black man in jail for \$2; he told me he offered his creditor (also black) \$1.50 to settle the debt before he put him in, but he refused to take it. How true is it, as somebody says, that ‘law is a cobweb to catch flies’! . . .

“December 17th.—After lecture felt so impressed and moved with the desire of taking counsel on the subject of studying divinity that I went round to Dr. Spring’s house to see him for that purpose; felt as if I could not wait for C. or any one else to introduce me; could introduce myself, and knew that he would receive me in the right spirit when he learned my errand; but to my deep regret found that his *study* was down town at his chapel, and that he was there. So home I went, but not cast down, as I felt and desire to feel as if in the Lord’s hands, and that he will show me my duty in his own good time and that I

must not be impatient. . . . Hope I am growing in grace; though not so lively as at first am still animated by hope, and love, and devotion, and strong desire to work the work of the Lord in the conversion of souls and enlarging his kingdom; but I fear to trust myself in public lest religion receive detriment at my hands.

*“ December 18th.*—Last evening from 5 to 7 was engaged in writing a long letter to my eldest and dear sister Mary, and to her husband and children. I had long wanted to do this, but felt incompetent to the task, for how can I (so I thought) be able to instruct, urge, warn, or admonish others who have myself so lately escaped from the bonds of sin and made free by sovereign grace! Oh it seemed as if a child could have done it better than I, and yet the Lord was graciously (I trust) pleased to make my very weakness strength, and my letter was quite long (indeed, it seemed as if I could never stop after I was once at it), and far more cogent and to the point than I could have believed it would have been. Oh, how sincerely and prayerfully did I write, how momentous the subject, the immortal souls of those so dear and near to me, and if my prayers are granted, and this letter shall be the means under God of converting them from the errors of their ways to the knowledge of life everlasting, then Oh, how happy shall I be. . . . Went to Cleaveland’s office twice to-day to get him to see Dr. Spring and make an appointment for me. He has done so, as I just now learn by a note, and am to meet the doctor for the first time between 5 and 6 this evening. Oh, may my heavenly Father grant that the interview may be good for us both, for him who advises and him who is advised. May we both have wisdom and grace to seek in all sincerity and truth the kingdom of Heaven by such a way as may most glorify and honor him. Grant this for the Redeemer’s sake! Amen.

*“ Friday, December 19, 1834.*—Saw Dr. Spring at about dark; he being engaged appointed a later hour at his house, where I went between 9 and 10; found him extremely affable and communicative. Stated to him my reasons for desiring to enter on the study of divinity, the reasons which operated in my mind against it, viz., my advanced years, the recentness of my expe-

riencing religion, probable incompetency for the service from lack of talent and education, and the possible unwillingness of my parents to a change of my profession, etc., that my principal desire was to know how to do the most good to the greatest number of souls; that this was the question to be decided, and for the correct decision of which I sought his counsel and the aid of his experience, etc. The greatest difficulty and objection to the ministry in my case he found where I had not expected, viz., in my lameness—the old scrofulous disease in my system which he feared by the great exertion of a minister's life, if not from the sedentary habits of a student, might break out afresh and perhaps attack me in the lungs; this objection he said (after discussing the others) lay at the very threshold of the inquiry, and that as I was not yet wholly free from excitement produced by recent circumstances I had better postpone the decision of it six weeks at least, and in the mean time perhaps take medical advice as to the physical part of the question. I was much pleased with one thing he said, and yet it was a solemn pleasure, viz., that it was possible, if not probable, I should not live many years longer, but would be called to follow her who had gone before me. Oh if we should but meet in Heaven, but I forbear. God only knows, and to him I commit myself. At parting the Dr. said I must take his advice kindly, wait patiently for a little time longer and in the mean time live *near to God!* 'Tis near to God—that, that I feel is indeed to *be* a very Christian; the study of divinity, the preaching of the gospel, the engaging in great religious enterprises—all, all these are but *mental amusements* that will cheat the soul out of its immortal welfare, if we fail to cultivate daily a nearer acquaintance with God. . . . Visited the jail to-day; found one man half tipsy on beer; he was quite ashamed of himself and apologized to me; I talked but little to him as I could do no good *then*. The sick man much worse, in bed, feverish, and low spirited; talked with him and endeavored to find out his disease, but he was quite dejected and down, so that I was loth to put many questions to him; ordered the jailor to send for the doctor to see if he could be taken out to the Hospital; the man quite grateful. Had a few words with Parkins, and was fairly and foully insulted, called

a fool for believing in the Bible and the Saviour, and this before two other persons, visitors in his cell. Told him that I would not bandy words or quarrel with him, that he had begun to quarrel with me and I was sorry for it. He flew into a terrible passion and abused me still more. I retired, telling him first, however, that I had supposed I could meet with gentlemanly, if not Christian treatment from his hands, as he professed to be a gentleman; but was sorry to find myself mistaken; parted I hope without any anger or the least ill feeling towards him.

“*December 20th.*—Spent last evening at home, Martha and Mr. W. Wheelwright and his sister Harriet being there; endeavored to say a word in season, but fear that the little I did say was to no effect. Dr. A—— also called, was quite lively, but on leaving told me that he was so only in obedience to the laws of society, but that at home he was continually ‘on the stool of Repentance,’ that he endeavored to keep moderate at all times, but that no one knew ‘*what a job it was to clean up a dirty soul.*’ I can readily respond to the last sentiment! . . .

“*Monday, December 22d.*—Sat. evening attended on Mr. Hastings, and took my first lesson in music, voice harsh and unmanageable, but believe, and at least hope, I may get the use of it and make it discourse sweet sounds. Oh, how I long to sing with the voice and the heart likewise! . . . In the afternoon the Rev. Mr. Hunt, of North Carolina—a plain, unsophisticated, yet very clear-headed and boldly eloquent man—preached from 1st Epistle James, V Chap., verses 1, 2, and 3. He made cutting work among the rich and fashionable, of whom I fear we have but too many in our society, if not in the bosom of the Church itself. He called upon the ladies to discard their ribbons and big sleeves, and give the money they would spend for these to some benevolent objects—told them these garments would be moth-eaten—that it was not so with the good Dorcas. . . . Dr. Spring delivered discourse in our Church on sacred music—text, V chap. Ephesians, 19 verse—. . . was quite delighted and edified, and longed more than ever to be a good singer—to join the choir of singing saints here on earth that I might be better prepared to join the celestial choir hereafter. Just before evening services my friends Mr. and Mrs.

F. Abbott called—both good singers—had a short but pleasant interview with them. I was telling him that I would not wish to live much longer in this world, at least no longer than it pleased God to keep me here and to give me something to do for his glory and the salvation of souls, but that I was not impatient to be gone, etc., when he observed to me that there was a strong similarity between my case and Rev. Mr. Chistman's, who used to preach in the Bowery Presbyterian Church, who died 14th of March, 1830, and whose funeral obsequies in that Church I now remember having gone to attend with Martha and Spofford, but was unable to get in on account of the crowd. He was only in his 27th year, and had within the year previous to his own death buried his wife and both his children. The family is therefore extinct. 'But,' says an obituary newspaper notice of him, which Mr. Abbott handed me to read, 'they repose sweetly and are rather to be envied than pitied. A few days before his death' (says the same writer) 'we were so fortunate as to hear him deliver a discourse on the excellencies of the Christian religion. It was a most happy union of piety, taste, and genius. We remember well the following passage which was the more expressive because every one recognized it as drawn from his own experience: "I saw a mourner standing at eventide over the grave of one dearest to him on earth. The memory of joys that were past came crowding on his soul, and is this," said he, "all that remains of one so loved and so lovely? I call, but no voice answers. Oh! my *loved one*, wilt thou not hear? Oh death! inexorable death! What hast thou done? Let me too die. I would *not* live always. Let me lie down and forget my sorrow in the slumber of the grave!" While he thought this in agony, the gentle form of Christianity came by; she bade him look upward, and to the eye of faith the heavens were disclosed. He saw the ineffable glory of God. He heard the song and the transport of the great multitude which no man can number around the throne. There were the spirits of the just made perfect, there the spirit of *her* he mourned, there happiness was purer—permanent, perfect. The mourner then wiped the tears from his eyes, took *courage*, and thanked God, "ALL the days of my

appointed time," said he, "will I wait till my change come," and he returned to the *duties of life* no longer sorrowing as those who have no hope.' Oh! how true, how touching, how exquisitely just and feeling is the above description, and how deeply can I too feel and appreciate the heavenly consolation of Religion. Oh, had it not been for her sweet form moving over the troubled waters of my soul after the death of my dear Eliza, I should, or rather I fear I should, have gone indeed crazy. And I remember that the first prayer I put up after her death, saw that I might be preserved from so dreadful a calamity. It was the night of that day when exhausted, wearied, and almost heart-broken, with a void in my heart, and an aching, racking confusion in my brain, I retired to bed, but not to sleep, for, as often as I closed my eyes in the attempt, it was only to open them on the dying eyes of my dear wife, through all their different phases, from the bright, lustrous, large, and heavenly look they presented the forenoon of the day previous, to the dim, glazed, and deathlike, unmeaning appearance they wore before they were entirely sealed in death. This was repeated again and again—these forms, dazzling and fiery, and sharp-pointed and angular, singular, strange, grotesque, something like a dream, and yet more like a reality, flitted before my sight with fitful appearances like that of the fire-fly in dark nights, and so they came and went, and my brain reeled and I feared them. Oh! then when all my efforts to go to sleep and shut out these images were in vain, and I began to feel and know they were in vain, then I prayed aloud (my dear wife's father I believe was in the chamber sitting up with me) that God would graciously be pleased to spare me my reason, and that I might in sleep find that refreshment of body and mind I so much needed—it is worthy of record, this feeble prayer, for it was heard and answered. I went to sleep very soon after it and awoke in the morning refreshed and invigorated by it. And, Oh! how fully and freely has it been answered in my reason not only being preserved, but being quickened by the divine spirit so as to bless and magnify my God and my Lord. Oh, let my heart and my reason, soul, mind, and all that is within me, join to bless his holy name, for all the great things he

has done for me. And may I ever say with the Psalmist: 'Blessed be the Lord who *daily* loadeth us with benefits, even the God of our salvation, Selah!'

"December 23, 1834.—Passed an hour with my friend Dr. Atkins last evening at his office, and had a talk with him about my entering the ministry. He says I must wait, wait a year at least and see how I then feel. That more than two years since he was the subject of a renewal of heart by divine grace, and that he then thought he could not stop short of leaving his family and all to go on a mission to the Sandwich Islands, and that he soon thought he knew so much of religious matters that he actually began to write a book on a subject he now thinks he knew nothing about. This desire of doing for the souls of others, especially to become a minister, he says is common to new converts—but as we know not the gift that is in us at first or how much is to be set down to extrinsic causes and how much to God's holy spirit working in us—he thinks it always best to wait and see, and after waiting a proper time, if we still find the flame of love and devotion for God's service burning within us and kindling still more and more, then we may follow it, then that may become certain, which is now doubtful, as respects our duty. But if we enter the study of divinity at first and afterwards find the lamp going out within us for want of oil or trimming, then we may go on because we are afraid to go back, but we go on to the peril of our own souls and those of others. The Dr. was very decided on these points, and especially on waiting. I most certainly do attach great respect to his judgment and experience. It seems hard to wait, and yet better so than to make too great haste. . . . Also spent an hour with Mrs. Talmadge and her daughter, an affecting, but some little things on the score of fashion made it seem to her a little of an affected interview—still I don't judge. Oh, no—far be it from me, for there is one that judgeth me as well as others, and would judge me that very thing in which I should presume to judge. I know my feelings are just now sensitive from recent afflictions and shrink from every touch of the world. Would it not be better if they were always thus? I almost believe so. I am sure I never want to mix again with the world,

to partake of its pleasures and fashions or even to come within their influence. . . .

*“ December 27, 1834.—Agreeably to an arrangement with Mrs. Littlefield accompanied her this morning on her monthly visit to her pensioners among aged respectable females. We began our round at 9 A. M., and I have just got to the office at nearly 2. Five hours spent in these visits, and well spent I trust to myself and those we visited. We visited eight old ladies, and I record their names with such running comments as may assist me and others in case I ever go to see them again, as I hope I may.*

Baptist M. C., Mrs. Hannray, No. 177 Forsyth. Sick, pious, and resigned to God's will.

Baptist M. C., Mrs. Holmes, No. 103 Rivington. Once thought herself a Christian, now distressed in mind.

Episcopalian M. C., Mrs. Smith, No. 69 Suffolk. Once rich, poor now, yet contented and pious.

Baptist M. C., Mrs. Goodrich, No. 263 Broom. Blind for 16 years, observed that she had been twice blind, but *now saw*.

Baptist M. C., Mrs. Dyke, No. 24 Orchard. Thinks herself *no* sinner, has I fear a false hope.

Baptist M. C., Mrs. McEvers, No. 22 Orchard. Thinks herself not good enough to join the church.

Baptist M. C., Mrs. Ely, No. 108 Division. Sick abed, very pious, and resigned and happy.

Dutch Reformed M. C., Mrs. Guthery, No. 85 Mulberry. 80 years old, happy in the Lord, thrice happy !

I must say this has been a very, very instructive morning to me—and delightful beyond measure in witnessing the contented frame of mind of those pious old people, sick and infirm. But there were two of the pensioners whose situation is distressing and which I pray the God of all grace to relieve, Mrs. Holmes—once thought herself a Christian and many years ago joined the church, but for four yrs. past has suffered as she says all the torments of hell in seeing how deceived she was; says she has a living spirit of evil within her, that her heart is so hard it can't and won't feel, etc. I talked, reasoned, and admonished, but to all appearances in vain. She says she reads much and in all good books, but in vain; I told her to read nothing but the Bible and to pray—and pray—and pray. She seems to think she has committed the *unpardonable sin* in joining the church and pro-

fessing to be a Christian and admonishing others, when as she says she now sees she was no Christian. This seems to be her difficulty, etc., distrust of God that he won't forgive her, this *seems*, I say, to be her difficulty, for I confess there is not a little in her case to lead to the opinion that she is laboring under a sort of religious monomania ; a further acquaintance may show this or may not, it is hard to tell and distinguish between sanity and madness sometimes. . . . One piece of advice I gave her, which Mr. Hastings gave me—not to *look so much within, but to look up—up to God!* Mrs. Dyke has, I should think, rather a weak mind and can not read, but has the Bible read to her by Mrs. Batters with whom she boards; she thinks herself however no sinner, that she don't see why she shan't be saved, as she *never sinned*. I called her attention expressly to this and repeated and explained to her the parable of the publican and the pharisee who went up to the temple to pray. Told her that though she had not killed, murdered, or stolen, still she and all mankind had broken the law of God, that there was none righteous—no, not one. I then asked her if she knew whom Christ died for? To my utter surprise, and to Mrs. Batters also, she said no, she did not; I replied distinctly that it is for her, for me; for all persons, all the world as well, had sinned against God's holy law. She seemed affected and I begged her to think more of this and of the Saviour, that through his death alone could she hope for salvation, that this and this alone would support her in the hour of death, etc., etc. She promised to do so, and Mrs. B. promised to explain it to her. The Lord open her eyes so that she may behold his fulness. I told Mrs. B. I would speak to the Misses Harpers to speak to her son to get him to go to Sunday school. . . . I must record one more visit more particularly as containing some things worthy of remembrance. Mrs. E. we found quite sick abed in a garret, where she had lain three days without any *fire* till this day, when the church sent a load of wood. She has a son 25 yrs. of age who lives with her and upon her, but so unfeeling as to do himself nothing for her, though a painter and able to earn something. He went off this very morning without bringing her a pail of water as she requested him to do, and when we entered

the room she was actually suffering for want of a drink of something, and yet unable to rise and get it—so weak and feeble was she, having taken nothing for three days but a little tea. I went out and got her some oatmeal, and we made her some gruel of which she partook and was much refreshed. She stated also that she had a daughter, her own and only daughter, married and living in style in the city, her husband a wealthy merchant, a *professor of religion* and a deacon of Dr. M.'s church, that they had done nothing for her, that she called lately when she was sick, and she then asked her daughter to send her a few little things that she promised to do but had not sent them, or come near her since. She lamented the ingratitude of her children, but prayed God to give them better minds, etc., and this too in a member and officer of the church, and that office one whose duty it is to minister to the wants of the poor, and yet to neglect a poor aged mother. . . .

“December 29, 1834.—Charlotte was present, and much affected; perhaps thought, indeed, she said I was *too gloomy*, but no, no, no, my soul knows better, and I would that hers did also. I think she has glimpses at times of this better knowledge, for this morning she confessed to me her heart was awful hard, and after all that happened so recently she was astonished and amazed at it.

“December 30, 1834.—Yesterday morning Collins, the seaman in jail that I have seen so often, got discharged and by my instigation. Shipped for Havanna in one of S. and S. vessels. I became his bondsman for the advance money which he received, and with which he is to equip himself for the voyage. He manifests the greatest disposition and resolution to do well, and I have put him upon his honor to do so. But how far he will keep his promise time must determine. The vessel sails in a day or two, he has not yet gone on board, but holds himself ready to do so; if disposed he can abscond with money and all, but I shall be very sorry if he does, not for the loss of the money, but for his slighted promises and ingratitude. I do, indeed, pray he may not, but that he will do his duty; if he does, a way will be opened for his future advancement in the same employ. I must have an eye on him. Mr. Poore left to-day for the south,

before doing so, however, I showed him Mary's letter to me, lately received, which he read with much apparent attention, and by which I hope he may profit. Certainly he has one of the best of wives—one who is not more solicitous for his earthly than his spiritual welfare. I think much of my dear wife—a thousand scenes connected with holy days bring her up to remembrance, but not painful remembrance, for she seems still with me, or only gone before where I must soon follow, and to which my whole thoughts and energies are now directed. May the grace of God assist and strengthen me!

*“December 31, 1834.— . . .* The meeting was very affecting from the circumstance which kept away our regular pastor. His mother I see by the papers died this morning, aged 64, relict of the late celebrated John M. Mason, D. D., one of the most powerful preachers this city ever had. After family worship, feeling little disposition to sleep and my mind full of serious meditations, I sat up meditating for some time, and then wrote long letters to mother and sister Adeline, in which I endeavored to express the exact state of my feelings, I trust Adeline will receive and appreciate it. In mother's letter I enclosed a lock of Eliza's hair—mother having requested it—and sent them with some books this afternoon. It was nearly two when I returned, and long after was it before I got to sleep, my mind was so wide awake and spiritually disposed. Had many and sweet thoughts of my dear wife as she was on her dying bed—both when awake and in my dreams, indeed I had much consolation in believing she was in the hands of a gracious Saviour. To-day feel quite well, but a strong distaste for business and everything of a worldly nature. I want all the time to be thinking or reading something spiritual, prayer is sweeter to me than business; the newspapers of the day are dull to me and insipid. Oh, that I was a preacher of the Gospel, a herald of the Cross, and had nothing to do but preach all the time, Christ and him crucified, or to be holding sweet and uninterrupted communion with him in the study or social walks. But as I now am situated these petty causes of business distract and weary my mind, call off my thoughts from heavenly things, and render it in a measure unfit to return to them.

*“January 1, 1835. . . .* How many things I see around me this day to remind me of my dear departed wife. Last year this day she was sick, and I remained at home all day with her—the first time that I had passed a New Year’s day without visiting all my female acquaintances in the city. . . . The Havanna sailed yesterday, the vessel in which Collins was to go, but I grieve to say it, that he went not—and for two days has not been near either myself or the vessel, after all his good resolutions and promises, and all my hopes, encouragements, and assistance; his old habits were too much for him, and he has (I suppose) given himself up a prey to them; this I infer from the reply of an old sailor I met on the wharf just as the ship sailed; to the question if he had seen Collins: ‘Yes,’ said he; ‘*him and me* took a glass of grog yesterday.’ He left me minus about \$10; but I have the satisfaction of knowing that my motives were good. I have learned a good lesson, too, viz., not to trust too far or too much to the honor and fair words of persons in his situation in life. . . .

*“January 3d.—. . .* Afterwards Mr. Hamilton passed the evening with me; had a long conversation with him about my change of heart, views, feelings, etc.; found he respected them and credited my sincerity. He appears a very sincere and moral young man, disposed to be a Christian. Oh, that he may be so fully, ardently and unreservedly! Oh, that the Sun of Righteousness might shine in his heart, now chilled and torpid, I fear under the influence of Unitarianism—I gave him some of my reasons for becoming orthodox, particularly the need I had felt of a Saviour; of a Saviour such as I had never before acknowledged him to be, etc. We parted as we met, in the spirit of brotherly love and charity towards each other, and he promised to go and hear Mr. Mason with me. I do hope he may hear him aright, and that God will bless his preached gospel to the salvation of his soul. There may be as many of that and as good Christians as of any creed, and I can’t but believe there are many such, but it has a terrible want in the want of a Saviour, who was God manifest in the flesh. . . .

*“January 5th.—*Saturday evening went to singing-school; find I begin to make some progress; feel encouraged by it, and

can't but hope and pray that I may yet learn to sing. Mr. Hastings, our teacher, is more competent than any one I ever met with to teach sacred music; and above all he is so pious and devout a Christian, that it is delightful to meet him. His wife too is an excellent, pious woman. . . . With prayerful heart sat up till 12 or 1 o'clock and wrote a sort of a tract which, for the want of a better title, called 'A Friendly Warning to a Young Sabbath Breaker.' Intended it particularly for the young sinner who Sabbath after Sabbath continues to break the Lord's holy day; was much assisted by divine grace in writing it, and have read it to one or two pious friends, who approve it well. I think it should be given to the public, but of this must not be hasty; don't flatter myself it is much calculated for its object, and that others can do better, but am sure I wrote it with humble heart and sincere desire of good and solemn sense of the importance of the subject. If I thought it would do any good to others and no hurt to my own soul by its publication would willingly give it for that purpose. . . .

*“Friday evening.—*Morning took a basket of potatoes and called with them on Mrs. Hannray; found her in bed with her daughter, both rather sick, and abed to keep warm; talked with her; found she wanted some wine, promised to take her some; left half the potatoes and then called with the rest on Mrs. Holmes and found her still bemoaning her hard heart, and her great sins. Poor woman! I really know not what to think of her case. It indeed seems hard and deplorable, but I can not believe it hopeless. How anxiously at leaving her did she ask me 'to pray with her.' . . . Oh how my soul yearns for this poor woman's restoration to that Saviour who she seems to believe has utterly cast her off. . . . This evening attended Bible-class at Mr. Kilbourn's; chose officers for Sunday S — for this year. . . . I proposed that visiting committees be appointed to hunt up poor scholars. Our school has only 200; said I thought it could be increased to 400 without difficulty if we did but set about it in the right spirit; that I was willing and desirous to work to build up the school; they took me at my word, and appointed four committees of two each, on which were Mr. Gilchrist and myself. . . . Saturday afternoon at about two

we started on our excursion to get scholars, took the Bowery above Bleecker St. and its opposite side and vicinity. The Lord prospered us beyond our most sanguine expectations. Entered about 35 to 50 houses; was well treated in all and by all their inmates; found that the children in most of them already attended some Sunday school, but found many that did not, and of these 17 who were willing to attend ours; more than half of them glad for the opportunity; found one Catholic woman who had two boys to send, but she said they had no clothes; we promised to give her some, and were to attend to it at once. On the whole, had great, very great reason to bless the Lord for the great things he did for us. . . . Attended Sunday school, and had the happiness of finding a number of the children there that we visited yesterday; the school was quite full, and was better conducted than usual, as I thought, perhaps because I took an increased interest in it myself. . . . After evening prayer-meeting passed an hour or more at Mr. Tappan's, with himself and wife in singing devotional hymns. It was indeed delightful, a foretaste of heaven. . . .

*“Tuesday, January 13th.*—This morning took some old clothes to the woman with two children whom I supposed to be Catholics, found I was mistaken—she is a Welsh woman and of the Protestant church, but promises to send her children to the Sunday school. Also called on Misses Harpers, and requested one of them to speak to Mrs. Batlin's son, who is to do so; also called on Mrs. Hannray, and took her a bottle of wine which my friend Spofford was so good as to give me for that purpose, found her and daughter much better and quite comfortably situated. . . . Since I have found the new field to labor in, that of the Sunday school, and see how much good can be done to the poor, both in contributing to their bodily wants and their spiritual welfare, and that of their children, I have neglected to visit the jail on my former errands. Indeed, I am almost ready to think it more hopeless to attempt to effect any permanent good there, for the poor prisoners—those confined for small debts—remain there but thirty days, and are generally far more anxious for food and drink (and strong drink too) than for religious advice or instruction. Collins' ingratitude too has

tended to discourage me, though I would gladly go on if I could do any good. I must call again and see what the prospect is; let me pray to God, too, that he will show me the path of my duty in this matter. I am anxious to do what my hands find to do for the cause of my Redeemer, but there must be judgment and discrimination to be used in matters of religion and duty as well as in business and pleasure. Neither do I yet give up the thoughts of divinity. An article in Abbot's magazine on the Andover Institution and its course of study has been very animating to me. The students there must form a delightful circle, almost everything must tend to make their situation highly interesting and instructive. Oh, that I was one of their number, preparing to preach the glad tidings of a Saviour to the world! . . . The question arises, then, *is it* my duty, situated as I am, to enter on the study of divinity? Is the field of labor larger than that in which I am now employed? Does the former need laborers more than the latter? and, if so, can I accomplish more in that than in this? These are subjects to be deeply weighed and considered before a decision. . . .

“January 17th.—This afternoon, from two to six o'clock, spent the time in search of new Sunday school pupils, and visiting the parents of those who have promised us to attend. Mr. Gilchrist being otherwise engaged I went alone, but had better success and encouragement than I had ventured to expect. Found almost *all* of the last week's promises are in a fair way of being realized, and had several new ones. Met also with some incidents worthy of record—a boy in a grocery store about to decline my invitation, since he could do better Sundays by going a skating, that he employed his Sundays thus, as it was the only time he got to *skate*. Had a short, serious talk with him on breaking the Sabbath, and asked him the next Sunday he was skating to think of what he was doing, and to think what would become of him if God took him away in the middle of such unhallowed amusement. ‘Yes,’ said the boy, ‘I will think of it, and of *you* too, sir!’ his eyes flashing and his bosom swelling with rage. I replied very mildly that I hoped he would do so, and left him. When at a short distance from the store, the boy appeared on the street and shouted after me,

‘Hurra for the Sunday-school teacher!’ I went on without noticing it, hoping and praying that an impression might be made and lead to his everlasting good. At another house saw the male head of the family, who said he had ten children, but declined sending them. I was prepared then for a rebuff, but to my pleasure and surprise found that he kept them at home only for the sake of instructing them in religious studies himself—said he was not a professor, but that no man respected religion more than himself. Invited me to sit down, which I did, and for half an hour was delighted with his plain yet striking remarks, and I hope instructed too, particularly by what he said on intemperance—or rather *tippling*, as he styled the drinking occasionally of wine or beer. For ten years he said he had drank nothing of the kind; his motto and practice was—taste not, touch not, handle not; and yet, said he, if any occupation in life would seem to require the use of stimulants, perhaps, it is mine. I am a butcher. He enforced his position by sound and cogent arguments; so struck was I with their truth that I resolved, and do now solemnly resolve with the grace of God to assist me, to abstain totally from the use not only of ardent spirits, but wines and small liquors. The former I have tasted but seldom for three years; the latter often have I taken, as often almost as they have been offered to me; but, if there were no other reason, the *example* is of great importance, especially in one known to be a professor of religion—that example must go one way or the other—there is no half way—and I pray and pray that henceforth *my example* may be on the side of temperance, even to total abstinence, from everything of the sort! May the Lord strengthen this good resolution! Amen. Query, ought I not to enroll myself as a member of a temperance society for the example sake? Called, too, on the poor woman with the two boys, and left one of them a pair of shoes; they are now ready for the Sunday school, and she promises to bring them to-morrow.

“January 19, 1835.—The Sunday school never was better filled or conducted since I have been a teacher, and Mr. Phelps, a former superintendent of it, being present, made a short address in the afternoon, and said it was the happiest hour he

had ever spent there, for it looked as if God was with us, and everything so well conducted. The poor Welsh woman brought both her little boys, and seemed delighted by so doing. A number of my other boys there; one quite obstinate and unwilling to submit to the rules of the school, had much difficulty with him, must see his parents this week and get them to correct him, as I find it is not customary for the teachers to do it. But it must be done by somebody in some cases, or the refractory pupil should leave the school. More discipline and obedience should be exacted in school; there is too great latitude and indulgence I fear extended towards the boys—their conduct shows it too plainly; they are unwilling often to do as they are bidden, and think they must have their own way. . . . On the whole yesterday was a very, very happy day, and to-day I have felt all the better prepared to attend to business, and have gone about it with cheerful heart and prayerful mind, but the Lord has kept me from being lifted up by the news I have this day received of my dear mother's illness. She has been sick, quite sick, and this accounts for my not hearing from her. Wrote her the moment I received Adeline's letter. Wrote her! Oh that I could fly and see her! Words are inadequate to express all I feel for her, and all I would say to her. But she is in the hands of her Lord and Saviour, and my soul be still and trust in the Lord. Amen. . . .

“*January 21st.*—Called on Dr. Spring after this, being just about six weeks since I called before, but did not find him at home. He sails next month for Europe, and his time quite occupied—must endeavor to see him before he leaves to consult with him on the subject which is so near my heart, the study of divinity. The more I think of it the more I see to enter that study, or the less to deter me from it. My chief prayer and desire is that God will show me my duty, and that I may at every sacrifice follow it when ascertained. . . .

“*Thursday, January 22, 1835.*—Heard nothing to-day (as I had hoped) from my dear mother. Fear she is quite ill, and yet why and what should I fear knowing that she is in the hands of her gracious Saviour, and that she is resigned at all times to the will of her God. Oh! what a comfort, what a bless-

ing, to have such a mother, and how I do appreciate it at this time, so much so that one of the chiefest desires I have to see her in this world is to commune with her and pour out my whole soul with her to our heavenly Father; to her God and my God, her Redeemer and mine. Oh may it be consistent with divine providence to restore her to health and to the enjoyment of social blessings, friends and children and all! How I long to see her, and yet I almost fear to long so lest I should set my heart upon it too much, and thus offend against him who requires the whole heart. I know if there is any human being now in this world that I am in any danger of loving too devotedly, it is my mother; but I pray I may be preserved from this, the great sin of my past life, and yet that I may not be wanting in all affections reasonable and natural for her . . .

*"Saturday, January 24, 1835.—*My prayers are answered, and I have this day the happiness of hearing that mother is getting better very rapidly; indeed, a few words expressive of her joy at hearing from me were written by herself. For this welcome intelligence I desire to be truly thankful to the giver of health and every blessing. . . . By the N. Y. Observer to-day, I learn with deep regret that two young men—Mr. Lyman and Mr. Munson (both educated at Andover)—missionaries at Sumatra, have been murdered by the natives in the interior of that island, and *eaten* by them! How dreadful to humanity, how painful to every well-wisher of the cause of the Redeemer! And yet God undoubtedly has his own wise purposes to perform by their very untimely and melancholy fate. Who can tell, for example, but that their fate, sad as it may seem, may be the very means, under God, of inciting others to go forth in the missionary cause and perhaps in the same bloody field of labor! I confess I was not a stranger to such a desire while reading this account. Methinks I should rejoice in tribulation and affliction for Christ's sake; nay, glory in death itself for my Redeemer! . . . What prevents my becoming one of these lights—even a feeble one—yet a light to shine in dark places! I know of nothing but my health and the probability of my being more useful where I am than in a more enlarged sphere. The whole subject has narrowed down to these two inquiries,

and to these I must endeavor to direct my thoughts often. This afternoon have been engaged in hunting up scholars for Sunday school. Went out with Mr. Gilchrist, but from some cause found ourselves on the same track with others of our school who had preceded us. However, had some success, for which was thankful; after parting with him, I continued on and found three more, whom I got the promise of, or the prospect of, especially a little Catholic boy, to whom I am to take some clothing to get him in fit condition to go. Mothers, I find, however poor, have great pride in their children, and are averse to sending them to Sunday school unless dressed as well as other children; a laudable ambition, and one I respect and like to see. Have been to singing school to-night, had a profitable time; find I am making progress fast. Shall be rejoiced, indeed, when I can sing well. Oh, the thought of it is rapture to me! . . . Being rather rainy, the Sunday school not so full as last Sunday, but well filled notwithstanding. Endeavored faithfully to do my duty to those under my charge (seven in all), and to explain the subject of the lesson—the way of salvation. But little serious impression. One boy exhibited some thoughtfulness, and I hope it may be increased by the next Sabbath. Must visit the parents of my scholars this week; one boy absent all day: another behaved badly, and all of them want looking after through their parents. . . .

## CHAPTER VIII.

HIS JOURNAL : VOLUME II, JANUARY 26  
TO SEPTEMBER 10, 1835.

*“Monday, January 26, 1835.—This morning had an unpleasant dispute with M., the occasion trifling. I had no idea of provoking him, and yet he took offence at an unguarded expression of mine, and one perfectly innocent too, and flew into a great passion with me, so that I was forced to cut short the matter by keeping silence—which in such circumstances is always best—and was so in this, as he afterward (the same day) set the matter all right. For myself, I suffered no ill feeling to trouble me—I felt none—though I might have conceived myself injured and wronged, but nevertheless took some blame to myself, as I should have been more careful, knowing his sensitive disposition and his impatience of opposition. . . . Not long after this unpleasant affair, met in the street Dr. Spring, and, when I announced to him my increased desire to enter the ministry, he congratulated me upon it, made inquiries about my health, said *that* was the greatest obstacle I had to contend with in carrying my desires into effect, that I should consult a physician; he thought, though, I might labor in some of the active departments of the ministerial labor, where the exercise would keep me in health, etc. Had some conversation about my designs, viz., to close my business by 1st May, then to go home to Hamilton and review there my college studies, to recruit both body and mind in the country, and in the fall enter some theological seminary. Asked him which he preferred. ‘Princeton, on the whole,’ was the reply, as it combined more advantages than Andover; though he was a great friend of the latter insti-*

tution, yet he preferred the former, particularly as the manners of that were more gentlemanly and refined, which he considered a very important consideration in a Christian minister at the present day. His views coincide with my own, especially as P—— is in a more southern latitude, and a milder climate by far than A——. This question, however, is secondary to that which seeks to decide whether I am to study for the ministry at all. To this question I am now bending all my thoughts. I am anxious to take the course which God would have me, and which will most promote his glory among a dying world. . . . Read a capital article this evening on 'the power of holiness on the ministry,' in the 'Christian Spectator'; got many good ideas from it. If I am ever a minister, hope and pray that I may be a holy one, and that my life may exhibit the power of holiness. . . .

"*Tuesday, January 27th.*—This evening our weekly lecture, and Mr. Mason gave us another of his excellent discourses. My friend Hamilton accompanied me, and, though he is a strong Unitarian, was so well pleased, he is anxious to hear him every week; I must endeavor to call him; I can't but hope he may be led to deeper reflection on the subject of religion by it, and see wherein he is deficient.

"*January 29th.*—Oh, how grateful shall I feel when I hear from my dear parents, and have their hearty approval of my intended course, then shall I begin at once to make preparations for the great service on which I would enter, and, oh, how great is that service! I am often appalled by the magnitude of the undertaking, the solemnity of the office, and the responsibility of the trust. . . . I have counted the cost and the self-denial, all, all, all will I endure, nay, would lay down my own life, if need be, in this great cause.

"*Saturday, January 31, 1835.*—To-day have had a most delightful time in gathering in Sunday-school scholars. Mr. Gilchrist could not attend, and so went alone; took one of the most unpromising districts in the city—in the immediate neighborhood of the Cathedral of the a tholies, great numbers of the lowest order of which live here. Never have I seen more wretchedness and filth, poverty, distress, and rags; many fami-

lies are in cellars, some in dark lofts high up, and stairs outside the house suspended in the air; in some families small-pox and varioloid prevailing, others all sick with ophthalmia, and rooms darkened on that account. In many families of the above classes did not ask for scholars, as it would not be prudent to bring them into the school. At times I got nearly discouraged with these repeated scenes, and the rebuffs I received from the Catholics, though by none of them was I ill-treated, and was frequently on the point of giving up, when at the next door I would meet something to encourage. Visited full 75 houses, obtained the promise of the scholars for the morrow, worked till after dark, and then came home, tired, but thankful I persevered so well, and was so well prospered. Met with a number of incidents. On asking a little white boy in the street if he would like to go to Sunday school if his mother would let him, said he had no mother, but he would go in and ask the woman that brought him up. Followed him into the house and up stairs, where was a colored woman of the darkest complexion; this was the woman who was a mother to him, who, she said, had brought him up from infancy—his own mother having made away with herself at that time. Had some conversation with her, found her sensible and humane, the boy kind and well disposed—Edgar Price—and secured him as a scholar. Could not but admire the goodness of this poor woman in thus providing for a helpless lad, and the goodness of the lad, for he said he wanted to be a good man so as to take care of her in her old age. Got one Catholic boy by consent of his father, his mother opposed to it, but yielded. Went to singing school, and afterward to Mr. Littlefield's, where passed the rest of the evening.

“*February 2, 1835.*—At nine, went after some of the smallest of the children I had promised yesterday, and took them to the Sunday schools (three for infant department); went into school and taught my own class; all present but one, viz., six; boys pretty attentive to the lesson and behaved better than usual; endeavored to enforce obedience and order, succeeded somewhat, but through the whole school much need of improvement in this respect. . . .

“*Thursday, February 5, 1835.*—Dined at Thomas’—Capt.

Smith there, declined wine after dinner, gave my reasons, found them approved of, acknowledged I had joined the temperance society, and that I wished to abstain entirely from all wines, etc., as well as ardent liquors. Remained down till eight this evening on business before the Common Council, supped with them in the famous Tea Room in the City Hall. They seemed much intent on the business of eating, full as much so as on the business as guardians of the city. . . .

*“February 6, 1835.—* This morning had a pleasant interview with Mr. Dane, of Boston (brother-in-law to Mr. Paine), who has just returned from N. Orleans, Mobile, Alabama, and direct from Charleston by packet; says there were twenty-seven passengers, twenty-five of whom were gambling and swearing all the way; represents the state of morality in N. O. and on the Mississippi at the lowest ebb. . . . Steam-boats on the river sinks of vice; cock-fights are common, almost daily, on board many, and on Sunday rum-fights. In Springfield, Alabama, says a Mr. Lewis, a wealthy gentleman lives, who is a Christian of the first order, and whose influence is felt for miles round. He came from N. C., and was then a poor boy of only eighteen years old. In the packet he went out in, when he declined day after day participating in the scenes of vice on board, the Capt. one day said to him: ‘Young man, you have a great dread of these things now, but you will soon get over it. I have carried out a great many like you from N. C. to N. Orleans, all steady young men, but I never bro’t one back!’ The effect of this on the mind of young Lewis was such that he always thought of it when tempted into bad company, and doubtless was one means of training him up to God. While conversing with Mr. Dane at the office, my friend Mr. Cleaveland and Rev. Mr. Breckinridge called to request me to address a meeting Monday night, for the purpose of forming a Young Men’s Education Society. Had a delightful conversation with them; was charmed with Mr. B. He is a gentleman, a scholar, and, above all, an exemplary and active Christian. He has been greatly prospered here in his calling; was delighted to find me contemplating the ministry, and desired a further interview. I promised to speak,

but had great diffidence in promising; but felt it my duty to do all the good I could, and not to fear what men might say of me or my speaking; told him, however, that I should not speak unless I had something to say; would not speak for the sake of speaking, meaning that, unless the Lord put it into my heart what and how to speak, I could not presume to trust myself.

*“Saturday, February 7, 1835.—Had an early interview this morning with Mr. Hastings on the subject of the two educational societies, and the two parties into which the church seems divided; found my apprehensions so far realized that I concluded at least, for the present, to commit myself with neither. Am not old enough in grace and piety to entangle myself with polemical differences; it is far easier to keep entirely clear of them than to prescribe the limits to which one will go; at least, have no desire to make the experiment; both may be right and honest, but I have neither time nor inclination to examine into the merits of their respective claims. Will give to both privately, but have concluded to take no active part with either for the present; therefore, sent word to Mr. Breckinridge that I should not be able to make one of the speakers at the contemplated meeting. At length I have received the long and anxiously expected letter from mother, in answer to mine requesting their approbation of my entering on the study of the ministry. I had feared all along father would oppose it, but oh, I was little prepared to meet with such violent opposition to it, as I find by my mother’s letter is but too true. Oh, how my heart was grieved to find my dear father so insensible to the true interest of himself and his son, that he thinks so little of a Saviour who died for him and me too, and so little of his cause as to frown on my thinking of entering it! Oh, I do hope and pray he may be brought to think differently and correctly on this great subject! He is taken with the notion that I have not my reason. How painful it is to know that he thinks so, and yet even in this he exhibits his parental love, as he can not believe that I would willingly go counter to his wishes—alas! I am filled with grief; I was not prepared for this! And then my dear mother; to know how much she must suffer by the opposition of father repeated, as I fear it is and will be, con-*

stantly in her ears. And she, too, just recovered from a severe illness. Have I not done wrong in writing at all on the subject? was it not premature? . . . One thing I did immediately, sat down and wrote father, expressing my regret at his disapprobation, and stating that I should leave the matter open till I saw him; that, as to money, etc., all that I had was at his command; this I did to show him that I was not giving out of the family all I had, and wrote him too on business matters to show him I was yet sound, etc. When I had dispatched this, started off to confer with Dr. S. in this next exigency, and to obtain his advice as to my conduct. Had a short interview; found him very solemn, said that he had no fears but that it would all be right with my father in case I was to go on, but that I was to use all mildness and to consult with him; to ask his advice, and, though I desired to conform to his wishes, still he was to remember that I had a heavenly parent to serve and obey, to whom my obligation was paramount. The only difficulty, the Doctor said, he had, or at least the greatest, was the same he had before felt, and which mother expresses in her letter, viz., my health. He advises taking the advice of physicians; recommended having one at least a man of piety, and named Dr. Gilbert Smith, who was one of the consulting physicians in my dear wife's last illness. Indeed, concluded at once to refer the matter to him and Dr. Bliss (also a pious man) and Dr. Paine, all three of whom I have the highest respect for, and their judgment. If they are of the clear opinion my health will not stand the study and service of the ministry, the Doctor says I must not think of it; if they are of the contrary opinion, then the matter can be considered. . . .

“February 9, 1835.—Charlotte absent, but family worship conducted as usual, though only Sally and myself in the family. She continues quite constant at Sunday school, and is improving in reading, and I trust advancing in spiritual knowledge. She is a very faithful girl, and I must be faithful to her. Remembered home in private prayers. Remember this constantly now, obey the injunction of my dear mother, which accords, too, with the dictates of my heart.

“Thursday, February 12, 1835.—Sold my house this day by

auction at \$650 more than it cost me fifteen months ago; am to give possession 1st May next. Meanwhile, to live in it myself. I regret to leave it, but can not but rejoice and be glad that the roots are not to be pulled up too suddenly, and that I may leave in so gradual a manner and so conveniently as I shall. After auction, came home quite sick; sent for the doctor. Was happy of this opportunity to lay before Dr. Paine my desires of entering the ministry and the objections which had been raised on account of my health. Was much pleased with his remarks, good sense, and judgment; think he sees no fatal or very serious difficulties in the way of a physical nature. He is to consult with Dr. Bliss, and they are to give me a deliberate and joint opinion. . . .

*“Friday, February 13th.—Not much better to-day, and kept house; spent the forenoon in looking over my dear wife’s letters; found one dated October 24, 1831 (just three years previous to the day of her death), in which she gives an account of her attending the three days’ meetings in Haverhill and hearing Drs. Beecher and Wisner, with each of whom she was much pleased, and says that though she can not wholly approve of these attempts to excite the feelings (it seems a Mr. Porter had been made crazy by these meetings, or supposed to have been), yet she has heard that which will make her think more seriously of religion all the rest of her life. From this and other facts and circumstances, I can not but indulge the hope that she did then receive such religious impressions and views as had an influence on her life and supported her (oh, how beautifully, triumphantly!) in her last illness and death. . . .”*

*“February 16th.—. . . This day had a letter from my very dear parents, and how rejoiced am I to find that his feelings have softened on the subject of my changing my profession, and, though he does not give his express assent, I can not but feel that he will not directly oppose my views on this subject. But, he says, ‘My dear son, look well before you do it!’ I think I know how he feels on the subject; he dislikes to see me abandon a profession in which I have so fair prospects and have already done something. But, alas! what are fame, money, or any earthly prospects to me in comparison with the glory of God and the salvation of souls? . . .”*

*“February 18th.— . . . Called on Mr. Mason; found him rather ill from the effects of a fall; but had a long talk with him on the subject uppermost in my thoughts. He gave me discouragements enough, yet not with the design of discouraging; says that the ministry is a very arduous profession (I suppose it is) and more trying to the health than any other; that there is danger at any of the institutions of becoming formed to a particular school of divinity, of being put into beaten tracks of thought from which the mind can not afterward easily escape; that he can always tell a young graduate from Princeton (his own school), and can chalk the heads of their discourses the moment their texts are announced; that on this account he prefers studying part of a course at one institution and part at another. Found him opposed to all societies governed by and responsible to Ecclesiastical bodies, *ergo*, opposed to the Education Society of the Presbyterian church; thinks the responsibility of voluntary associations (viz., to the public) greater, and a greater check on their abuse of power, etc. . . .*

*“Thursday, February 19, 1835.—Saw Dr. Paine to-day; he has seen Drs. Smith and Bliss, both able and experienced physicians, and the result of their joint deliberation on my case is that there is no obstacle on account of my health to entering on the study of divinity; that with care and exercise I can follow that profession as well as the law; that there is no danger of my lungs being injured from public speaking or attacked with scrofula in consequence thereof; that, if my general health is kept up, there is no danger, and that it will depend on good judgment, care, and attention to this whether my health is preserved and consequently my usefulness. Was quite overjoyed at the result of this consultation, for it takes away one of the principal difficulties in my path. . . .*

*“February 20, 1835.—Early this morning called on Dr. Spring at his study to consult him on the subject so near my heart. Told him of the result of the medical consultation, at which he seemed pleased, and entered at once into a full and frank communication of his views. Said that he was glad I had taken such pains and time to seek my duty; that the greatest obstacles seemed now removed; that the reason he threw dis-*

couragements at first in my way was the fear I should act precipitately; that I had still some inquiries to make—my parents were to be consulted—and the sooner the better (I had previously concluded to go and see them next week); that, if after all due inquiring and prayer my duty and conscience seemed to oppose any objection to my entering on the ministry, then I should not by any means think of entering it. Which-ever way I acted I was to act with decision, and with the fullest belief of its correctness, that I had better remain in the law than to quit it with any reluctance, that I could do a vast amount of good there, etc. But, if my way was clear and I decided to go on, then to go cheerfully and readily; that, if I desired, however, to become a missionary or to enter on any particular field of usefulness, I should not be premature in communicating such desire, leave it all to the Lord. These two things he wished particularly to impress on me:

“1st. Not to enter on the study of divinity if I had any misgivings of conscience about it, or my way was not clear.

“2d. If I did enter it, not to give out beforehand my determinations as to future course.

“After this conversation we spoke of his approaching departure, said he was to preach his farewell sermon Sunday morning, that he could *not invite* me, but he thought the subject of it would be very interesting to me, especially if I entered the ministry, ‘The conversion of the world.’ At leaving, he was very affectionate, expressed great regard, and desired an interest in my prayers, and, thus saying, I took him by the hand and bade him good-by. . . . The whole interview was not over fifteen minutes, but, oh! how interesting, how impressive, and instructive!”

*From Uncle Francis to A. W. D.*

“GEORGETOWN, February 24, 1835.

“DEAR NEPHEW: Yours of 21st is received and contents noted; we have bill of lading and invoice for sugar and molasses per Edward: she cleared 3d inst. for this district. The invoice of my part, adding 11 P. C. (which I believe is allowable), amounts to the \$5,000 insured, and I consider it worth that;

so that you will please name to the office that the policy may be considered valued at sum ins<sup>d</sup>.

“I have read over what you say as to your abandoning your present profession for the pulpit. I feel it is of great importance to you, and shall venture to advise no hasty decision; let time see if you hold the same opinion; your change is a happy one, and I deem you fortunate; yet, can’t you be as useful in New York, and as a lawyer, as in any other way? It has cost much time and some money for you to gain the profession and standing you now have, and to alter shows changeableness, and may be regretted. Your true devotedness to your parents is highly to be approved; humor your father as well as you can consistently; take time, say a year, before you decide; I certainly will not (I have no right) oppose your wishes. I shall do nothing except by giving my opinion, and the object will be intended solely for your good, temporal and spiritual, as far as I am able to give advice; hold fast to your religion, let what will come; don’t, however, be over-zealous.

“Yours,

FRA. DODGE.”

“*February 26, 1835.*—Had an answer from Uncle Francis to-day. Am much pleased with the frankness, soberness, and cordiality of his advice, which is perfectly in character with my good uncle. He seems unwilling (and I think rightly) to take the responsibility of deciding on a matter of so great moment to me; and, indeed, I have now discovered (if I did not see it before) that the responsibility, as well as the decision, must be assumed by myself. But it is my duty, as well as desire, to call in the advice and experience of others, especially of those whose good opinion I am desirous of retaining, and whose judgment I respect. . . .

“*Saturday, February 28, 1835.*—Very busy to-day at the office, and, indeed, have been all the week at the office. Business never more pressing, and yet seem to dispatch it without great difficulty; endeavor not to be too anxious about it, though the interest of our client is not to be neglected. . . .

“*March 2d.*—Yesterday, a very profitable and delightful Sabbath. In the morning all three, my dear wife’s sisters, ac-

accompanied me to church, Mrs. Paine and Martha having never before heard Mr. Mason, or, indeed, attended his church, or perhaps any *orthodox* church in this city; but what they have all seen the last week of the work of the Holy Spirit on their dear brother's heart has (I trust and pray) been the means of opening their eyes in some measure to the truth on this subject; at least, they seem serious and more impressed with the importance of a change of heart, and the belief that such a change can be wrought only by the spirit of God, so that the subject of Mr. Mason's discourse, and the discourse itself, was *providentially* calculated to increase these impressions and confirm the new views which, I trust in God, have dawned upon their hearts and minds. . . . The sermon was very impressive, and my dear sisters listened with the deepest attention, and all expressed themselves much pleased and edified by it. I pray it may be blessed to them. In the afternoon Martha and Charlotte attended church with me, when we heard another excellent discourse from our pastor. . . .

“ *Tuesday, March 10, 1835.*—Was strongly urged by Thomas to-day to go to a party at his house this evening, but excused myself simply by saying that I could not attend, that my feelings would not admit of it; indeed, I could not! the mere idea of a party of amusement is painful to me, and I trust I can employ my time more advantageously, and that I did so employ it. Went to our lecture, but, on account of the weather, being a most tremendous snow-storm (snow one half foot deep or more), Mr. Mason not there, and, indeed, only about a dozen present, and those all males; but we had a most interesting prayer meeting. . . . Sat up late after returning, and read Doddridge with great pleasure, and thought myself abundantly better off at home than at the party. . . . As I go home on Friday, my time is much occupied in arranging business at the office, so that I can be absent without detriment; all the day and indeed part of the evenings are now occupied in this manner; I get tired out sometimes, and sick of the drudgery of my profession, and, were it not for the prospect of something better, I know not how I should get along with it. . . .

“ *March 12th.*—Had a letter to-day from home, from my dear

mother, and oh! how rejoiced and grateful do I feel that she is well and able to write me; and then, too, to know that I am so soon to see and converse with her in person, after my long absence of eighteen months; the longest time I have ever been from home, and after so many and great changes that I have gone through. The Lord prepare both me and her and my dear father also for this meeting, and grant that it may be a happy one; that it may be for our material building up in all holiness and joy in the Holy Ghost. Oh, how my heart yearns for the salvation of the precious soul of my dear, dear father! Oh, how do I at all times, when thinking of home, bear him on my prayers to the mercy seat! How responsible does this visit seem to me when viewed in this light, not only as respects my father, but my dear sisters, all—all of them and their families. . . .

*“March 14, 1835 (Boston).*—After the greatest industry and exertion yesterday, I was enabled to get away from my business and to leave the city on my long contemplated visit to my parents. Arrived in Boston this afternoon, and found all well. Oh, how my heart bled afresh at the thought of my dear wife on meeting my sisters whom I saw before when in her company! . . . Felt much to-day for my dear sisters, but from the peculiar circumstances of their family situation was restrained from speaking to them so personally as I could have wished on the subject of their eternal welfare.

*“Boston, March 16, 1835.*—Yesterday, the Lord’s Holy Day, I spent in hearing such ministers in Boston as I thought might be desirable and instructive. In the morning, went to hear Rev. Nehemiah Adams, an old college classmate, now settled over the Essex Street Church, an eloquent and highly evangelical and conscientious preacher of the gospel. . . . In the afternoon, went with Mr. Littlefield (of N. Y.), and heard a Mr. Blagden at the north end, who is a man of strong mind, and powerfully unfolded the doctrine of the agency and necessity of the Holy Spirit. . . . Went from Mr. B——’s to the Bethel, the marine church, and heard Mr. Taylor, who is considered very eloquent and powerful as a sailor’s preacher; he is a Methodist, I believe, but, from some expressions in his sermon,

should suppose he acknowledged no creed, for he urged those who had become pious among his people to go and join any church they had been accustomed to attend (as he has none), and said it mattered not whether it was Episcopalian, Baptist, Presbyterian, Methodist, or *Unitarian*, which seemed to me going very far, and farther than any Evangelical preacher could go and yet hold to the faith as it is in Christ. Mr. Taylor's eloquence very bold, powerful, striking, and persuasive. His transitions from one class of hearers to another very great and unexpected, but made with great effect and well adapted to his hearers, whose attention requires to be constantly kept alive. He was explaining the parable of the prodigal son, and described in touching language and pathos his joy and happiness in his return home to the old homestead—his father's place, and being permitted to dwell there, and to behold his father. I saw many a sailor's eye filled with a tear, and my own heart was melted. But I can not say that his style of preaching would be profitable for general hearers and for stated worship, tho', I doubt not, well suited to such transient hearers as sailors from their occupation and life must for the most part be.

“*Hamilton, March 17, 1835.*—Last evening reached home. On meeting my dear parents found that I could not restrain myself. . . . Soon I was composed, calm, and tranquil, and able to speak freely of what had occurred since I last saw them 18 months ago. Then my dear Eliza was with me, and full of vivacity and sweetness, and now every scene and object tends to remind me of her, and of what a loss I have sustained. . . . Received a warm welcome from my parents, and was permitted at evening worship to join with my dear mother (for the first time) at the throne of Grace. . . . This morning was enabled to join in family prayer after reading a portion of Scripture with both Mother and Father. . . .

“*Hamilton, March 21, 1835.*—Returned this evening after a most delightful visit, for which I can not feel too grateful. The day I started (Tuesday last) had an opportunity of seeing for the first time our minister, Mr. Kelly, who is a young man, a graduate from Andover, and has been settled here just about 18 months; was very much pleased with him; he seems a meek,

humble, and sincere Christian, and is much beloved by his people, and appears to have been blessed to them in his labors. Should I take up my residence here this summer, can not but hope our intercourse may be profitable to us both. Reached Newburyport same night, saw a number of friends, and especially Mrs. S. and her family, who are pious under great difficulties. They seemed rejoiced at hearing from my own lips the declaration of my own change (they could scarce credit it or constrain themselves for joy), 'Oh, it seems,' said Mrs. S., 'as if the millennium was approaching!' I admired and appreciated their ardor. . . . Those ladies had known me from childhood, knew all along how I had been wrapped in the self-righteous garment of Unitarianism, and well might they adore the amazing grace of God in stripping me of such a panoply of defense and opposition, a panoply which had resisted, and which threatened for ever to resist, the strivings of God's spirit. Oh, what love—what grace! After sitting a short time I heard a bell tolling, and was told it was a lecture; it was just what I wanted—nay, was anxiously desiring—to go to, and the place of all places, Rev. Mr. Dimmick's Vestry—the very church which I attended in childhood so often under their then aged pastor, Dr. S. Spring, now no more, but whose silvery head and venerable countenance have often been before me of late. How often have I repeated to him the Westminster Catechism in which my good mother instructed me; how often afterwards did I slight, deride, and disobey it. . . . The sermon, too, was just what I wanted—'Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?' . . . After lecture, called on Mr. Dimmick, from whom I learned that it was a Mr. Abbott, of Beverly, preached for him. Had a delightful tho' brief talk with him. . . . At noon went to West Newbury and met my dear sister Mary and her family and relatives. She has been a mother to me for years before my marriage, and how tenderly am I attached to her, and how thankful to meet her. After dinner we went to Mrs. Little's, whose husband and herself have joined the church the last year; Mr. Hills and wife also came there, who are also both pious devoted Christians. Both are old friends of mine, being sisters of Mr. Poore's. They all expressed the desire to have

their pastor, Mr. Edgell, with us, and soon both he and his wife were with us. So that the Lord seemed to bless our meeting. . . . Had a number of sweet interviews with the brothers and sisters in Haverhill in the Lord—particularly with Mrs. Ames, one of the salt of the earth, and her husband also, Mr. and Mrs. Parker, with whom I took tea, and Miss Marsh, who is engaged to be married to Mr. Kelly, our minister. She was a very intimate friend of Eliza's, and had many inquiries to make after her spiritual condition in her last sickness, and was happy to learn from me of the many evidences I had for believing that she died in the Lord and with a blessed hope of a happy immortality. . . . She spoke of the religious impression she received at Haverhill about three years ago under Dr. Beecher and Wisner's preaching at a protracted meeting, which impression I can not but think was never effaced, as she said herself at the time, in her letters to me, they never would be. It seems that she was particularly struck under conviction by a discourse from Dr. B. from the text 12 Luke, 'Thou art not far from the kingdom of Heaven,' afterwards called the Balancing Sermon, because it described the different classes of persons who were *balancing* as it were, and hesitating to enter that kingdom. From another of her friends, Miss Caroline Dorr, who saw much of Eliza at this time, I learned that Eliza was on the point of attending the inquiry meeting there, and had even appointed a time to call on Miss Dorr for that purpose. But she did not go, kept away, I fear, by her sisters at home, who from mistaken kindness were unwilling she should go. Oh! what awful mistakes, sometimes fatal mistakes, our nearest friends and relatives thus commit. I pray that neither their sin nor my own in this instance may have stood between my dear wife's soul and that kingdom of heaven, and rise up in judgment against us hereafter.

*“Hamilton, March 22, 1835. . . .* In the evening was still favored of God in directing and supporting family worship, though not without some things to contend with of a painful and trying nature. But let me say with the Apostle, 'I can do all things through Christ strengthening me.' Certain am I that I can do nothing without him. Never felt my own feebleness and entire

dependence on God more than at this time, especially in view of the subject so dear to my heart, and on which I am so anxious to meet with no opposition from one I love so tenderly, have honored so habitually, and would still live with in peace in the most filial and parental affection. . . . Many happy conversations with mother to-day, one thing only seems to grieve and oppress her. Oh, that the time may speedily come when God shall show himself here in our family!

*“March 23d.—Had opportunity again this day of family worship, Father, however, not attending, at which I can not but feel great grief, but still live in hope, walking by faith, and looking for better days. Broached the subject to-day of my desire of preparing for the ministry, but did not enter into a full expression of my wishes; found, however, Father, though he endeavored to dissuade in his way, still did not oppose. . . .”*

*“March 24th. . . . Felt very cheerful and happy, especially as I had the opportunity of reading and praying in family worship, my dear father in attendance. After this, the way being opened, I opened the subject, more particularly of my desire of preparing for the ministry, and the anxiety I had to secure his approbation, that this anxiety was very great, as I had always endeavored to please him and wished to do so now. Thanks be to God for his unspeakable goodness in causing my dear father not to oppose my wishes, except by advice, which I took very kindly, as I can not but believe it was well meant, though mistakenly, as he said more than I could have expected, viz., ‘that he should advise neither for nor against it, but as I was of age I must act for myself,’ so that I then gave him to understand that I should quit the law and come home in early summer to study, etc. . . . In the afternoon went with mother and passed the afternoon at Mrs. Faulkner’s with some other ladies and Mr. Kelly. At their request drew up a subscription for a vestry for the church here, they never having had one, and subscribed ten dollars to it. About one hundred dollars put down, which was considered quite a good and encouraging beginning. . . . Am so situated to-day that I must again postpone my monthly review, now two months since last made. When, when shall I be so situated that the concerns of my own soul*

and those of others will be my chief business? The Lord grant that soon, very soon, I may give myself up wholly to him.

*“Boston, March 26, 1835.*—Reached Boston to-night, and am now with my dear sisters again on my return home to N. Y. I feel the necessity and greatest desire to speak with them on the subject of their eternal welfare, but am so hedged in by circumstances I fear I shall not be able. They are all Unitarians, as well as Mr. B., and oh, how painful to reflect upon! The Lord can restore them to himself, and perhaps it is by such humble means as my poor self he designs to do so. On my way here stopped at Uncle Eben’s and passed a few hours very pleasantly with himself and wife. They are both professing Christians of the Baptist persuasion. Uncle’s conversion, now eight years since, was most remarkable and unexpected to any one, so that he said to-day that the work of grace in the heart was one of the greatest miracles he knew of. They appear to be very devoted Christians. Had some conversation with them on my proposed change of profession. They seemed glad to hear it.

*“Boston, March 27, 1835.*—Called this morning upon my classmate, Rev. N. Adams, and had a most delightful interview with him. He seemed astonished, yet gratified extremely, at my own account of my conversion, of which he had before heard nothing, and he was still more gratified when I told him of my intentions with reference to the ministry; also, to-day, had a very pleasant meeting with another classmate (Robbins, a lawyer), and had with him a long, serious, and very interesting conversation. I told him freely of my own change of heart and sentiments, and found that he thought himself, very deeply and correctly, on many points. He attends a Unitarian church, and I could not help telling him of what I conceived their great and fatal error, and begging of him to read the Bible attentively, with reference to it, which he promised to do, saying that he had long seriously thought of doing so. He seemed very glad to have the opportunity of conversing, and requested me to call again. . .

*“April 4th.*—Have now been home four days, and find myself in an unaccountable frame of mind, doubting and distressed,

and fearing that I have been going on too fast in my plans for the ministry. How far worldly advice has influenced my mind and tends to deter me from going on I can not say, but I feel stopped short; new difficulties and obstacles arise in my path, or seem to arise. I feel that I have not personal holiness enough to enter the study of divinity; that I shall never be able to preach with any success if I go on and study; that my own feelings, already so cold and cloudy, may become more so, and I shall be a reproach to religion instead of an honor. It seems strange, and yet, perhaps, there is a wise design in it that the obstacles I thought insurmountable should be removed, and others I thought not of have arisen. . . .

“April 6, 1835.—I felt sad, indeed, on Saturday night, my heart sunk within me at the burden that rested upon it. I had no peace or joy, and I *almost* feared that my hope had departed, but, blessed be God, I determined to seek him whom I had lost and to persevere till I found him. . . . Felt all day yesterday as if I would willingly be spent in the Lord’s service, and in whatever station he might place me, whether the ministry or any other service, but seemed too unworthy to be raised to so high an office and so near the Lord as to be one of his holy ministers; longed for it and yet dared not to hope it—it was more than I could expect; a lower station seemed too high for me. . . .

“April 10, 1835.—Wrote a long letter to-day to Mrs. Hills of West Newbury on the subject of maternal associations, and sent her the report and extracts from one connected with our church. She has a small family, and is endeavoring to promote their spiritual growth. . . . Can’t help thinking at times of the three little ones borne me by my Eliza whom, for wise purposes, and benevolent, too, our heavenly father saw fit to take away before they were grown. How mysterious His decrees; that on which my whole heart was set—my family—God himself removed. . . .

“April 13, 1835.—In the evening went for the first time to hear Mr. Finney at Chatham Street chapel. This large building crowded to excess, some thousand present; text was, ‘To-day if you will hear his voice, harden not your hearts.’

He described very powerfully and truly the different ways in which the sinner hardens his heart, and appealed to them in a style original to me. I was not so highly pleased as I had expected to be, but have no doubt his preaching does great good. . . .

“ *Tuesday, April 14, 1835.*—Was enabled to give some *Christian* advice to-day to a brother in the Lord who called for some *law* advice; he wanted to sue another professing disciple, for slander of his wife, for injury to her fair fame. I dissuaded him from it, showing that it would only be giving greater publicity to the story to go to law, and, besides, he should exercise *Christian* forgiveness. I believe he went away grateful for the advice, he seemed to be so, and I hope he may act according to it. Have this afternoon had a very pleasant interview with a sea-captain (an aged man), whom I soon discovered to be a *Christian*, and out of six children five are *Christians* also. Last October, 28th day, he was cast away under the rock of Gibraltar, and lost his vessel and everything he had; his oldest son was with him, he said; they were both calm and unmoved, and were enabled by putting their trust in God to do everything necessary for their safety. That when he found they must go he told the men to prepare for it, but not to be alarmed—that they would not be lost; and so it was, not a man of them perished, though the storm lasted ten days and six vessels went ashore; twenty-six bodies were picked up after the storm on the shore. He seemed happy, and to feel his dependence on God; he said he never felt it more, as he had hardly a cent in the world, not enough indeed to pay his quarter’s rent. But still he had full trust and confidence in God, as much so now as when in the dangers of shipwreck and with instant death looking him in the face. The name of this Capt. is Fisher, and he lives at 81 Barrow St. . . .

“ *April 15th.*—After lecture, invited Mr. M. to the house with me, and passed an hour or more very agreeably with him. Unfolded the present condition of my mind on the subject of the ministry and the conclusion at which I had arrived, viz., to wait a while longer; Mr. Mason said he had rather opposed my entering on the study of divinity lest I should do it too soon,

and that he had held out the discouragements, in which, he observed, he had followed the example of our Saviour who, in calling the disciples, always told them of all the denials and hardships they would have to encounter, but he added that there were many bright sides to the profession, on which he spoke and of other things. . . . The missionary cause, that cause of God, that blessed yet neglected cause, has within a short time occupied much of my time, and I don't see how I can avoid, conscientiously avoid, entering upon it, should I ever in God's providence be prepared to preach the Gospel. My feelings to-day have been powerfully excited on this subject by reading, in the last No. of 'North American Review,' an article on the life of George D. Boardman, a Baptist missionary, who died February 11, 1831, just thirty years three days old. . . .

"*April 17th.*—Was to-day much affected by the notice of the death of a client of ours, who left the city a few days ago without calling upon us, and while on his passage home to Massachusetts jumped overboard and was drowned. It was said he was much depressed the first day out. Poor fellow! he was involved in a *lawsuit*, which I have no doubt troubled him. The thought of it makes me sick, heart sick, of my profession, and I long to enter on that which is of a higher and more holy character. . . .

"*April 23, 1835.*—This week have been busy in getting ready for the sale of my furniture, and yesterday it was sold at auction at the house—a sad and trying duty for me to be present and witness this last breaking up of my little household, this last rupture of ties so tender and so endearing. But he whose eye is upon all and who pities not as man pities, he has mercifully carried me through this scene too. . . . Last night took up my abode in the family of my friend Mr. Tappan, where I have a little room just to my mind, and which I pray may prove a Bethel to me, as has my own chamber at my own house, that chamber in which the Lord sent three blessings in my three children and took them away, and in which, too, I saw the eyes of my dear Eliza close in death, in which I heard her last expiring groan, and from which, oh! my Saviour, may I not hope her spirit took its flight to join the throng around thy throne! that

chamber, too, oh, my soul! in which thy eyes did first open to the light of Jesus, when his immortal glory, the glory he hath with the Father, first broke upon my mind. . . . This morning at 6 attended a delightful prayer meeting of about a dozen members of an association of merchants, the same I attended once before with Mr. Fisher. This association are and for some time have been particularly engaged in forwarding the Chinese Mission. Mr. Parker went out under its auspices; it was founded principally by Mr. Oliphant, a very rich trader to Canton, who is now there and takes a vast interest in this cause. This morning a letter from Mr. Gutzlaff, which had just been received by Mr. Povist, was read; it was full of interest and burning zeal and holy love; he speaks of China as 'my beloved China'; he urges this association to send out a ship and to freight her with tracts and religious books in the Chinese tongue, and to distribute them up and down the coast; says it will be a good apprenticeship to Mr. Parker; says he has himself engaged as assistant interpreter to the Superintendent of 2d Naperis Mission, but that his heart and what time he has to command shall be in the good cause; that as yet he has done nothing, that it is like a few notches made with a penknife on the pine trees of our western forests. . . .

"*April 28th.*—The subject of the ministry pressed on my attention continually; it is before me night and day; the desire grows stronger and stronger to go forward, unworthy and feeble as I am, and become a soldier of the Cross. The injunction seems to be upon me; my Saviour seems to call, and oh! if *he* bids me to go, shall I, can I delay? How do I turn within myself often and often to ask the question, shall I go? and then comes one objection and another: I am too old, too feeble in body, in mind, far more feeble in soul, I have no holiness, I shall never be useful in the ministry, and a host of such like objections throng upon and at times almost overwhelm me with a sense of my utter inability and unworthiness, but then, oh! blessed Saviour! when I turn from my dark self to the light of thy countenance, my doubts vanish away; for thou art my strength, thou my worthiness, thou my all! . . .

"*April 30th.*—Last evening attended the anniversary of the

Marine Bible Society of this city, at Chatham St. chapel; a very crowded audience. My friend Cleaveland read the report; quite encouraging, though very little is yet done to what ought to be done. Rev. Mr. Ludlow, President Wayland, and Hon. F. Frelinghuysen, each addressed the meeting, the first in an impressive and ardent strain of benevolence and piety, the second took a more practical view, and entered into a detail of the motives and obligations which ought to press upon us as men, as citizens of the great Commercial Emporium, and as Christians, to put the Bible into the hands of every seaman of the 20,000 that sail out of this port. . . . Mr F. spoke but very briefly, but his style of eloquence was fascinating, glowing, and melodious; his voice partook richly of the music of nature; what he said did not amount to much as to matter, but the manner was everything. . . . One thing at this meeting I disliked much, it was in bad taste, and I thought not in accordance with *true humility*: both Mr. Ludlow and Dr. Wayland complimented Mr. F., and apologized for detaining the audience from the rich treat he would give them, etc. For myself I should have felt exceedingly cast down by such injudicious and ill-timed encomium, had I been in the hon. gentleman's situation, and, had I been in the place of the other speakers, I should have felt afraid as well as ashamed of anything like this lip service to a man. Spent nearly an hour this morning with the Siamese twins, Chang-Eng—just arrived from Havana—saw them last summer after an absence of two years, when they knew me instantly, and were rejoiced as they were to-day to see me. It was in the fall of 1829 I first saw them; they had then been but a short time from Siam, were rough in manners and unable to speak our language, were shy, and apparently untamable. But now what a change! Indeed, for some two or three years they have spoken the language, and not only so, but have been shrewd observers of men and manners, and have evinced as much knowledge of the country, if not more, than any native of this country of the same age I have ever met with. . . . I told them, too, of the great and wonderful change wrought in my own heart by the spirit of God—spoke to them fully on this subject and of the goodness of God—to all which they listened with appar-

ently sincere attention and a sense of the reality of the things I spoke of. They told me, too, they had read the Bible a good deal, that they liked it much, and said that, if people did what it taught, or only *one half*, they would *be all very good*. I asked them if they knew who Jesus Christ was; they replied they did and told me, and then I entered into an inquiry if they knew for whom and for what he came on earth and died; they seemed to have a partial and indistinct knowledge of this, and I hope to converse more with them on the subject, and pray that I may have the grace of God to prevail with them, to bring them to a knowledge of Jesus. Oh, how I should rejoice and how would religion be honored, and what good these two interesting young men might do in converting others, particularly in their native land, where they will go in about three years. . . .

“*May 1, 1835.*—Alas! how am I straitened seeing my dear parents thus anxious about me; the one desiring nothing better than to see me go forward wherever the path of duty calls me, the other fearing nothing more than that path should lead to the ministry! Oh, it is hard to think that my dear father should entertain feelings so hostile to the cause of Christ. I am sure he does not view the subject right, or he never would do so; he looks only at the mischief which has been brought to pass by those who have been stumbling-blocks in the church; but the great good, the good of his own immortal soul, he, I fear, overlooks! Surely all my hope is from God for any change in these views and feelings, so painful to me, so distressing to mother, and ruinous to himself. The same grace that wrought a good work in my own heart can do the same in his. He *has* a heart of softest mold. Oh! how my desire is that it may soon be brought under the influences of the Holy Spirit. . . . After Bible class called on my friend Mr. Lee, who has lately abandoned the law, and is now preparing for the ministry. He is married and keeps house; found the family just going to prayers; he invited me to join, and kneeling he read the Episcopal prayers, he being of that church. I was pleasingly affected by this opportunity of mingling in family worship with one with whom I had often in college participated in scenes of amusement and frivolity. How great, how very great the contrast! How happy, how unspeak-

ably happy the change! In his study enjoyed a long conversation with him on the subject of the ministry, and the duty of entering upon it, the views which prevailed with him, and those which should have weight with me. . . .

“May 9, 1835.—Last evening attended Bible class at Miss A—’s, arriving there a little before the time. She reminded me of it in a manner that hurt my feelings (too sensitive, perhaps), and my first thought was to quit the house. But, on a moment’s reflection, I saw my fault, and endeavored to repress these emotions, and succeeded in a great measure, but not entirely. . . . *Be not dismayed.* How sweet, how peculiarly sweet and touching are these divine words to me, hallowed as they are by a little incident in my own life, related to me lately by my dear mother. During my severe sickness at Exeter, when I lay in an almost hopeless condition for some days, mother was with me alone one evening, and, in agony and grief, threw herself on the bed and wept for her child—her only begotten son—and prayed in soul for his recovery. Suddenly, she says, these words came to her with a power and meaning they never had done before: *Be not dismayed, for I am thy God, and will still give thee aid!* The effect on her mind was instantaneous hope and calmness, and a silent feeling of gratitude and praise, so that she held in her very breath, overpowered by the sense of God’s presence and goodness to her. Oh, my dear mother, may thy hopes and thy faith both be realized in that son, snatched, not that time only, from the grave, and rescued at last from the deeper grave of spiritual death! . . . This forenoon, at 10 A. M., attended the Antislavery Society. I went principally for information of the views of the Society. But a short time ago I was totally opposed to their proceedings, and when the mobs prevailed a year since on account of this society, and poor Dr. Cox was threatened with tar and feathers, I was one (I blush and am confounded when I think it) of the many who would have stood by and countenanced it if not assisted in the wicked work. But blessed be the grace of God, who has sent light and love into my dark and hardened heart! I, soon after my conversion, saw this sin and repented heartily of it, and for a long time I have thought and prayed much over the

subject. I have conversed freely with its advocates, read some publications respecting it, and have held myself open to conviction of its truth and the feasibility of its operations. I went this morning, divested as far as I could be of all prejudices, and disposed to judge favorably of what I heard, and with the prayer in my heart that I might be directed aright in the conclusions of my mind. Mr. Birney, of Kentucky, made a very eloquent and able address, urging the cause more on political and philanthropical grounds than those of a mere Christian character. His arguments were very good, particularly as respected our inconsistency, but some of them were, I thought, not sound. Rev. Mr. Kirk then made a most Christian-like address, giving an exposition of his views of the *wants* and *duties* of the Society. He stated that he was a new convert to the doctrine, and had many scruples and obligations to overcome before he could join it. These he narrated, and I was much struck with them. They made an impression on my mind in favor of the Society, but more so in favor of the general principle of *action* and *immediate action* involved in it. He was then followed by Rev. Mr. Thompson, an English clergyman, a brother in the Lord, I would fain believe him to be, though I do not think he exhibited a very brotherly spirit on this occasion. After clearing away the objections on the ground of his being a foreigner, and then portraying in rather a theatrical style of eloquence the evils of slavery, the deadness of the church, and the want of courage in her ministers, and speaking of our inconsistency in sending the Gospel abroad while we had so many at home perishing for the bread of life, and bound in spiritual as well as temporal bondage, saying that *hypocrisy* was branded on the face of all our great benevolent societies for propagating the Gospel abroad, so long as slavery existed at home; he proceeded to *denounce* in very severe terms Rev. Drs. Coxe and Habie, the two delegates from the Baptist churches in England to this country, who, he said, were members of the Antislavery Society at London, and there were eloquent, but now were dumb on the subject. Mr. Habie being present made this explanation: that he was not invited to take part in the proceedings of the day, and said he doubted not that his brother Coxe had a good reason for not being pres-

ent, and would give it for himself. Mr. Thompson appeared nothing softened by this mild remonstrance, but pealed on the torrents of his eloquence, exclaiming, 'What I have spoken, I have spoken!' This incident I regretted and grieved for. It pained me sorely; it broke up the favorable impression I had formed; it cast a suspicion on the spirit of the whole society, when I saw its leading advocate exhibiting *such* a spirit, and he a minister of the Gospel, a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus, reviling a brother, and in the house of God. Oh, well may we exclaim, Father, forgive them! Lest, however, I should be carried away by *my feelings*, I have resolved, by the grace of God, to dismiss from my mind all personal prejudices, and hereafter to examine and decide upon the cause by its own merits. . . . In the evening attended a meeting of the Edn. Society of the Presbyterian Church, and heard, among the speakers, Rev. Mr. Breckenridge and Mr. Gurley, Secretary of the Colonization Society. The former was as usual very eloquent. Speaking of missionaries, 'What obligation,' said he, 'was there on Munson to lay down his life for Jesus, and to leave his widow and orphan behind to the protection of God, that is not on *every* young man, every young *lawyer* in this house?' This allusion to my own profession started me almost to my feet. It seemed to come home to me, as if he had seen and spoken and meant to reach me. . . . Got home late in the evening. Met there a brother-in-law of Mr. Tappan's, a Mr. Dale, all the way from Hallowell, expressly to attend the Anti-slavery Society. He was full of the subject; spoke and seemed to think of nothing else. He led in family prayer, and his prayer seemed to refer to nothing else. He certainly must be sincere, though I do think is too ardent. His zeal knows no bounds. He seems, as do all abolitionists, carried away by the subject of slavery, to the exclusion of every other subject. . . . This evening I go to the Presbyterian Education Society, and I sometimes fear that I may indulge in religious dissipation, but I endeavor and pray to be kept in the path of truth and duty.

"May 18, 1835.—Yesterday morning found myself quite sick from a cold, under which I have been laboring for some time, but could not resist the desire of going to the Sunday school

and church; attended and found my scholars all present; two of them who have long been unruly ran out of school in my temporary absence. I was greatly hurt by this, and after some conference with the superintendent concluded to dismiss them from school, if they came again. But still I have strong desire to retain them, if perchance I may be the means of doing them some good; they are very poor, and their parents, I fear, negligent of them; and, therefore, is there not greater reason to forbear and bear with them? . . .

*“May 19th.*—This day was reminded in a very friendly and Christian manner of some faults of manner of which I am, I fear, but too often guilty, though unconsciously. But this is no excuse; especially if it excite prejudice in the minds of others, and thereby impair my usefulness and the exhibition of the Christian character. My friend C— told me of a number of instances wherein persons had complained to him of my strangeness and coldness, etc. Oh! how deceitful is the heart! How apt are we to find fault with others for the same things for which they find fault with us! Let me put a strong watch not only over my daily deportment, but by all means endeavor to cherish the most urbane manners and Christian love to *all men*, yes, to *all men*, whether I have prejudices to them or not. If I have any such prejudices, they should be overcome. Oh, that I may be assisted in this necessary work! Lord, do thou assist me by thy grace. This is the Christian armor for every combat; and from this event let me learn also to put a guard on my censorious tongue, and to be careful of finding fault with the coldness and indifference of others toward me, when perhaps (as in my own case) it is more apparent than real, and proceeds from defect of manner rather than of heart. There is no excuse for this last offense; I can not be guiltless and yet indulge in it. . . .

*“Monday, May 25th.*—Find that I am daily longing more and more for the time when I *shall begin* to devote myself wholly to God and my Saviour. Now the cares of this world and the anxieties of a worldly profession too often shut out God. . . . Began this day to get a hymn or two every morning, which I find I can do very easily whilst engaged in dressing

and shaving. It enlivens the time, keeps my thoughts from straying, as I find they are apt to stray and unfit me for the duty of secret prayer. Besides, I shall be laying up a store of useful psalmody for future use. . . . For myself I rejoice in the near prospect of soon bidding adieu to the busy scenes of the world and its cares.

*“Wednesday, June 3, 1835.*—It is nearly a week since I wrote in my journal; I regret it the more as I fear the practice of omitting to do so may grow upon me, which I should consider highly injurious to my growth in knowledge of self. Sometimes I fear that my examination of heart is not strict enough, and that my remarks are not close enough, but better so than to make none at all. My ill health, which still continues, though I begin to hope improving, has been the principal cause of this omission; the time usually devoted to writing—the afternoon—I have this week taken to go into the country for the exercise and fresh air. I feel very desirous of preserving my health for the sake of doing my duty to God and man. . . . How tame, insipid, and vain do all things seem that are merely objects of time and sense! I have no fellowship with them, no love for them; I resign them all except so far as they may be absolutely necessary for support of life and my studies. God, to whom I have committed myself, will take care of me.

*“June 8, 1835.*—Yesterday, my health being wellnigh restored, was, by the good providence of God, enabled to attend church all day, and Sunday school, and prayer meeting. Was much grieved to find my class all but one absent all day; two of them have withdrawn on account of dislike to the school and misbehavior, two to attend a Bible class in another church, and two others I have no accounts of, and hope their absence is but temporary. . . . This morning called and saw Rev. Mr. Woods, and made some inquiries respecting Andover, where I have decided to go, for several reasons, which I hope are well founded, the principal of which are: 1st. The superior education which I believe I can get there. 2d. The higher tone of missionary spirit prevailing there than at any other theological institution. 3d. The greater latitude allowed to thought and discussion on religious sentiments than at some other places

(not that I am inclined to run into *latitudinarianism*, but that I can not submit to be *bound down* to mere human creeds and articles of faith in all unessentials). 4th. The proximity of Andover to the residence of my parents, and sisters, and New England friends. . . . In the study of the Old and New Testaments in the original tongues, should I go to a theological seminary, I anticipate a rich repast, but my religious friends tell me, and I see it myself, that I must be cautious not to let personal holiness, vital religion, and spiritual-mindedness run down in my own heart and life, else that which should have been to me a savor of life to life will be a savor of death to death. Oh, how I dread and am ashamed at the very thought of such an issue! . . . Saw Martha to-day, who has just returned from her visit; she has been at Hamilton, and from her I learn that father is more opposed than ever to my studying for the ministry, and that mother herself has many fears of the result. Oh! how am I affected by this news! how sad the reflection that, when I would give myself wholly to the service of my God and fellow man, then that I should be thought, and that too by my father, foolish, headstrong, and fanatic. Were it not for the blessed hope I indulge that the step I am about taking would under God be sanctified to many, very many of my relatives and friends, I should view this opposition far differently, and perhaps should be more influenced by it.

“June 26th.—This evening took tea with Mr. Balch, but as other company was there had no opportunity for religious conversation. Left early, and called upon Mrs. S. W. Found her and the family much more composed and resigned than I had expected. Had a long conversation with her on the duty of submission and of the love and goodness of God. Her religious belief leads her to contemplate God as full of love, and in this respect I heartily agreed with her. I avoided sedulously shocking her peculiar tenets. I had no right at such a time to say aught against them; it is times like these that try one’s faith. I could not help asking her for explanation, however, when she said that God would by no means spare the guilty, and that she had no sympathy for those who believed that God would forgive any without punishment; she said that

she did not believe in sudden conversions, and repentance, and forgiveness as a consequence; I waived reply, wishing to avoid discussion, but she gave vent to her feelings in a strain of language I could not have supposed. If she is aware of my own views, my own change and profession, she certainly was harsh and unkind to have said so much; there was no cause for it. I felt for her and pitied her, without feeling at liberty to endeavor to remove her prejudices. My prayer to the Father of all truth is that he would enlighten her with the Spirit of Truth. . . . Oh, that I may not be influenced by unholy motives in desiring her conversion from the errors of Universalism! . . . Let the experience of this evening teach me to live in *charity* with all men and all religious beliefs; never to attack them without cause or injure the feelings of others in any way intentionally. Whatever I entertain in common with other sects, there let us meet as on common ground and reason with one another of temperance, righteousness, and a judgment to come, but never let me utter the sentiment I have heard this night, 'That I wish for nothing to do with those who hold sentiments in religion different from my own.'

"*Saturday, June 27th.*—Have this day visited poor Mr. Cunningham, and paid him some money collected for him. He seems fast sinking, and yet is waiting patiently and cheerfully to meet his fate. What a change to him! should he rise to glory, as I can not but believe he will. He has been wonderfully provided for this winter and spring by the good friends the Lord has raised up to him. I hope it may be so that I can take his little boy in case of his death."

*From Allen Dodge to his Son Allen W.*

"*HAMILTON, June 29, 1835.*

"**MY DEAR SON:** I have received yours of June 20. As to the Newark land, I think it best to appoint an agent at once, and wish you to attend to it. I don't wish you ever to write or wink to me about your faith.

"Also, I have received yours of June 24. With my misfortunes, her own ill health, and the sickness of her children, your mother is almost worn out; and so am I. As to the boy, I can

have nothing to do with him—in no way nor shape. You know I have been troubled in this world. You are not accountable for me in the next world. I will thank you to put no stumbling-blocks before me in my old age."

"*July 2, 1835.*—Mr. Blackburn and President Beecher, of Illinois College, last evening met a number of gentlemen at the session room by appointment, and made some very interesting statements with regard to the cause of education in that State. They are here endeavoring to raise \$50,000 for this college; \$3,300 were subscribed after they concluded their addresses. The old gentleman has been 40 years laboring in the West, and 50 years ago remembers when there were only 5,000 American citizens in the valley of the Mississippi. . . . Stopped as I came down this morning to see poor Mr. Cunningham, and found that life had gone. . . . Found that the little son had been taken away to the Almshouse by the city physician, and shall make it a business to look after him and see that he is provided for. My plans of taking him to Hamilton are all destroyed by the utter refusal of father to have anything to do with him. I regret, indeed, saying anything to him about it, as he seems to have misunderstood me so. But this is a small matter compared to the harsh judgment he has passed upon my conduct in the last letter I wrote him, when, in speaking of Uncle's death, I said it reminded us both to be also ready. To day I rec'd an answer. Oh, how severe, how painful to my feelings, especially when it is the first time my dear father has ever spoken to me so, and I am not conscious of having said or done anything to merit such a rebuke now! The Lord in his infinite mercy forgive him. Forgive, Oh Lord! my dear father's unjust reproach of thy religion. Oh, turn his heart of stone into a heart of flesh. . . . My letter, too, is in the handwriting of my dear brother Bailey, so that either he was compelled to write it against his will or assented to its language. But I incline to the former opinion, though some circumstances tend me to the latter. The most painful circumstance is the situation of my dear mother; doubtless her feelings are greatly tried, and she is loaded by father with all the blame and reproach

of my intentions of changing my profession. Indeed, I almost fear she is driven almost to despondency by the conduct of my poor father. . . . Painful as it now is, a thousand-fold more so would it be were I without hope for his conversion; but, blessed be God, I do not despair; I can not give him up. . . .

*“July 3, 1835.—I am sure I have not attended one of these meetings where there seemed more of God’s spirit among us, and yet, oh, how wicked and treacherous is the heart, as soon as the meeting was over, when we were speaking of Dr. Blackburn’s sermons and addresses, I went to criticising them, his manner, and style, etc. There are many things, it is true, in his manner of treating a subject calculated to make one smile, though he is a talented and spiritual man; the fault (if it be one) is inseparable, perhaps, from a preacher in a new country, but it did not become me to criticise at all, much less at such a time and place, just after our serious and solemn address at the throne of grace. Oh! how could I speak of God’s presence, and yet turn from him so lightly! May the Lord pardon and forgive me. . . .”*

*“Saturday, July 11, 1835.—Thursday morning accompanied Cousin Frank to Princeton, to see his two brothers. My special object was, however, to visit the Theological Seminary there, and to obtain, if possible, a more distinct knowledge of its character and advantages. In this object I was so far successful as to be more and more confirmed in my preference of the Andover institution. While there I attended a lecture of Dr. Miller’s, in his regular course on ecclesiastical history, and heard a very interesting statement of the origin and labors and character of the Westminster Assembly . . . the Presbyterian form of church government as the only one sanctioned by scripture. In this sentiment the learned Doctor coincided, though in a qualified sense, viz.: that it was essential to the perfection of the church, but not to its existence, and that the true doctrine of liberty of conscience was that broached by Roger Williams. But, from various remarks of the Doctor, and from the general tone and spirit of his lecture, if not its whole scope, it was easy to perceive his strong disposition to impress his pupils with the greatest regard and veneration for the Presbyterian form of*

church government, so much so that I could not wonder that so many came from this institution with such strong profession in favor of it, amounting oftentimes to complete exclusiveness of other denominations. My friend Clark, a member of the second class here, also informed me that such was the evident design and tendency of these lectures generally; that the institution was decidedly of a sectarian character—high Presbyterian, that a young man from New England going there was looked upon with suspicion, lest he was tainted with heretical notions; all this was exceedingly obnoxious to my own views of the Church of Christ as I have learned it from the New Testament; there is too much in it savoring of the judicial stickling for the letter of the law for forms and ritual while they neglected the spirit and the heart. I may be in error in judging on this point, but I have endeavored to arrive at the truth, and it does seem to me that the time, and talent, and labor, and zeal spent in proving that this form or that of church government is the only true and Scriptural form is wasted and lost, and worse than lost. Let it be my endeavor to follow only after Christ and him crucified; to attend only to his precepts, and to endeavor to conform myself to his practice. Oh, that I may be enabled so to live in charity to all those who love our Lord Jesus Christ, of whatever name or denomination, and to be divested of all sectarian trammels which would prevent my usefulness in the world! I have had an insight by this visit into the interior of a Theological Seminary, and know a little—a very little—of the manner of life and the nature of the studies of its inmates. I dare say the one is very passive, quiet, and oftentimes tedious to those who have been used (as I have) to active employment, and that the other is as often dull, heavy, and wearisome. But what then, shall I shrink back from encountering them? Forbid it, oh! my father!"

*From Mr. Bailey to A. W. D.*

"BOSTON, July 5, 1835.

"DEAR BROTHER: . . . Have you received a letter from your father, written by me? The old gentleman pressed me into his service and insisted upon my writing *exactly* what he

dictated. Indeed, he was exceedingly grieved and vexed. All your friends here deeply regret that you have felt it to be your duty to abandon your profession, and in this feeling your father participates most keenly. He was, moreover, much vexed with the tenor of some of your letters in which you had introduced religious topics.

“By the way, I have a word to say on that subject myself. You have written to Adeline on the subject of religion. This is a subject on which it is best to be perfectly frank. You have your views; so have I. You think you are right; so do I. I have the most perfect respect for your sincerity; and I am sure you have the same for mine. I shall always be happy to see you, and to correspond with you, as a friend and a brother. You will always be a welcome guest in my family for days, weeks, or months, as may suit your convenience; the longer the time, the better we shall be pleased—with one condition, and that is, that you will never, directly or indirectly, introduce theological questions or points of doctrine, by conversation or writing, either to myself, wife, or children; as the subject will, in whatever shape it may come up, be very disagreeable. I am not willing that the peace of my family and my intercourse with you should be disturbed by discussing questions of dogmatical theology. In these sentiments Adeline fully concurs, and she would write you on this subject in answer to your letter would her health permit.”

“My dear brother’s intentions are doubtless good, but oh, how mistaken his notions of the nature of my feelings, and of experimental, vital, evangelical religion! I do believe that he is *sincere* in his views, but oh, what views! which would thus stop the mouth and dam up the current of the heart from speaking the love of Christ. And this he calls discussing theological questions and disturbing family peace. Oh, how fallacious a subterfuge for the heart to retreat! But may God forgive all this error, and may he heal their spiritual blindness, for such I can but regard it. I know not how to answer this letter, so upbraiding and cruelly unjust in its animadversions on my letter and motives, and so harsh and illiberal in its requirements. I could only pray to God to guide my pen in a suitable answer—

one which should conciliate a brother, while it should not compromise my own sense of duty to One who is greater and dearer than a brother. I therefore only alluded to the subject in terms of regret, as follows: 'I fear, my dear brother, from the decided manner in which you forbid me, on pain of your displeasure, to mention all subjects of a religious nature in my communications to yourself, Adeline, or the children, that you are led to regard me as one who would disturb your family peace, and that, too, for the sake of propagating religious tenets. In this, my dear brother, you are mistaken, and I am pained to see that, with father, you conceive me to be so fanatical as to render it necessary to interdict all communications on a subject of so great importance, and which I, at least, deem the most important and the most rational which can engage the human mind. But I forbear, for I can not express myself as I would on this subject without infringing on the rule upon which you say our intimacy can only be continued.' My sincere prayer to God is that he would keep me from all harsh feelings or thoughts, and that I may submit to this unexpected rebuke with a proper spirit. . . . Be often in prayer, fervent, importunate prayer, for all of my dear relatives who, I fear, have never yet tasted of the Lord, and seen by happy experience that he is gracious. Especially is there the more need of the exercise of faith and fervent prayer, when I am thus forbidden to write or speak on the subject of their souls' welfare. Oh, how forcibly should this remind me of my utter inability to accomplish anything! . . . Have read to-day the first part of the recent trial of Dr. Beecher before the presbytery, . . . on the charges of Dr. Wilson, of the same presbytery, for heresy. Have found many new things, which I had no idea of, respecting the new and old school of divinity, and have been, I hope, instructed, though as yet on some points am not decided. . . . For the first time, I have this day begun to refresh my knowledge of the Latin and Greek languages. Have been reading Sallust, and find, though I have not looked into it for twelve years or more, it comes quite easy to me. I must apply myself diligently to these studies; but let me remember in all my studies to regard them only as means for future usefulness. . . . I am desirous, as always I have

been and hope always to be, to live in Christian charity with all men, especially with my own kindred, and I give all credit to the declarations of my dear brother, to his and Adeline's sincerity in their belief. Alas! I once as fully believed that I was right, when I held the same doctrines, and shall I, because the grace of God has shined in my heart, and reproved me of my sins not of belief only but of life—shall I, therefore, set myself up to judge my brother and be uncharitable? Oh, no. Let me give him all credit for his sincerity, and let me so live and act in my connection with him as to persuade him of the reality of those things which he now can not understand."

*From Mr. Bailey to A. W. D.*

"BOSTON, July 13, 1835.

"MY DEAR ALLEN: . . . In my letter referring to religious subjects and controversy, I fear I expressed myself too strongly. I did not intend to *forbid* you to refer to such matters and make this a *condition* upon which you should visit us. By no means! We shall always be glad to see you. But I did intend to express the wish, very strongly, that you would abstain from any discussion of Unitarian dogmas. I have examined the subject very thoroughly, *more thoroughly* than I have examined any other subject, for the last twenty-three years, and Adeline has examined the subject, too. She has been a constant reader of the Bible, *daily*, ever since we have lived together. We fully believe we have the truth on our side, and we as fully believe that you think you have the truth on your side. Let us therefore have no controversy, but, in charity, meet together as brothers and sister, and be happy here, and trust if we do our duty we shall be happy hereafter."

"Thursday, July 23d.—Wrote a long and full letter to-day to my friend Hildreth on the occasion of his father's death, hoping and praying that God will bless it to his soul's welfare. I endeavored to describe to him the change of heart which I experienced after the death of my dear Eliza—the goodness of God in supporting me under that affliction, and the blessed comfort and hope I found in my Saviour. Also told him of my inten-

tion of studying for the ministry. . . . Alas! I fear that the love of money—the fear of losing a part of the portion with which I am blessed of this world's goods—occupies too much of my thoughts. This day it has troubled my soul, and taken away that peace of mind and joy in the Holy Spirit which I ought at all times to cherish. . . .

*“July 24, 1835.*—In the state of mind I was in yesterday, I went in the evening to the prayer meeting at Mr. Wood's, with the desire of being relieved from my burden, and having that communion with God which I fear I have not enjoyed of late, because I have not sincerely desired it. My sins weighed heavily on my soul. I felt guilty before God. . . . But God, who is always waiting to be gracious, soon manifested himself to me by the operations of his spirit on my heart. It melted before him under a sense of his exceeding goodness and my own vileness, and of the riches in Christ Jesus and the poverty of my own spirit.

*“July 25, 1835.*—Yesterday went with sister Charlotte to Westchester to visit brother Thomas' family, saw Lieut. Ward and wife there, and passed a very pleasant day. Had considerable conversation with him, but not of so serious a turn as I could wish, though I endeavored to say some things of a religious tendency. I begin to detect a greater weakness of mind in fearing the world than I had supposed I possessed. If duty to the souls of others, duty to myself, and the cause I have espoused bid me speak and warn, shall I refrain, shall I keep silence or suffer myself to be diverted from the subject by trifling commonplace conversation of no use but to fill up a gap in time or to kill an hour which otherwise might hang heavily? Let me look well to this matter. . . . In the evening went to hear Dr. De Witt of the Reformed Dutch Church. . . . Dr. De Witt is considered a very evangelical divine—he certainly gave evidence in the sentiments of this sermon—but his manner and gestures were the most awkward I have ever witnessed, and could not but elicit a smile at times from even the most serious. His voice, too, was under poor discipline. Let me from this and other examples learn the importance of manner in preaching. Eloquence must be studied if not possessed. . . .

*“Wednesday, 29th.—* Warm weather has come on, and the citizens are flocking to the country. For myself I have agreed to stay here during August, to let Mr. P—— have a recess. He goes to-morrow and takes Frances. I trust my health will be spared this summer, and that God will fit and prepare me during this stay to enter the more devotedly on his service. Sometimes I fear I have not enough of Christian earnestness and desire for the work to engage in it. But it seems to be my duty; indeed, I can not get away from this impression. God in his providence has pointed out the way and cleared it of the obstructions which usually beset it, and if with the desire I have felt, and do feel, to enter this path, and neglect to do so, can I acquit myself at his bar at the day of accounts? Can I call Jesus my example, and yet refuse to follow him? Shall I waste and wear out life in the dry and fretful pursuit of the law? to be perpetually engaged in wrangling about dollars and cents, and do, or attempt to do, nothing higher and more ennobling? Oh, no! I can't reconcile it to my conscience. . . .

*“July 31, 1835.—* Last evening, on account of absence of many members and Mr. Wood especially, no prayer meeting held. Met Mr. McLaughlin and walked with him a long time, and had a very agreeable and instructive conversation about religious subjects and studies. We have agreed to take up Paul's Epistle to the Galatians, and go over together for mutual improvement. As we were walking down the Bowery after 9 o'clock, we suddenly heard a loud and declamatory speaking on the opposite side, which I at once knew proceeded from Latoratte's, a Methodist, who has meetings on Sunday and Thursday evenings in his garret, and which he had frequently invited me to attend. I mentioned this to Mr. McLaughlin, and we both went to the house, and soon found ourselves in a room in the fourth story, where were some fifty or seventy-five persons, mostly females, and Latoratte reading and expounding a chapter in the New Testament. When he concluded this, he began to preach in his way, and, though he said many good things, and evinced much of a Christian spirit, still there were many things objectionable and showing a zeal not according to knowledge. As soon as he sat down, up rose a woman, who ran on in a loud,

piercing tone of voice, with much in her sentiments to approve, but more that it was difficult to comprehend. She was followed by three other women, who related dreams, and visions, and experiences, and shouted in the ardor of their feelings, and seemed wrapt in a certain spirit of incomprehensibility, so that, indeed, all they said had little or no influence on the minds of their hearers, except pity for the ignorance of what was befitting their sex and condition. They all seemed sincere, and doubtless are born of the Spirit, but of this God knows and judges; let me not condemn their motives, or the sincerity of their religion. I only say and think that Paul was right when he commanded the women to keep silent in the public assemblies. A door of this kind once opened would let in a flood of error and fanaticism. I do not find either that the females who attended our Lord, though so much beloved by him, were ever authorized by him to preach the Gospel, nor that they ever did it by the word of the mouth, though their lives gave a beautiful exhibition of its precepts. Two young men also spoke, and more to the point and far more sensibly, feelingly, and forcibly. During the whole evening ejaculations were frequent. Mr. Latoratte closed with prayer, all kneeling, which was disturbed by the same ejaculations as before, and which seemed to constitute a good part of the service of the evening. I hope the observations of this evening will be a faithful lesson to me—that while they warn me on the one hand to avoid fanaticism and so gross a display of religious feeling, still they teach me that I should not rashly condemn such persons who exhibit it, but should endeavor to imitate their zeal in a good cause and to combine it with a great knowledge. . . . Have been troubled, distressed, and worried excessively in my mind by business and other matters; little things have seemed to annoy me; I hardly have had confidence in myself! Why is this? Surely it should not be—the things of the world should not move me, if my heart is fixed on God! . . .

*“ Thursday, August 6, 1835.—Have enjoyed but little of God’s presence of late in secret; the thought is painful. I mourn over it, and resolve to give myself up to him in prayer, but, alas! God is not with me as I have felt and known him—the Saviour*

does not come near me, nor the Holy Spirit fill my soul as in times past. Why! why is it so? Is God less willing, the Saviour less gracious, or the Spirit less powerful? Oh no, the fault is in my own evil heart, which has gone astray after things of this world—is filled and distressed with cares and business, while the things of the spirit have not been attended to as they should be. . . .

*“August 7th.*—Last evening Mr. Simpson, of Boston, took tea at the house, and after this Mr. McLaughlin came in, and we had a very pleasant conversation together, principally on the slave question: Mr. S. is an abolitionist, but mild and Christian-like in his views and feelings; Mr. M. a colonizationist, but not wedded to it so far that he can not appreciate the views of an opponent. We continued conversing on the subject quite late. The recent news from Charleston, S. C., as to the violent proceedings in breaking open the post office, and this disposition on the part of the slaveholders thus to stop free discussions, have made a powerful impression on my mind. On the one hand, I see that the tendency of the abolition doctrines is, or is supposed to be, seditious, and, if pressed to the extent attempted, may actually lead to a separation of the North from the South, an event greatly to be deprecated. In this respect I could wish the partisans of this doctrine were less hasty and violent; though their hearts may not be at fault, their heads are, I fear, not altogether right; they should keep cool, be patient, and yet move onward. On the other hand, the South will never, I fear, move in this matter unless compelled to do so by the force of public sentiment setting like a torrent against them. This sentiment is already at work they feel, and affect to despise it. The pretended ground of their fear is the rise of their slaves, but the loss of them by emancipation is probably the true ground. This has led them to high-handed measures, and now they take the laws into their own hands, are determined to prevent free discussion, and threaten the dissolution of the Union if persisted in. These threats are so abhorrent to my republican notions that I confess they have half made me an abolitionist; for one, I should loath myself if kept from speaking or doing what I deemed my duty by any such bravadoes as these; the Union

would be little desirable if our mouths are to be muzzled. I am anxious to form a true opinion on this all-absorbing subject. I must look at it more and more, and at all events remember that I need to be filled with a spirit of love to both parties or not unite with either so as to become a mere partisan. . . . I long to be free from business and the city, and to be about my Master's business. Each day am doing something toward it; in thoughts and desires have already left, but in body remain. . . .

*“August 13, 1835.—Attended court a short time this morning to hear the counsel for young Onderdonk, son of the Bishop, now on trial for forgery. He is only 18 years of age, and seems to be hardened in crime; his parents are truly to be pitied, but I fear have not done their duty to their children, nor set them such an example as they ought. But they must not suffer by the ignominy of their son. Mr. Maxwell and Price, the counsel for prisoner, were very happy and eloquent, but the case appears too clear against them. . . . When I returned home, stopped at the jail, and there learned young Onderdonk was brought in guilty; while I stood at the door, the Bishop himself passed in with a couple of tin pails, probably with some food for his son. He tottered as he passed. I could not but pity and feel for him. Soon I heard the key turn and the heavy door of his cell grate on its hinges, as it admitted the father to the presence of his convicted son. . . .”*

*“Monday, August 17, 1835.—Friday evening, went out to attend teacher's meeting, but, looking cloudy and likely to rain, concluded not to go. . . . But I have great reason to repent of this failure of duty; for I found yesterday that six of our young ladies attended the meeting, while not a single gentleman was present. . . .”*

*“Friday, August 21, 1835.—Was highly gratified this morning by receiving a letter from my friend and brother, Dr. Asa Gray, whom I had written more than a month since. It was a very affectionate, Christian-like, and charming letter; it gave me an insight into his private views and feelings, his trials, conflicts, and temptations; his labors of love and faith. I trust it will be the commencement of a happy correspondence. He seems to wish me all Godspeed in the work of the ministry,*

and even looks to it himself. ‘I am confident’ (says he), ‘my dear friend, that you will never regret the step you have taken in throwing up an honorable profession and devoting your whole time to the service of our Lord and Master. Sometimes I have thought of offering myself as a physician to a foreign mission, but I have not yet been able to arrive at any clear view in relation to my duty in this respect.’ His whole letter breathes the spirit of a soul redeemed from the bonds of sin, and full of gratitude to the Saviour. . . .

“*August 26th.*—Finished to-day reading a small work recently put forth by Rev. Mr. Todd, of Northampton, called ‘The Student’s Manual,’ intended for students at college, but in which I found many things to teach myself. The book is well written and sensible, but is rather too much of a patch-work from the writings of others. It looks as if it was compiled from the ‘Author’s Commonplace Book.’ His object seems to be the welfare of students, and he displays an excellent spirit. I hope it will do much good. Mr. Poore returned to-day, and by him learn that Adeline has had a relapse, and that father’s opposition to my studying divinity is greater than ever. These things have greatly weighed me down. . . .

“*August 27th.*—Have just come from the Park, where a very large meeting has been held to express their disapprobation of the Anti-slavery societies, and their detestation of the principles of immediate abolition. The meeting was addressed by Edward Curtis, and Willis Hall, Esquire, and Saml. Converse, Postmaster of the City, a very brief, and Mr. C’s a very spirited address. On the whole, the addresses were more temperate, and the resolutions especially, than I expected. This subject is becoming daily of greater importance, and more engrossing of the public mind. The right course does not yet seem hit upon, but I know it will be shown in God’s own good time if we do but repent us of our sins, and, turning to him, seek for all wisdom and guidance. . . .

“*Saturday, August 29, 1835.*—Had a letter from my friend Hildreth yesterday, from which I learn that he is much interested in the slave question, and proposes writing and publishing a number of books on the subject. I fear he may have mistaken

his forte in this matter, but wish him all success. He seems to bear his father's death quite philosophically, but evinces none of that deep emotion which such an event is calculated to inspire. Oh, that it might be sanctified to him! He seems to portend a stormy and turbulent life to me in the ministry, judging of the office, I fear, too much from his own father's history. . . . The time is near at hand when I leave. Mr. Paine returned the first of the week, and we have both been working ever since in closing up matters. I rejoice to know the time is so near, but I can not but feel more and more my own insufficiency for the solemn office. . . .

*“Saturday, September 5, 1835.—*Have been very busy this week in getting ready to take my departure. To-day, sent off a large part of my things, and hope to follow myself in less than a week. May the Lord direct, guide, and support me, and in all that I do may I be enabled, by his grace, to do it to his honor and his glory, for Christ's sake. Amen and amen!

*“Monday, September 7th.—*Yesterday, being probably the last Sabbath I shall spend in the city for some time, was to me a very solemn season, though not so refreshing as I had expected. Whether the world or sin intervened between my soul and God I am uncertain, but I fear I had not such views of the glory of God and his great mercy towards me as I ought to have had. The day was excessively warm, and a gentleman dined with us, so that my closet exercises did not occupy me between services, as it should have done. . . . A very interesting day to me in Sabbath-school—the last. Oh, how responsible did the trust seem to me, when I was to give it up! Only my heavenly Father knows if I have really endeavored to do his will here. To his grace I commend my labors, that, for the sake of his dear Son, he will own and bless them. I spoke to all my pupils on the subject of my leaving, and gave them some parting words of advice. Also, in the little prayer-meeting, took an affectionate farewell of the teachers, who, through their superintendent, offered me a kind expression of regard, and the promise of a remembrance in their social prayers; that I should yet be considered as one of them. I was deeply

affected at this meeting, and could hardly get through what I had to say. . . .

*“ Tuesday, September 8th.—Had a sweet and interesting season at monthly concert last evening, rendered peculiarly so to me by the fact of its being the last meeting I shall probably attend for some time, if ever, in this place, and with the brothers and sisters of this church. Oh, how many thoughts, feelings, associations, and reflections crowded into my mind! Here it was I first knew the joys of worshiping the Lord in the beauty of holiness; of singing his praise with the heart and soul, and uniting in social prayer around the mercy seat. And here I had enjoyed so many of these seasons of worship—had so often been refreshed here with the dews of divine grace, and had received so much strength and instruction here from the preaching of the Gospel by our dear pastor. And he was with us this evening, and was full of the spirit of his Master. . . .”*

*“ Thursday evening, September 10, 1835.—This evening has been one of great interest and solemnity to me. It is just one year since the birth of my children, who were taken away almost as soon as born, and with them my dear Eliza (who followed so soon afterwards)—and, as I then thought, all my hopes and happiness. But, blessed be God, who moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform, he has not only called me out of darkness into his most marvelous light, but has also put it into my heart to consecrate myself to the ministry of the gospel of reconciliation; and this evening I have been permitted, in his good providence, to spend the time in a social prayer-meeting of my dear Christian brothers connected with our church, with whom I have so often held such sweet intercourse. It has indeed been a happy season. There were present, besides myself, Dr. Gray and Messrs. McLaughlin, Dubois, Williams, Robinson, and Talmadge, the rest being necessarily detained, who were accustomed to meet with us. . . . Sung a number of hymns, all excellent, especially that of H. R. White—‘Come, Christian brethren, ere we part,’ with which, and the Doxology, we closed our final, solemn, happy meeting, and I took a last farewell, perhaps for ever, of my dear brethren. God grant us a happier reunion hereafter! *Amen!*”*

## CHAPTER IX.

HIS JOURNAL : VOLUME III, SEPTEMBER 22, 1835, TO  
JULY 23, 1838.

*“Hamilton, September 22, 1835.*—Have been at home just one week, and have many things to bless God for, which I desire to record in remembrance of his goodness, and for my own spiritual improvement and advantage. Owing to uncle and aunt being here a good part of the time, or myself at Salem with them, have not had opportunity to keep up my diary. My concern has chiefly been that I should not retrograde in the Christian course. . . . I left the city at the very time contemplated, Friday, the 11th inst., having finished all my business, or rather put it into Mr. P.’s hands to be finished, and having completed all my arrangements. I had feared that when the time should come I should feel some regret, or misgivings, or doubts, at the step I was taking—leaving the city, friends, accustomed scenes and associations, dear brethren and sisters in the Lord—all, perhaps, for ever—to enter on new scenes, to form new friendships and associations, and to take up with a new profession, so momentous and important to my present and everlasting happiness! But, blessed be the Father, he remembered me in this trying scene, and suffered me not to be cast down and overcome. I was greatly supported, and bid good bye, without a tear or regret, to the receding walls and spires and bustle of New York. . . . Arrived in Boston the next day at noon, and found all well at Mr. Bailey’s. . . . Tuesday, took stage and came home. Met with a welcome reception from my dear parents, and from father

more cordiality than I had expected, and have since continued to meet with it, only I think more so; though he has placed his bar against all praying or even asking of a blessing in his presence. Still I have much to be thankful for in his comparative mildness, and hope, by my forbearance, gentleness, meekness, and submission, to show to him the beauty of holiness. . . . Every evening have had family worship with mother and the rest of the females in the house; and for this, too, I desire to bless and praise his holy name.

“ Wednesday afternoon, took tea and had a delightful meeting with Mr. and Mrs. Kelley. Saturday, uncle and aunt came up from Salem. Having had another most gratifying letter from cousin R., I showed all that I had received from him to his mother, who afterwards showed them to uncle. They were both much affected, and I sat up some time in the evening conversing with them on the subject, and on a change of heart, which he admitted to be necessary, but seemed to consider it a thing of chance whether one got it or another; said that R. and myself might consider ourselves as ‘ drawing the high prize.’ I endeavored to show him that it was attainable by himself as well as others, and he had only to seek diligently and he would be sure to find. But he says he has done so, and has not found the way. Strange! that the heart of so sensible a man should deceive itself so. Another thing he observed on reading the letter—that he was surprised to see R. think himself such a sinner, when he could not see what sins so very great he had ever committed. I told him it was because he had examined his heart more narrowly than ever before, and that it would be the same with him if he would submit his own to the same test. He acknowledged this, though somewhat reluctantly, saying that he supposed it was in *religion* as with *learning*, the more a man got, the less he thought he had. My anxious endeavor, through the whole of this conversation, and at several other times, was to make some impression, and, at all events, to bear my personal testimony, in all calmness, meekness, and truth, to the truth of religion and the universal necessity of a change of heart. . . . In the morning, during the hour previous to church service, had a delightful meeting with the

brethren for prayer in the meeting-house; heard a very excellent prayer and address from Isaac Brown, who is a member of the middle class at Andover, and a young man of very marked piety; hope to know him more, and promise myself much pleasure and profit from his further acquaintance.

*“Hamilton, September 29, 1835.*—Thursday last I had forgotten to take my letters of introduction [to Andover]; I knew none of the professors, none of the students, and not a person in the place, but still I was anxious to make my preparations for entering the seminary, and accordingly introduced myself to Dr. Woods (the only one of the professors at home, it being vacation), who received me very politely, though I thought with some reserve, induced I dare say by the circumstances under which I presented myself to him. I unfolded my object to him, giving him a brief account of myself and my religious experiences. He showed me the laws of the institution requiring certificates from persons of reputed piety, that the candidate for admission possessed good natural and acquired talent, regularly educated at some respectable college, sustain a fair moral character, and of a prudent and discreet deportment, and hopefully possessed of personal piety, besides a certificate of Church membership, which must be produced to the faculty previously to examination. With this regulation I was entirely unacquainted, and felt no small embarrassment when informed of it, not that I could not obtain them, but that I then knew not the persons to whom to apply. I stated these difficulties to the Dr., that my old acquaintances were principally Unitarians, etc. He relieved my embarrassment in a measure, however, by referring me to certain persons I named as proper to apply to, and whose certificates if made would be satisfactory. I then took tea with him, having been previously introduced to his family; was much pleased with them, especially Mrs. Woods. The Dr. having at my request named several boarding-houses to me, in the evening called at them with a view of selecting one. Had previously thought of boarding at the Hotel, but the rooms did not suit, and, after passing a night there, was satisfied that the noise and disturbance of a public house would be averse to the retired life I wish to lead. Went

out again, therefore, and secured a room at a Widow Hitchings, who is a professor of religion, and appears to be a very nice, motherly woman; I trust and pray that in this matter I have been guided aright, and that in all respects the choice I have made is a happy one. Was pleased to hear from her that Munson, the departed missionary, was once a boarder with her. . . . Called again, and had a very pleasant interview with Dr. Woods, who seemed to be indeed a brother, though an older brother, in the Lord. In the afternoon took stage for Boston. . . . Passed Saturday in Boston; saw Rev. Mr. Adams, and procured from him a certificate as required by the laws of the Seminary. Also had a very interesting interview with my friend and classmate R. Robbins, Esq., who appears to have a sincere desire for truth, and I pray may be guided into the knowledge of it. . . .

*“Hamilton, October 6th.—. . .* Wednesday spent at home and worked nearly all day with the men on the farm; my health needs the exercise, and I hope it is benefited thereby. Thursday evening went to Mrs. Roberts', and had a very pleasant meeting of Christian friends, similar to the one at Mr. Kelley's. In the afternoon went with him to see a sick woman; her complaint is a consumption, and with little prospect of living long she clings to the Universal belief, and fondly hopes for salvation without a change of heart. The Lord be merciful to her and touch her heart that she may see the danger of her situation. Spent some time in conversation, bore my *personal testimony* to the reality of regeneration. . . . Friday took tea with our pastor's family at Deacon Annable's with the intention of accompanying them to evening meeting, but was prevented by the weather. Had a very happy meeting, however, at the house, and felt my heart go out with feelings of love to all the brethren in Christ. Can truly say that I delight in their society, and that I derive strength and comfort therefrom. Saturday had a letter from Mr. Paine on business, which required me to go at once to Salem and then to Boston, which I did, and after getting through with it found it so late in the day had to pass Sunday there. . . . Monday morning took little Emma in the stage with me, and brought her to Hamilton, much to the surprise and joy of her grandparents, who could hardly believe I could have

taken care of her so well. . . . In the afternoon went to the funeral of Deacon Nicholas Dodge, who died in a good old age, ripe for the harvest; I did not know him, but his praise is in all the churches about here. A week ago Sunday he was at meeting, and then spoke to one of our family about me, and the joy he felt to hear I had devoted myself to the ministry, and the belief he entertained that I should do more good there than in the law. . . .

*“Andover, October 11th, Sunday evening.—*By the blessing of God have been now in Andover (at the Institution) since Wednesday last, and have been permitted to enroll myself as a member and to commence my studies for the ministry. I feel it to be a great—a very great privilege, and no less do I feel (I hope) the solemn responsibility resting upon me to improve these privileges, to improve my time, and above all things to be a holy, devoted man. . . . In the afternoon heard a discourse from a graduate of the last class (Mr. Treet), who like myself was once a lawyer, but being converted left all to follow Christ, and now is proclaiming the unsearchable riches of his Gospel to a dying world. . . .

*“October 13, 1835.—*To-day we met Professor Stuart for the first time, and had a short lecture from him, preparatory to entering on the study of the Greek. It was very much to the point, and set forth in a very strong light the importance of a thorough understanding of the Greek and Hebrew tongues. I have been studying a few lessons of Hebrew, and find it rather dry and difficult, but not so much so as I had been led to expect. . . .

*“Friday, October 16, 1835.—*Have this week been busily engaged in getting into my studies, and also in endeavouring to form and adopt some regular system of exercise. As yet have not hit upon one, though I have found it needful to exercise daily. . . . Professor Stuart has given us three lectures on the subject of diet, exercise, and study, and suggested many important hints, rules, etc., the result of his own experience. He recommends to us all to make notes or observations (in writing or not) daily on the amount of diet and the kind; the amount and time of exercise, note which agrees with us best, and to add

or diminish as we find we have need, and note, too, the amount of mental effort we make and whether we are making progress or not. Many of his ideas were very good, e. g., to do the principal of our study in the forenoon, never to study when it was wearisome, or when our ideas were heavy, so that a page should have to be read over the second time, because it was forgotten when read the first, also never to study in ordinary cases late at night; and, indeed, to retire at ten and rise by five o'clock. I think I shall begin to *experiment* or *philosophize*, as the professor calls it, according to his rules, my desire being very strong to grow in all knowledge, and to discipline my mind and body so as to accomplish the greatest good of which I am capable. At the same time, I will note my growth in grace. . . . Heard a very solemn discourse in the evening from Dr. Skinner in the English Academy on forgetting God. . . . A very full house; the last time the Dr. will probably speak here, as he leaves for New York soon. I was not so very much pleased with his style of speaking as many are; it is too sharp and loud, and violent for my own ideas of the method of preaching the gospel. But far be it from me to judge. . . . This evening the class met for the first time as a class for prayer and conference, about 50 present, it was a very solemn meeting. Brother Butler presided, prayers were offered, viz., by brother Bartlett, Thompson, and Warren, and, an opinion having been expressed that it would be desirable and profitable according to usage of the former class to give our religious experiences at these meetings (weekly), a brother at the foot of the catalogue related his experience in a most humble and touching manner. He had been educated by religious parents, early converted (as he then thought), joined the church, and began to prepare for the ministry. After a time he relapsed; and living in neglect of secret prayer and all personal religion, yet openly taking part in prayer meetings and conducting a Sunday school. He lived on a long time in this way, and no one, he said, could conceive of his agony and distress of mind and remorse of conscience at his conduct even when to the world he seemed most happy and devoted. In this way he continued, having given up the intention of entering the ministry, till

last summer he attended a protracted meeting in Vt., where Rev. Mr. Burchard was then preaching, under which he was struck under deep conviction, and felt himself a lost, miserable sinner, the greatest of all sinners, so great that there seemed no mercy for him. But at length he remembered that Christ came to save the *chief* of sinners, he took courage and the Saviour appeared for his relief. But he felt (he said) extremely weak, a perfect child; he distrusted his heart, and was at times afraid he was only deceiving himself, but still he strove to live near to God. He needed our prayers most emphatically. These were the circumstances peculiar to his case, which he hoped and prayed were peculiar to the case of no other brother. He might, perhaps, have wished to draw a veil over them, but honesty to his God and his brethren forbade him. I never listened to a more affecting narrative. So felt, I think, all the class, a deep solemnity pervaded the meeting, and after a short and exceedingly appropriate prayer we adjourned in silence. . . .

“October 20, 1835.—Have been exceedingly rejoiced this evening by meeting with a new member of the class—brother G., who has been a Lieutenant in the army 15 years, has a wife and four children—has been a professor of religion 12 years, and is now entering on a course of preparation for the preaching of the gospel. . . . We have many elderly brothers in the class to keep me company. . . .

“October 21st.—Attended the first *conference* meeting with the professor. Drs. Woods and Emmerson made remarks, the former on the dangers to which theological students are exposed, and the necessity and means of guarding against them: 1st. The great danger of retrograding in grace while advancing in study, that the two, i. e., growth in grace and knowledge, were not only compatible with each other, but the one promoted the other, and they should never be divorced. 2d. Many young men had been ruined here by neglect of this, and if we neglected to attend to the culture of our moral powers, let our intellectual powers be ever so much cultivated and improved, it would never fit us for the gospel ministry. 3d. As to the means to be employed to this end, he enumerated various, such as proper observance of the Sabbath, proper habits and motives of study, proper spirit

and frame of mind in which to attend social prayer meetings, rigid observance of closet prayer, etc. He took up only the first, and dwelt at large and very strenuously on a rigid observance of the Sabbath, the dangers to which we were exposed to violate it by mere theological studies on that day, and the great evils flowing from such a practice. He recommended the strictest watch over our thoughts on that day, to make everything holy, consecrated to the Lord, our time, reading, conversation, etc., to read only works of a spiritual and devotional character, the most select the best, and to act and feel that day all the time as if the Lord of the Sabbath were himself present with us. Professor Emerson followed up the same subject by setting his decided disapprobation upon even religious newspapers being read on that day, as calculated in some of its parts to divert and distract the mind; to this I perfectly agree, and pray that I may be guarded against such an indulgence, lest it lead to any desecration of God's Holy Sabbath. His next remarks were on the subject of study—that we were to study to the glory of God—i. e., with the fixed determination and desire to consecrate to God and to his service all our acquisitions in knowledge. Also in studying, when we gained any new ideas or valuable thoughts, to express our gratitude for the gift and consecration of it to God, by ejaculatory prayers, the more of these the better. . . .

*"Sunday evening, October 25th.—Sermon by Dr. Woods from John 5: 45 . . . the object was to show that *unbelief* comes from an evil state of the *heart* and not from deficiency of intellect. It seems to be called forth by some peculiar state of things here—tendency to speculative philosophy or it may be to skepticism, of the peculiarities of which I am not yet aware. He read a most touching letter from a graduate of the institution 15 years ago, rec'd last year, in which he states that he was a confirmed skeptic before he left here, and that it was owing to his trusting to his unassisted intellect, till at last he lost all sense of the divine presence and lived without prayer, and without God in the world, but that Jesus had forgiven even these sins, and that now and for years he had sat at his feet, and only wished to live that he might love and show forth his grati-*

tude. The experience of this minister was not an *uncommon* one, the Doctor feared. . . .

“ *October 31, 1835.*—This week have had uncommonly good health, for which I desire to be thankful—have also been blessed in my studies—my progress has been good; the study of Hebrew comes easier, and I find myself gaining knowledge of the language; for this, too, I desire to be thankful. . . .

“ *November 8th.*—This morning attended a little prayer meeting for Harvard College, which we propose to keep up while we are here together in the institution. We have but three graduates from our Alma Mater, but if the Lord be with us, what may we not expect? Indeed, the encouragement, it seems to me, to pray for the college never was greater. When I think of my own conversion and many others of my classmates since we left there, I can not but bless God. . . .

“ *November 13th.*—This evening attended Porter Rhetorical Society, a discussion—subject of discussion, respective merits of ‘free church and the present system of public worship.’ I took the side of the former in a modified manner, i. e., advocated its advantages under some circumstances, e. g., in cities and for some ends, e. g., to subdue pride, etc. Brother Thayer took the other side, and, in answering him, fear I spoke too freely, and not in that sober, Christian, and brotherly manner. Let me note this especially, and endeavor to guard against a wrong spirit in debate. Better never to speak in public than not to speak in the fear of the Lord and with perfect charity and love. . . . I heard this day from Georgetown; Uncle F. writes quite despondingly as to our Insc. stock, and thinks I had better sell; I know not what to do. Oh, that I may not be anxious about the things of this world so much as to offend God. . . .

“ *Friday, November 14th.*—Find I am getting along very well in my singing lessons—light begins to break in where it was once nothing but darkness. Can not but hope I shall learn the whole art of making melody so as to be able at all times to join with God’s people in singing his praises. Let me persevere—thank God, and take courage. Brother Brown has just been in, and have had with him a delightful season in singing and in prayer. Oh, it is grateful to my feelings thus to pass an evening; it is a

heaven below! Oh, what mercies and privileges do I not enjoy! What have I not enjoyed this day? My health never was better, for which I ought to be very, very grateful. My mind never was in a better state for study—study comes easy and pleasant to me—for this, too, should I be thankful and for being enabled to make so good progress in my studies. . . . One sin I must note which I have committed to-day—oh, that it may be repented of with godly sorrow—conversing on *worldly topics* as I did with Brother Emerson going to church this afternoon. . . .

“ November 16th, 1835.—Have this day attended a class meeting for the purpose of considering the missionary subject; nothing done but to take steps for bringing up the question in a systematic manner and a committee appointed. My own mind was much engrossed in the meeting; I could not but think as it was the first we had here, so its effects might be momentous as to our future course. We have already eight or ten brethren decided on the missionary life; it is a question we must all answer whether it is not my duty to go, or rather what excuse have I for staying at home? . . .

“ November 19th.—Have spent the evening at the Porter Rhe. Society; spoke on the debate and kept quite cool. . . .

“ November 21st.—This day have been permitted to enjoy many blessings; the weather is so fine, the walks about here so delightful, that I have been out much and enjoyed the pure air; my health is most excellent, far better than I feared it would be, for which I desire to thank my heavenly father. To-day have been drawn into the sin of *levity* while singing the praises of God. Bro. Mears and myself, I fear, have both been guilty in this respect to-day. Oh, that we may guard against *all* sin, against what we may call *small* sins, but which are greater in God's sight than our most aggravated offenses are in our own! The Lord pardon us this great sin, and uphold us by his free spirit from falling into it again. It surely is a favorable sign that Bro. M— called this afternoon to confess and mourn with me over our sin. In reviewing the past week, find I have been making good progress in my studies, and have studied harder than any week since I have been here; the Hebrew and Greek are the two studies that now claim our principal attention. . . .

“ *November 22d.*—One year this day and I was an anxious inquirer. I remember it well, after attending all day Mr. Mason’s, and in the evening a prayer meeting in the vestry. I accompanied Mr. Fisher home, and there at about this time of the night joined for the first time in social prayer. . . . Bro. S. said his parents were pious and gave him all good instruction, and he was quite seriously disposed till some years since. Among the old papers of his father—*stowed away in the garret*—he lit upon Dr. Channing’s sermons, which he read, and was carried away by their fallaciousness so that he soon became and continued for some years a Unitarian, till at length he went to an academy at Woburn, where he met with a pious roommate who was the means of leading him to Christ. . . .

“ *November 26th.*—Had a letter from sister Mary to-day; she says that she ‘has not yet progressed the least in the one thing needful,’ that her cares and especially religious difficulties and disputes prevent, and hopes that I may ‘set such a perfect example in my life and conduct as to induce my friends to wish and try to become Christians.’ Thus, while I lament my dear sister’s inattention to religion, I see the necessity of my being holy—but, alas! how *imperfect* is *my life* and conduct.

“ *November 27th.*—This day has been broken and as good as lost to me by making alterations in my room, but have still all the time been grieved to see the moments flying away without some good improvement. . . .

“ *December 7th.*—Returned this afternoon from my visit to Hamilton, whither I went on Tuesday last to pass Thanksgiving. Found all well at home, for which I desire to be grateful, though I had many things to encounter from my dear father, whose opposition to religion seems as strong as ever. At times he appears to fear the effects of truth on his heart, and that my efforts will be directed to his conversion. But, alas! I have never felt more humble under a sense of my own inability to turn his heart than during this visit, the power is all of God’s spirit—the work is one of grace. . . . For myself, it is not only my prayer, but by all my example and conduct it is my endeavor to win him to the Saviour, and I can not but have faith in that Saviour, though he for a while forbear to exert his power. . . . On Wednesday

it was excessively cold; spent the day in reading, had family prayers with mother, Sarah Ann, and the women folks, but father absents himself entirely, and forbids a blessing at table. . . . Mr. Bailey with family all came up, and we sat down together for the first time for many years, so many of us. Father, the Lord be praised, could not but think of my dear Eliza, who three years since passed Thanksgiving with me at Hamilton—it being the day after our marriage. . . . Friday also passed at home reading, had some conversations with Sarah Ann, and hope that her mind is becoming more serious, but fear that she is too much taken up with the pleasures of this world . . . and yet I was once engrossed in their pursuit. . . . Saturday took stage and went to West Newbury; I found sister Mary and family all well, met Dr. Poore and wife at table, and in the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Hills and Little all came over and joined us, so that our time was most agreeably spent, principally in religious conversation. They all received me with much cordiality, but I must guard against the kindness and partiality of friends lest it make me think of myself more highly than I ought to think. This is a besetting sin to me. . . . Had a delightful season in social prayer with our friends before they left. Sunday went to Mr. Edgehill's church—he had exchanged with Mr. Dimmick—who gave us two very solemn and impressive discourses on prayer and on death and the judgment. Stopt at the Sabbath school, and was delighted to see so many scholars and teachers, many of the latter being substantial farmers, and taking hold of the work with great spirit. . . . Passed the night with Mr. Hills and family, who took me to the road the next day, Monday, when I took stage, and at Haverhill dined with my dear wife's sisters, and afterwards returned to Andover. . . .

*“December 12th.—Last night sat up till after midnight in order to finish my dissertation—it being the first I have written. Wrote eleven pages of tolerable matter, but only tolerable—was not satisfied with the performance at all, felt I ought to have done better, and could have done so had I reflected more and digested my thoughts better. In future, hope not to leave this exercise till the last moment, and then write on the spur of the occasion—it is a bad plan, and will never do for the*

serious nature of the duties of a minister. . . . Had a pleasant meeting at Bro. Gallagher's room to-night with him and Bro. Packard and Stevens—subject of conversation, Slavery—find myself growing more *anti* on this subject. . . . Have read in Brainard's memoirs, especially his ordination sermon by Pemberton, and found much delight in contemplating the work of a mission; and feel, if the Lord calls me to it, I shall be rejoiced to take up my cross and go. While at home last week mentioned the subject to mother, but she can't see it to be my duty to go—parental affection says no—and indeed it seems a weighty objection and difficulty to my own mind, but I trust the Lord to open the way for me if he will have me to go. Hope to look at this subject more and more, though I would not be in haste to decide it, as I feel that it is a most serious question, still might it not be decided the sooner on that very account? . . . Was much affected to-day by the painful intelligence that one of our class had left on account of a most aggravated sin he has committed, and which God appears to be bringing to light. Oh, how am I admonished to take heed to my ways, to guard and pray against this and all sin; lead me not into temptation! How sad, how awful the condition of him who wounds the cause of Christ; who thus crucifies him afresh; who lifts up his heel against his familiar friend. But I can not think of it without fear and trembling lest I should be left thus to dishonor my Saviour! It is all of his grace that I am not a sinner of this awful description. Let me take heed by this example and be incited to more and more dependence on Christ. . . .

“December 16th.—A bitter cold day, still colder to-night. Have tried to write to-night, but find it too cold. How, oh Lord! shall I praise thee for shelter and clothing? Oh! how I pray the Lord to have mercy on me and protect those who are exposed this night to the inclemency of the weather. . . .

“December 18th.—Still pursuing my studies, and am assisted therein. The Lord be with me in them and guide me into the truth. Was led this evening into a levity unbecoming one who has an interest in Christ, especially one who is to be a minister of the Gospel. Must endeavor to guard against this in future, to overcome these propensities, and to be sober and thoughtful,

waiting for the Lord. Heard report to-night of a most disastrous and unparalleled fire in N. York, which I trust will not prove true to the extent rumored; half the city. . . .

“December 19th.—My fears are realized; the greatest fire ever known in New York took place on Wednesday, the cold night. The water froze in the engines and hose, so that the firemen were rendered completely powerless. From 500 to 600 houses destroyed and property over 15 millions. This is indeed a mysterious decree and may be hard to be borne. . . . Bros. McGee and Marsh related their experiences; nothing specially striking except that the first received his impressions and religion in a Sabbath school of which Harlan Page was superintendent in New York. . . .

“December 21st.—Desire to bless God for the gratifying intelligence received this day of one of our girls on the farm having given her heart to God; I have often thought her very serious, and now hope she is truly pious. . . .

“December 25th.—Had a very gratifying letter to-day from my brother Paine. The Lord be praised for all his blessings. Have written two letters and been much assisted in writing. One to the ‘Brethren in Christ at Cambridge College,’ of whom there are a few there, from one of whom a letter has recently been received here, giving an account of the state of religion there. It is indeed low, the prospect is indeed gloomy. But the Lord is abundantly able to raise up witnesses for himself even in that dark and error-smitten institution. . . .

“Monday, December 28th.—This evening attended the first of a series of lectures by Dr. Muzzey on health, which I hope will be profitable to me; was much pleased with some things he said respecting *divine providence*; he carries his doctrines too far I fear in attributing all diseases to man’s neglect or violation of the law of God in respect to health. As to the subject, however, I wish to be more enlightened, and therefore hope to be impartial in all my views of these lectures. Certainly the Doctor ought and doubtless does know far better than I. . . .

“January 8th.—Temperance meeting this evening in the Chapel, at which Drs. Woods and Edwards each bore their personal testimony in favor of total abstinence from *all* intox-

eating liquors. It is proposed to establish a society on this principle among the students here, which I hope will be done and be of good example. Have to-day with others of the class been matriculated and signed a pledge to take a three years' theological course at some seminary and devote myself to the preaching of the gospel. . . .

*“January 12th.—Was much grieved the last week to hear it said that I should grow cold hereafter, that I was but a young Christian now and knew not what was before me. . . .”*

*“January 16, 1836.—Especially as respects my intercourse with the world, I feel that I have a constant work to do here. My natural lightness of character is averse to the solemnity of the office to which I am looking. I strive against and yet am betrayed into sin in this matter; I pray that my conversation may be more becoming a follower of Christ; and that I may at all times be in such a frame of mind as to be able to enter on the duties of the closet after any social intercourse with my friends. . . .”*

*“January 21, 1836.—Last evening attended a meeting of the students for the expression of views on the temperance subject. There seems to be almost an unanimous sentiment in favor of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors; a pledge for this purpose being circulated, I signed the same. Indeed, it is now just about a year since I commenced abstaining wholly from all such drinks, and, through the blessing of God, I have been enabled not only to carry it into effect myself, but also to say a word to others to induce them to do the same, with what success I can not in all cases say, nor am I anxious to know, and if I do my duty God will take care of the rest. One of the class who has some objections to entering into the pledge has been to see me, and I have conversed with him freely and candidly, and have some reason to hope he will give up the use of wine, to which he clings, I think on mistaken notions. In this way, I do hope and pray, my example and precepts may have influence. After the meeting last evening attended by invitation a party of ladies, who meet weekly as a sewing society to support a school in Greece; found from 20 to 30 ladies and half as many gentlemen present; passed the evening I can not*

say very satisfactorily or profitably. Indeed, I have reason to think that there is little good to be derived from any large parties of this kind, even when conducted, as they profess to be, on Christian principles, for the world and the devil come in for a large share of the thoughts on such occasions. As, for instance, last night, there was sacred music and then some of Moore's songs, a union which seemed to me unholy and perverse. I must avoid such meetings; I can not run so great risks if I would keep my soul from sinning. . . .

*“January 30, 1836.—Saturday evening a week ago accompanied Mr. Bishop to Hamilton, intending to return the Monday morning following. But, when the time came, it was blowing a furious storm of sleet and snow, which lasted all day, so as to render traveling utterly out of the question. And the next day the snow was so deep (it being 12 inches and more on a level, with many very deep drifts) we were unable to start for Andover till noon, and reached here safely at sundown. Truly was I grateful to God for his preservation and for the many mercies he enabled me to enjoy during my absence. First, I found my dear parents well—better, indeed, than I had seen them for some time, and glad to see me, especially as my visit was unexpected. On Saturday attended a little prayer meeting of Sunday-school teachers; father thought me quite crazy (as he said) for going, but I was able to appeal to him mildly but unanswerably (I believe) for the proof of it, except in this particular matter. He then said that I was ruining my health, but here, too, I appealed to my own personal health and appearance (which were never better) as a complete answer. He said nothing more in the way of objection, nor did he on the day following (Sunday) find any fault with me, as being over-zealous or anything of that sort, though I attended church all day and evening. I could not but hope and pray that his enmity to the cause of Religion was being removed, and this hope I continued to indulge, though on Monday he seemed less favorably disposed. Still, who can tell but the spirit is working on his heart? He professes a willingness to be changed when God shall see fit to do it, but not when man attempts it. And he forewarns me, therefore, not to attempt it, as he*

thinks I wish to do so. These indications I can not but regard as favorable omens. Oh, that I may have faith to trust God under all these things, and faith to pray and supplicate him for his Holy Spirit in behalf of my father! Oh, that my *walk* may be such as to show forth the reality of religion and the beauty of religion, so that he may be constrained to acknowledge the work of God, and to give his heart to Him! This is, indeed, my heart's desire and prayer to God! . . .

*“Lord’s Day, February 21, 1836.*—This morning heard the Rev. Mr. Curry, of Montreal, agent of the Home Miss. Soc. of Canada. . . . The object of the discourse was to show the heinousness of sin. In many respects the sermon was a good one, and was well delivered, but thought I observed the two following faults, which I note for my own caution: 1st, a strong limitation of God’s power, i. e., a strong statement of what God *can not* do in respect to sin and its punishment, and the holding of him to his word by holy men and angels—it did not strike me as appropriate in the pulpit, even if it be allowable in the lecture-room; 2d, the full avowal that holy men in heaven would rejoice in the condemnation of sinners *because they knew* they could do them no good, etc. Now, though in heaven saints must even rejoice in witnessing the justice of God, here on earth our business is to *win souls to heaven*—to draw them by chords of love, and I fear that by statements like the above they will rather be repelled. But on this subject it is my duty to examine and pray for direction from above. . . . This evening at prayer meeting Bro. G. related his experience, which was very interesting, and displayed the power of God in a striking manner. Twelve years ago he was an officer of the army, dissipated, though not openly so—an infidel at heart, a Sabbath-breaker, never indeed attending church, and generally considered by religious people as beyond all hope. But in this condition, while stationed at the West, he went to board in the family of a brother officer, whose maiden sister was very pious, and against whom he had a great prejudice on account of the strictness of her religious principles. But she soon overcame them by her kindness, and won his affections by attention to his little wants. She prevailed on him

then to give up billiards and card playing, to which he was addicted even on the Sabbath. As some return for her kindness he was induced occasionally to accompany her to church. She also put into his hands Gregory's 'Evidences,' which, being written by a mathematical teacher in a military school, commended itself to his favorable reception, and being addressed to an officer in the army was well adapted to his own case. He was surprised to find that all his positions were understood—his strong arguments answered—the truth of the Christian religion vindicated, and, after finishing it, he was convinced that there was a God, and was led then to the Bible, thinking it his duty, if there was a God, to examine seriously what he had said. He then commenced the study of the Bible by himself, the pious female friend advising with him from day to day, and as he afterward understood praying for him. After a while he was in the deepest distress, and told her that there was no hope for him. She replied by stating her fears that he was not fully fixed in his determination to seek for religion, and related to him an anecdote of two ladies who under similar circumstances locked themselves in their rooms with the determination to remain there till they found peace. He retired to his own room and locked himself up with the same determination. He read in the Bible and then prayed for light and peace; read and prayed again, and so on with deeper and deeper solicitude. As yet he knew nothing of the way of salvation by a crucified Saviour, the smallest child in the Sabbath school now knows more; his parents were Quakers and had never given him any religious instruction. But now the spirit of God was becoming his teacher. He prayed and read, and in reading his eyes fell on the passage that God can be just and yet the justifier of him who believes on Jesus. Light, the glorious light, of divine truth broke into his mind. He sees, he feels, he makes it his own. Yes, Christ has died for his sins, and, deep as they are, they are all forgiven by his redeeming blood. Oh, what joy, what rapture! He hardly dares to trust himself. He looks up to broad and bright heavens and beholds the moon sailing in cloudless majesty, and his thoughts soar to the bright world beyond. Within his bosom all now is peace. Jesus is there;

Jesus has come in and sups with him. The next day he went to all his brother officers to show them this glorious truth—God can be just, etc. It is so plain to him and so delightful that he attempts to prove it to them as clear as a demonstration, and is astonished that they do not believe and embrace the soul-saving truth. But now he sees the hardness of the heart and the need of grace. He at once began to study for the ministry, but in six months was compelled by sickness to give it up. He afterward married, has four children, and as God has restored his health, and blessed him in his worldly circumstances he has now again entered on his studies. Since he has been here he has been partially sick nearly all the time, but is now nearly well. . . .

“*February 25th.*—This afternoon was requested by Bro. Warner to accompany him to Beverly to labor in a revival there, which appeared to be in progress and of a powerful character, but, on applying for leave of absence, the professors (Woods and Stuart) would neither of them consent to it (as being contrary to the laws), and so had to remain. On many accounts I desired to go, especially as I had never been in a revival, and as the prospect of usefulness seemed great. . . .

“*March 1st.*—Had a slight specimen this morning while walking of the opposition I must expect to encounter from sinners. The students here are known by all the townspeople, some of whom are very irreligious. One of this class, I suppose it was, ran against me, evidently by design. Once I should have resisted and resented such treatment, and, even as it was, ‘flesh and blood’ rose up against it. The first impulse of my heart was to ask an explanation. But immediately I saw that it was not for me to resist evil, but to obey the Lord in this matter, who has taught us to resist not evil, words emphatically applicable to the Christian minister. The Christian’s hands should never be raised against his enemy, but only in prayer for him. Was enabled to pray, as I would now, for the salvation of this man! . . .

“*Saturday evening, March 12th.*—Being much occupied in writing and other duties, did not make my usual entries last week, on Friday of which I accompanied Bro. G. to Bos-

ton on a visit we had long contemplated. The weather was warm, pleasant, and spring-like, and we found it delightful to break away for a time from our studies to relax our minds by intercourse with the world—the Christian world—for such we indeed found in the boarding-house of Mrs. Jackson, herself a very pious and efficient Christian, as also the larger part of her household. Here for the first time in a city boarding-house I found a family altar. . . . Monday we went out to Cambridge to visit the library, etc. While there I called on Dr. Ware, who is just recovering from a severe illness. He appeared quite surprised but rather pleased at my change of profession, though he said nothing as to the new views I had adopted, nor did I to him, except only that I was at Andover. I gave him, however, the reasons which induced me to dedicate myself to the ministry. Oh, that wherein he is in error he might be enlightened and turn into the paths of truth! It does seem to me that a teacher of error in religion has much to answer for. . . . Wednesday eve'g, accompanied Bro. Bishop to Hamilton to see father on some business of his. Remained there till Friday morning and had a pleasant time. Father was much more calm and rational on the subject of religion, though I grieve to say that he professes to disbelieve in a hereafter. I talked with and endeavored to show him his error, and, though he professes this doctrine, he showed that he was not by any means established in it. Oh, how much does he need the work of God's Spirit to enlighten his mind! He will not read the Bible, and thus seems to shut himself out from the light of truth. . . . My dear mother seems to enjoy a sense of divine things more than usual. I can not but hope her way will be made plain to confess the Lord Jesus publicly and unite herself with the visible church. . . .

*“Monday, April 4, 1836.—Am reminded this morning of the rapid flight of time. This week on Saturday I shall have completed my thirty-second year—nearly the one half of the three score years and ten allotted to man, but so seldom attained by him. When I look back, I can not but wonder and adore the ways of God, and be led to trust him fully for time to come. Especially would I feel the deepest gratitude in being permitted to dedicate myself to his service, and that my health has been*

so preserved, and my studies so pleasant and I trust profitable. . . .

“*April 8th.*—Wednesday evening went in a sulky to West Newbury to see sister Mary. . . . Was invited by Mr. P. to conduct family prayers, and though I felt some want of freedom at the throne of grace, knowing his probable feelings, yet I bless God that I was enabled thus to call upon his great and holy name. . . .

“*April 16th.*—The last week of the term has now closed, and thanks be to God for his unspeakable mercy that my life, health, and reason have been spared during the whole of it. As I look back all the way he has led me and see how his kind hand and watchful providence have protected me, I can not but feel the deepest gratitude and the most lively sense of his unmerited favor. I dared scarcely to hope for such a measure of bodily health, and entered on my course not without some fears that the change might prove too great for me—a change not merely from an active to a sedentary life, but from a comparatively mild and genial to a cold and trying climate. But, notwithstanding the winter has been so severe, I have been enabled daily to take exercise in the open air, and, by attention to this and to diet and the greatest prudence in other respects, have prosecuted my studies (which have been intensely interesting) I trust with great profit. . . . Soon I hope to be with the dear brothers of N. York—and, oh, that it may be a profitable season to me, and that wherever I go I may bear testimony to the truth. . . .

“*Georgetown, D. C., Friday, May 6th, 1836.*—After passing a most delightful week in N. York, arrived here on Wednesday evening last, just three years from the time when I visited here with my dear Eliza. . . . My friends here are all exceedingly kind and anxious to contribute to my happiness; but I can not seek or find happiness in the things of earth. . . . Sarah Ann and myself left Boston Tuesday week last, and reached N. York the day following; during our stay there, she remained with Mr. Spofford and I at Mrs. Paine’s. . . . To meet the brethren and sisters of the church, especially the dear church with which I stand connected there, once more in the prayer circle and in the room so sacred to my memory—to take sweet

counsel with them on the state of religion among them—to be present at the Sabbath School—to hear our own beloved pastor discourse—these and other circumstances all made my stay in N. York highly interesting. . . . I can not but believe that Mr. P. is on the road of inquiry, and that his heart is tender on the subject of religion. . . . Tuesday last left N. York in company with Sarah Ann; Mrs. Mason and her mother also were with us, and I enjoyed the ride to Phila. extremely in their society. Since I have left home have been enabled better than I feared to cherish a sense of divine things. Indeed, I am more convinced than ever of the wisdom of the step I have taken in entering upon the holy office of the ministry. The world has less charms for me than ever. I have looked without any longing on all its wealth and pleasures. I can think only of their transitory and unsatisfactory nature. My heart has sickened at the thought of ever again engaging in the whirl of business and the pursuit of riches . . .

“*Andover, May 28th.*—Once more am I returned to my own pleasant study—all, all through the kindness of God. . . . I am permitted to return in health to this consecrated spot and the study of his holy scriptures. . . . Tuesday morning, the 9th inst., left Georgetown at three o'clock, and went to Harper's Ferry by way of the canal. It was a delightful day—warm and still, and the green fields, the blooming trees, warbling birds, and the gliding waters of the Potomack and our own gliding boat along its banks—united to make the day one of peculiar interest. Our passengers were three young lads, brothers, belonging to Virginia, who had been on a visit to Congress; another young Southerner we picked up on the way; a middle-aged farmer, monstrous impatient to get home, and a Mr. V., a lawyer of Pittsburgh, with whom I formed a very pleasant acquaintance. The scenery at Harper's Ferry (where we arrived same afternoon) is grand and sublime. The Shenandoah and Potomack seem literally to have forced a joint passage through the mountainous rocks. They rise on either side to a great height, at the foot of which on the Potomack side runs the canal and the railroad to Baltimore. We visited the ferry and the rifle manufactory, and were most civilly waited upon at the latter by Capt.

Hall, the inventor and superintendent of the machinery by which this beautiful but deadly weapon is made. Here I saw an inscription on a bridge that made me feel that I was in the region of slavery, and blush that I was a native of its soil. It respected the regulations as to traveling over the bridge ; and, after stating the fine in case one crossed it faster than a walk, added, 'If the offender be a slave, he is punishable with fifteen stripes.' I could not but feel, as a man and a Christian, that such a law was unjust and inhuman, when the party liable to offend is by the very laws debarred from learning even to read, so that, unless his master warned him of the rule, he must inevitably violate it and incur the penalty. Met Mr. Dorr and son at his place, and in company with them and Mr. V. next day proceeded by the railroad to Baltimore, and thence to New York, where I arrived on Saturday a fortnight ago this day. . . . Sunday last heard Mr. Kelly all day, and in the morning accompanied mother to church. Had a pleasant day in some respects, though at home the Lord is pleased yet to subject me to heavy trials. Oh, that the heart of my dear father might be touched by divine grace, and his opposition to the cause of Christ be removed ! All my help is in God ; vain is the help of man ; he will not listen to what I say, or even permit me to speak on the great subject. Mr. and Mrs. Bailey were at the house to-day. On Tuesday, being fast, preparatory to the protracted meeting next week, Mr. Kelly requested me to make some remarks, which I did with much fear and trembling, lest my own heart was not sufficiently humbled before God and in a fit state to address others. Oh, how holy and how near to God should one live who is to preach the way of salvation and declare the truths of the gospel ! . . . I have now entered on a new term of my studies. I see many things in which I ought to improve more than I have yet done, especially in personal holiness and the knowledge of the holy scriptures.

*"June 1st.—*Bro. Bishop came up to-day with an invitation for either myself or Bro. Brown to attend the meetings in Hamilton. After consultation he concluded to go, and has gone. The Lord go with him and bless his labors. Oh, that the dews of divine grace—the influence of the Holy Spirit might descend

and water that barren soil ! How do the ways of Zion mourn, how few give ear to the things of the Lord. Received a kind and salutary reproof to-day from Bro. M—, which I hope to profit by. If we were only faithful to each other, how much good might we do. Prof. Stuart commenced to-day his terminal lectures on the apocalypse, from which hope to derive much help in understanding not only this difficult part of Scripture, but the prophetic parts generally. . . .

“June 4, 1836.—Have this week formed the acquaintance of Bro. Hurlburt from Utica, who has left the law to prepare for the ministry. It is encouraging and delightful to find the Lord thus putting it into the hearts of young men to enter his service, even after they have chosen another profession. Oh, that he would bring multitudes thus to consecrate their lives to his service. Have passed an hour with Bro. H— here in my own room, each recounting what the Lord has done for his soul, and in prayer together have we lifted up our hearts and voices to thank God for his great goodness to us, and to implore his further guidance and blessing. . . .

“Saturday evening, 11th June.—This afternoon with Bro. Fox have visited some families, of which our Sabbath school scholars are members. Had a delightful exercise both bodily and spiritually, and hope that both ourselves and our friends may be the better for it. Took tea with Mrs. J., who has 12 children, all living at home and in health. Surely the Lord has been merciful to his handmaid. She is a holy woman, and lives by faith and not by sight. Prayed with her aged mother (80 years old), who has kept her bed for 18 years with nervous rheumatism. Tho’ quite deaf, she seemed to hear, and expressed her gratitude for the season. Tho’ very tired on my return, have attended our S. S. prayer meeting at the vestry. . . .

“June 12th.—Have been reading this evening in Martyn’s life, and feel my own soul inspired with love to go to the poor heathen, if I could win any of them to Christ. On this subject my mind is yet dark; my desires are not as strong as they once were; but I believe my readiness to do the will of the Lord is as great. . . . This day had three social calls from as many young brethren, who have left the law, and like myself are here

preparing for the ministry; also to-day heard of another person at Utica who is following in the same footsteps. The Lord be praised for putting it into the hearts of his servants thus to devote themselves to his service and praise. I do hope the day will come when this example will be more generally followed. Have thought some of writing a little article for the papers enumerating some earnest examples of ministers who were once lawyers. It might do good. . . .

*“June 14th.—This morning Bro. Brown gave me a letter to read from Mrs. F——, giving an account of the doings of the Saviour in Hamilton during the meetings, many souls have been brought it is hoped into the kingdom. My heart has been deeply exercised in behalf of this meeting, and yet I fear I do not see the value of the soul enough. If God permits me to visit this people this week, I pray it may be for their and my profit, and to his glory. . . . I begin to feel a strong desire to be up and doing in the great work of preaching the gospel; but I would not, I dare not go till I am myself instructed in the ways of truth. . . .”*

*“Monday eve’g, June 20th.—Returned this afternoon from Hamilton, where I went on Saturday for the purpose more especially of endeavoring to labor for Christ in the interesting revival of which we heard. It is the first work of the kind I have witnessed or labored in, and I desire to record my thankfulness to God for permitting me to see so many anxious inquirers flocking to the house of the Lord, and so many subjects of his grace. Reached home so late that I did not get out that evening; but the next morning (yesterday, the Sabbath) went to the morning prayer meeting at the church, and was there permitted to address the brethren and to unite with them in prayer for a blessing on the services of the day. Heard a solemn discourse from Mr. Kelley both parts of the day. . . . Addressed the Sabbath school, which was fuller than usual, and far more solemn and attentive; the Lord gave me strength to speak with freedom and earnestness; my heart was in the matter, and I felt for the souls of those I addressed. At six in the evening attended and conducted a meeting at the North school-house, there being meetings also in two other of the*

school-houses at the same time. On my way thither and home, had interesting conversations with some of those who have just experienced a hope; it was good to hear one of them, Mr. W., tell of the joys he experienced from the Lord—a heaven on earth. . . . At night found myself quite exhausted with my labors, but it was a pleasant exhaustion; and in the contemplation of all I had seen and heard and felt, I passed the time sweetly till I fell asleep. My dear mother, too, this day was propounded for admission to the Church, another event for which I desire to be grateful to God. This duty she has long deferred, owing more to domestic circumstances than anything; but now she has found the obstacles in her path removed, and I rejoice that she has gone forward to confess the Lord before men. . . . Father appeared not so much opposed to the work in H— as I feared he might; to myself he was unusually pleasant. Oh, when will his proud and rebellious heart be subdued to the foot of the Cross? Oh, how I long for this! This morning made a number of exceedingly interesting visits, and conversed with persons looking I trust Zionward. . . . Have this evening spent a happy hour with bro. Brown in recounting all that the Lord had permitted me to see and do in my visits, and together we united in prayer in behalf of this great work. . . . Found a letter from sister Mary on my return; she is evidently seeking, and oh that she may find! . . .

“*June 22d.*—To-day declined an appointment to speak in the village meeting-house the 4th of July on Temperance, as I wish to be absent then to visit Newburyport. . . .

“*July 5th.*—Friday last left Andover for a visit to Newburyport, and passed the first night at father Tileston’s in Haverhill. Found him ill, and quite low spirited; I endeavored to cheer him and direct his thoughts heavenward; but alas, he is I fear laboring under the fatal delusion, common to Universalists, thinking it will all be well hereafter, even without the preparation of heart that God requires. . . . Made a number of very interesting calls in H—. . . . Also had a pleasant meeting with the church at their prayer-meeting in the evening. Next night passed at Indian Hill with sister Mary. At morning prayers all their men, including four Catholics, were present; read

52 and 53 Psalms; I made some remarks upon them. Then went to Newburyport, and attended all day at Mr. Dimmick's church. . . . On the 4th attended a religious celebration at Mr. Dimmick's. Heard him (on slavery) and Messrs. Dana and Sterns, and was pleased with the performances. Dined with Mr. Bannister, and passed a delightful afternoon with himself and daughter. . . . Wednesday evening.—Attended an excellent conference, the subject, 'Evil Speaking,' of which see an abstract on file. Let me endeavor to guard my tongue more than I have done, especially as this is a sin to which (Dr. W. says) ministers are more exposed, and of which they are more guilty than any other class of men! . . .

"*Saturday, 9th.*—Wrote a long letter to-day to my dear spiritual father, Abijah Fisher, thanking him for the kind interest he took in my welfare, and encouraging him to similar efforts with others. . . .

"*Thursday, 14th.*—To-day have been employed in examining and writing on the question of a Bishop and other officers of the church having but one wife, and have been led to the full conviction that the apostle meant only to forbid polygamy, which was then prevalent, and could not be destroyed except by setting the example in the teachers first, who were to be blameless in the Lord, etc. There seems little or no reason for the interpretation of some of the early writers, that the Bishops, etc., were never to be married but once, monogamy not less than celibacy seems not to have been intended, tho' the latter as well as the former have found strenuous advocates in the Romish Church. I have little desire to be married again, but, should the Lord will it, let me endeavor to follow the leadings of his providence; but only in the Lord. . . . *Saturday.*—Called on Bro. Smith this afternoon in relation to a counterfeit Bank note he thought he took of me some time since. I returned him a good one, tho' I had no recollection of passing the first, nor was he positive he took it of me. Yet his impressions were strong, and I would not be the means of injustice to a brother, or indeed to any one. . . . The Lord has been good to me in worldly matters above what I deserve; to-day rec'd the 2d semiannual dividend of 25 per ct. on my Atlantic Ins.

stock, making over \$60 on 125 in one year! How does it become me to contribute to the wants of others and to those things that seem calculated to promote the glory of the Lord! . . .

“*July 22, 1836.*—. . . My thoughts have been directed much this week to the West. Dr. Beecher and Mr. Brainard have been here and talked with us of the wants of that section of the country, especially of sound, ardent, self-denying ministers; they rate the qualifications very high for this field; they say that men who are not ‘well instructed in things pertaining to religion and who have not ability for the work here need not go there, for they will not succeed.’ . . .

“*July 25th.*—Visited Dr. Woods’s family for the purpose of asking his daughters to join the Sabbath school, and succeeded in getting their assent. The Dr. was much pleased with the proposition. . . . Tuesday evening visited Prof. Stuart’s family for the same purpose, but finding a large company present did not make my request, though I afterward regretted I did not. Was introduced to his two sons, neither of them pious; oh, that they may be admonished by their recent bereavement to give their hearts to the Lord. . . . Have been employed to-day and yesterday in writing a Sabbath school address, to be delivered hereafter as occasion may require. . . .

“*July 29th.*—Returned from Hamilton, where I went yesterday accompanied by Bro. Brown. Had a very pleasant time, especially as I met my dear sister Adeline and her children there. Helped the men make hay, and found the exercise very grateful and beneficial. Yesterday afternoon went with Bro. B. to the road. Heard pleasing accounts of the recent conversions, especially of one of whom we had some fears, but the Lord has been better than our fears. Blessed be his holy name! Took tea with Mr. Kelley’s family, and afterward passed a pleasant hour in singing God’s praises and the sweet hymns of Zion, then went to a little meeting, where we both spoke on the subject of constancy in the Christian walk and the necessity of constancy in the sinners seeking repentance. Had but little freedom; perhaps was too much fatigued or my heart was not prepared. . . . Father was very kind and treated my friend well; but I fear his opposition is none the less to religion. Oh,

that he might see his error and his need of salvation. The Lord be merciful and turn him to repentance! Have this evening written to my dear sister Mary, informing her of the dangerous state of the health of cousin Susan, and her intended return home, probably soon to die. Oh, that the solemnity of my thoughts and words may call up her attention to the great subject. Have felt peculiarly anxious for my dear sister, and can not but hope that she will give her heart to God. . . .

“*July 30th.*—Sabbath has been in some respects but not all a good day. In the morning was dull and stupid in church, and was not profited all day so much as I could wish to be by the preaching. Prof. Emerson preached a double sermon from Proverbs, ‘There is a way, the ends thereof are the ways of death.’ Was much encouraged in my S. school to-day. Had a new class which I took charge of myself. . . .

“*Saturday, August 6, 1836.*—Have been so occupied this week in my studies and other exercises that my journal has been neglected. Still I desire to record the goodness of God to me the past week in making it one of the most profitable weeks to me in my studies that I have passed this term. Have taxed my mind and employed my time with all diligence both in Hebrew O. T., Greek N. T., German, and miscellaneous reading. The Lord sanctify all my acquisitions. . . . Have endeavored to live near God, and have felt his presence, though I can not say that my joy is as great as it once was; but I do not complain. Duty is mine, joy or sorrow, the Lord’s to give.

“*August 8, 1836.*—I was employed in writing this evening when Bro. M. called to invite me to attend the S. school concert with him, and, on my declining, he left abruptly, and made (as I thought) some censorious reflections; the subject is painful to me, but I trust and pray that I shall indulge no hard feelings. . . . Let me learn by this incident not to judge of another on so slight a ground as to make his attendance on a particular meeting a test of religious character. . . .

“*Thursday.*—Visited Professor Stuart’s family at a small party, and had a pleasant time; though I must confess my heart does not find its place in such meetings, they do not prepare me for the great work of preaching Christ and him crucified,

though doubtless they contribute to the cultivation of the social relations, which, if sanctified, may be the means of great good. . . .

*“August 18th.*—On Saturday last went to Newburyport with Bro. L., taking Indian Hill in the way, and dining with my dear sister Mary. My time there was not, I fear, profitable either to her or the family, owing to the discussion of the absorbing question of slavery, introduced by Mrs. T. I trust, however, I did not speak unbecoming the gospel of Jesus Christ. . . . We were kindly rec'd by Mr. Bannister, with whom we tarried. In the evening met by appointment the teachers of two of the schools and addressed them, endeavoring to stir up their hearts to more faith and activity in the cause they have espoused. The next morning (the Sabbath) Bro. L—— took two of the schools; visited myself Dr. Dana's; spoke a few words. Heard an excellent and touching discourse from Dr. Dana, who, though 65 years old, seems to possess all the vivacity and energy of 25—a sound and holy man of God. . . . In the afternoon between services visited Mr. Dimmick's S. school—my feelings were very solemn, especially from the consideration that I was now in the place where I was myself instructed when a boy by that venerable man of God, Dr. Spring—where my pious grandmother and two of my aunts—now all no more—worshiped; and I could not forbear hinting at these things in the outset when I addressed the school; the chapel was crowded to excess, and I was permitted for half an hour or more to speak from the heart, and trust that what was said reached the heart. I had much freedom, and felt that the Lord was with me. Bro. L—— also spoke; the meeting was very interesting to me. . . . On my return on Monday went by the way of Haverhill, and found my father-in-law quite sick. Returned that evening, and the next afternoon went up again, and have returned only to-day. He has been quite sick; is low spirited, and seems to be in a dangerous situation. My duty has been difficult. Himself and Mrs. M—— both profess to be Universalists, and on the subject of religion I have but little access. Still have endeavored to deliver my message; have read and prayed with him. . . .

*“August 20th.—*This week a number of anti-slavery meetings at the Methodist church, but have not attended them. Went to the first for the purpose of information, but while there, on the steps of the house, heard such harsh and uncharitable remarks from the preacher, Mr. Fitch, of Boston, that I was obliged to retire. My feelings were pained at hearing a minister of the gospel declare in unlimited terms that the slaveholder would in hell sink lower than the robber or murderer. I felt pained to hear one thus exceeding his commission, and, while I desire to be at all times open to conviction on the subject, I fear that such remarks as these will only alienate those who like myself are not prepared to go the full length with some of the brethren. . . .

*“August 27, 1836.—*I have reason often to see and feel that there is much remaining sin in my heart, and that its lusts have not been wholly crucified. Especially on one occasion was this the case the past week, and I mourn to think of it. . . . On Wednesday went to Hamilton and returned same day. Found all well, and passed a very pleasant day. The day before (Tuesday), cousin Rob't and Mr. and Mrs. Marbury were here and stayed at dinner. Accompanied them through the village, and think that they were pleased with the visit. Hope that a good and serious impression was left on their minds. . . .

*“Andover, Saturday evening, October 29, 1836.—*More than two months have elapsed since I wrote in my journal, and now how many events crowd upon my memory. . . . My dear father Tileston has departed this life; I was called to visit him the Friday before the end of the term, i. e., Sept. 2d, and remained with him till Monday following, and though he was very low still I did not think him so near the close of life. But I was obliged immediately after to go on a journey to Vermont and saw him no more. He died the Sabbath following, Sept. 11th, after a long and painful illness, which he bore with remarkable patience, and I trust resignation to the divine will. In this he seemed to confide, though I had no evidence that his heart had surely repented and been given to the Saviour; but God who knoweth can judge, and into his hands I would commit his soul. He was ever kind and affectionate both to myself and my depart-

ed Eliza, who was indeed his favorite child, as she so much resembled her mother. But now all three rest in their graves, the last I never saw, but Eliza often spoke of her and endeared her memory to me. . . . And again, too, here death came near me, in taking a daughter of Dr. Woods', who was a member of my class in the Sabbath school. She died the Sunday before the term closed, and was buried the day of examination. . . . In the vacation I spent ten days in traveling, went to Portland, and thence to White Hills, and nearly to Canada, but soon wearied of so unsettled a kind of life, and fear that it was not very profitable for my soul. On one occasion was led to travel part of the Lord's day towards evening under the plea of necessity, but alas! conscience reproved me, and I saw afterwards that I should not have committed this sin. . . . The rest of the vacation was passed at Hamilton, where were many things to make it pleasant. My dear Sister Adeline and her child were there, and mother and father, and with them I spent the longest time for nine years, and perhaps shall never again spend so long a time with them. Oh, how should this thought fill my heart and lead me to the throne of grace in their behalf! My father expressed, I think, less opposition to religion than on some former occasions, though his heart is yet stubborn. Oh, that it may be soon bowed by sovereign grace, and to God shall be the glory. Attended some meetings, delivered an address on Sabbath Schools at Hamilton and West Newbury, and endeavored in other ways to do good, and accomplished some study. But found my situation at home not so favorable to study as Andover—but still it is a subject of gratitude to God that I have been permitted to spend so much time there. . . . Our new President, Dr. Edwards, has officiated this week, and made some valuable remarks, especially this evening at prayers. . . .

*“ November 11, 1836.—‘ Bless the Lord, oh my soul, and forget not all his benefits,’ I desire this evening to say as I call to mind the goodness of God since I last recorded anything in this book. . . . 3d. I have been able to prosecute my studies with success, and I hope with profit to my soul as well as mind. 4th. The Lord has been nearer to me, and I have enjoyed his*

presence more and taken more pleasure in his holy word and prayer, but still see great cause to humble myself more not only for positive sins but for shortcomings and neglect of privileges. Oh, that the Lord may forgive . . . This day especially was suddenly led by my own wicked heart to equivocate in a certain matter, if not to be guilty of willful falsehood, and all for fear of injuring the feelings of a brother who wished to know what I could not tell to him. . . . I desire to record, however, the grace of God in enabling me this week to resist a temptation to which (though in itself but small) I have often yielded. . . .

“*Saturday evening.— . . . Heard Mr. Dodge, of New York, on Wednesday evening, on moral reform, and yesterday had a long visit from him. He appears to have this great cause at heart, and to manage it as an agent with judgment and delicacy. The Lord prosper him in his Christian efforts. Our Friday evening meeting was a most delightful one. Had a letter yesterday from Mr. Paine, in which he spoke of his brother George’s death with much feeling, and which I answered, endeavoring to point him to the same blessed hope in which his brother died. Oh, may the Lord bless and sanctify this event to his good. . . .*

“*Andover, November 5, 1837.—Three years have nearly passed since I first found the Saviour, how gracious and long suffering and merciful has he been towards me during this period. . . . I am now entering on the last term of my theological course—how important that I should improve my time and talents, but oh, how doubly important that my heart should not only be right in the sight of the Lord, but ardently interested in the great duties before me! Oh, that I may experience more and more of the love of Christ, of the preciousness of his salvation, and all those blessings connected with it, that I may be better enabled to declare them to others and be an ambassador of Christ.*

“*July 23, 1838.—On Saturday was called upon unexpectedly by Prof. Park to go to Marblehead to preach. Went—preached all day, and delivered address to the Sunday school in the evening. Was much fatigued by the exercises, but was*

enabled to discharge them with much more ease and satisfaction to myself than I could have expected. In prayer omitted remembering the absent pastor, remember this also, guard against too much *egotism*, of which, as well as some other faults in conversation, I fear I was guilty, in the family of Mrs. Reed. Had a most delightful, Christian welcome from her; she is, indeed, a noble-hearted lady. . . .”

## CHAPTER X.

### FROM PULPIT TO FARM.

WITH the last date the journal comes to a perpetual end. It had, indeed, for some time survived but by gasps. No entry is made between December 11, 1836, and November 5, 1837, and none between the latter date and July 23, 1838. Its writer gives more space to one day at the beginning of his journal than to one year at the end. To my apprehension, this betokens the return of his mind to its normal healthy condition. That the state of mind which produced that journal was healthy, I think no one will maintain. Of a quick, ardent, emotional temperament, naturally joyous, though liable to depression, strongly affectionate, confiding, and pure, Mr. Dodge was stunned by grief, and, in his weakened condition, came under the influence of a new, and, I think, a deeper faith, which somewhat, no doubt because it was new, laid hold of him with controlling power. It was partly beneficial and partly deleterious. It furnished hope when he was cast down. It gave him beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. That can not be denied. But with a great sum obtained he this freedom. The change of view which lifted him above a waste of sorrow sacrificed also his prospects in life,

broke his father's heart, grieved and disappointed his friends, and served him nothing in the new profession to which it compelled him.

I do not understand the case. I understand, not in the least, why the Creator should be at the pains of allotting thirty years to the upbuilding of a successful man, and then permit him to abandon his success so completely and so conscientiously. I do not understand why the Father of us all should so strenuously enforce religion, and then should permit religion to lead into unwise-dom. I do not understand why he should command us to seek him, and construct us so that we can not help seeking him, and then give us no more guidance than if we had scorned him. No one who has read the foregoing journal but must admit that here was an honest man sincerely trying not only to do right, but to do the highest right. He was a man, as his comrades admitted, and as all his after life showed, of unusual parts, and of the soundest judgment; yet, under the influence of religion, he committed moral extravagances so great as to make his friends fear insanity. It was partly owing to the fashion of this world which passeth away. Between the orthodoxy of fifty years ago and our orthodoxy there is, thank Heaven! a great gulf fixed. The orthodoxy of 1830 seems to have contemplated Unitarianism somewhat as we should contemplate paganism. Allen W. Dodge had been, as son, brother, husband, friend, blameless. But when he went from Unitarianism to orthodoxy he looked back upon his former self, and upon his brethren and sisters who still remained Unitarians, as loaded with guilt, and in danger of God's wrath and curse. It was the fashion of the orthodoxy of that day, with a lamentable sincerity no doubt, to transfer the remorse of David and

Saul for real sins to their own lips for imaginary sins. When the old stalwarts of the Scriptures repented in dust and ashes, they had something to repent of. When they talked of sins, they meant the thinking of bad thoughts, the saying of bad words, the doing of bad deeds. They meant the cheating of a blind old father into making a wrong will. They meant the slaying of a brave soldier and the betrayal of his weak wife by their king. They meant the harrying to death of innocent men for their faith. They meant the setting up of brute beasts for worship in place of the Lord God Almighty. They meant malignancy and mendacity and sensuality. But the orthodoxy of fifty years ago had made sin so imperative, and whittled it down to so fine a point, that a man was reduced to the necessity of calling a pun a sin !

Into this orthodoxy Mr. Dodge plunged headlong, with all the impetuosity of his ardent nature. Religion became, instead of the atmosphere of his life, life itself. He made of it a profession, an occupation. He entered upon a career which, if its pursuit were possible, would absorb and destroy all the industries of the world and all the ameliorations of life. Literature was turned into one narrow channel. Social entertainment was confined to conversation upon a single topic. Things spontaneous and simple were condemned as "worldly." He had misgivings about talking with old friends, lest they should turn the heavenly current of his thoughts. He kept a journal, not for convenience or pleasure, but as a solemn duty, to promote growth in grace by self-examination—whose omission was in itself sin ; and so little did the theological seminary do to counteract this egotistic and belittling tendency, that, after they had been six weeks under its influence, two grown men

could deliberately put their heads together to bemoan themselves over the sin of having smiled at some grotesque discord in a village choir, or having, foolishly enough, no doubt, jested about some village belle on their way home from church.

Look at the books he read : Henry's "Letters to an Inquirer," "Reasons why Literary Men do not become Religious," Wilberforce's "Practical Views," Payson's "Memoirs," James's "Anxious Inquirer," Doddridge's "Family Exposition," Abbott's "Young Christian," Taylor's "Memoirs," Baxter's "Saints' Rest"—excellent books, no doubt, but books which can hardly be administered too homeopathically. As a steady diet, they had their natural result. He read these books, he bought them to give away, he took on for the time their color. His life and conversation became tinged with their hues. He lost all taste for cheerful and varied talk, but was ever seeking occasion for speaking "kindly but plainly" to his friends about their souls. His letters, instead of being letters about every-day things, became religious exhortations. He was so sincere and loving through it all that his friends seem to have treated him with great consideration. Nevertheless, it must have made him for the time a good deal of a bore. He was enthusiastic about sermons, not only listening to the most extraordinary number of them, but going home afterward and making long abstracts of them.

Nevertheless, his native good sense was not wholly lost even then, for in the midst of his devout admiration he made some discriminating criticism. But he thought the business of this world was of no account, and neither saint nor sinner, neither letters to inquirers nor any man's practical views, appears to have hinted to him that this world's business is what we are sent into

this world to do. Of the next world we know very little—hardly enough to correct the over-eagerness of this—only just enough to give us a little hope, a little courage, a little consolation. But the very best preparation for the next world, whatever the next world be, must be to do vigorously and faithfully and fearlessly the tasks, to meet promptly and honorably the exigencies set before us in this. Eternal welfare and temporal welfare are not two things, but one and the same thing. We are just as much in eternity now as we ever can be. The moment we are born we are born into all the eternity there is. Nothing can be good for any life that is to come unless it is good for the life that now is. It is idle, it is worse than idle, to overlook or to neglect the pleasures, the duties, the developments of this world, which it is our business to know, for the supposed affairs of another world which we have never seen, from which we have but the most remote and meager reports, and which it will be quite time enough for us to attend to when we get there.

Joined to a sudden distaste and unfounded contempt for his own profession, Mr. Dodge conceived an equally unfounded reverence for the clerical profession. He appears to have fancied that it lifted a man above all the petty ambitions, annoyances, and interests of life into an atmosphere of holiness and heaven. He did not see that a clergyman must use means for ends just as much as a lawyer, and exactly the same means ; that a clergyman has precisely the same relation to meal and meat and money, to broadcloth and calico, to ambition and vanity and love and benevolence, as the lawyer. That he was sincere, and no fool, he proved by going about doing good. A hypocrite may stand up in prayer-meeting and talk of holiness, but Mr. Dodge went out into the

highways and hedges, and brought in the little Arabs, and fed them and clothed them, and put up with their saucy pranks. He hunted out the old women, and prayed with them and read to them. He found the debtors, and befriended them in spite of abuse. A man may stand on the street corners to be seen of men, but he does not go into small-pox prisons and carry out the patients from anything but genuine convictions. Mr. Dodge sought out all sorts of charitable societies, and contributed to their charities. He joined the Sunday-school, and taught as many of the little scamps as he could lay hold of. He was so eager to do something for his religion that he even turned to on old Sally in his kitchen, at the risk of destroying her peace of mind by trying to teach her to read and go to Sunday-school. He records with perfect frankness his own failures. The poor debtors swore at him. The sailors ran away from him. The old women preyed upon him. His Sunday-school scholars took French leave. Still he was bent on preaching. When a missionary went to the savages, and was eaten by them, he twisted the natural lesson right-about face into the conclusion that he ought to go too. He evidently admires Mr. Champion for throwing away ten thousand dollars and an American missionary for the sake of having his own way. He calls it doing his Master's service, but nothing appears in the record to show that his Master could not have been just as well served in South Africa by another man, or that Mr. Champion could not serve him just as well in North America as in South Africa, while it is certain that he would have had ten thousand dollars besides to devote to his Master's service, and would have comforted the heart of his poor old grandfather, who was nearer to him, and more sacredly his

charge and duty, than every beastly Zulu of them all. But, in his present unhealthy state of mind, and unnatural way of looking at life and its responsibilities, my Gallio cared for none of these things. His own way may be the best way for a man ; but, if so, it is because it is his own way, not because it is the Master's way.

The egotism to which this form of orthodoxy lends itself is plainly perceptible. A man is constantly examining himself, turning his thoughts inward, laying hold of little things and magnifying them into great ones. Selfishness, whether under the name of religion or of infidelity, is equally dangerous and belittling. Six pages of his journal are occupied by a trouble between himself and his friend Cleaveland about nothing. On account of religion, a purely imaginary cause of difference springs up between them. It is impossible to fancy grown men occupying themselves with a matter of less moment, yet these two metropolitan lawyers, under the influence of a misapplied religious faith, have grown into so exaggerated an estimate of the importance of their own souls and states of mind and frames of heart that moral reflections are made, and umpires dispatched, and the Divine Being himself appealed to to decide whether a man should go to see his friend or wait till he is sent for !

I should feel that I were myself doing injustice to my friend in thus emphasizing and characterizing this phase of his life, if he had not come so bravely out of it, so completely out of it, that only after his death did I know he had ever been in it. It is as if I were speaking of another person. The magnitude of the error can only be seen by marking its warping effect on so strong, sincere, and simple a nature. For never

to the worlds of heaven sent this world a manlier man.

In justice to orthodoxy, it must be said that Mr. Dodge took his destructive course not without judicious advice even from the orthodox. His ministers and religious friends proffered wise suggestions when out of the pulpit, but he took their pulpit teachings so at the foot of the letter that he gave the former no heed. In his simplicity, he thought the pulpit meant what it said. It is a pity that no one was by to speak with authority and force, to shake him out of the unnatural condition he was in, and show him that all life is one. The very extent of the field which opened before him in New York was the strongest indication of the path of duty and wisdom. He found that sin was too strong for him in the debtor's prison and the city's gutters. But it would have been wiser to stay and fight a losing fight than to go off and prattle of atonement in the green pastures of Andover. Instead of resisting the devil in his strongholds and the forefront of battle, he withdrew to the quiet and comparatively innocent country to study old theories about the devil. And yet, to be wholly frank, it is not the devil I am thinking of so much as my friend. I mourn, not so much for the good he might have accomplished, as for the good that might have come to him, even though, had it come, I should never have known it or him! But it irks me fifty years afterward to see a young man make so wanton a sacrifice. As Mr. Dodge stood, there is nothing to which he might not have reasonably aspired. In a momentary delusion, under stress of an overwhelming sorrow, he threw it all away—while of the real lesson which his affliction should have taught him there is no sign that he or his friends ever caught the smallest glimpse.

In the struggle between them at the parting of the ways, my sympathy and my judgment are wholly with the bluff old father. He was apparently not an irreligious man to begin with, but the extreme position taken by the son irritated and instigated him from step to step till he, who had set out only by rejecting hell, ended, in a fit of desperation, by abolishing heaven. Let it be remembered that the father was not only saddened but soured by injustice, disappointment, and misfortune. Yet he was not soured beyond intense love and devotion to his children and wife. That wife, all love and duty, yet with a temperament inclined to melancholy and a faith which increased that tendency, was little likely to inspire him with a more cheerful spirit. Her very sweetness and submissiveness seem sometimes, and not unnaturally, to have been in themselves an exasperation. His last hope was anchored to this one boy. On him he had lavished all his care and tenderness and patience. In that one son he saw blossoming his own lost youth, his baffled ambition. When that was struck down, he hated the weapon that dealt the blow, and that weapon was religious faith. No wonder he did not want word or wink of that faith. It maddened him to see his son turning aside from the brilliant career for which two lives had painfully prepared him, and entering, late and lamely, upon preparation for one wholly different, and, to the father, utterly unpromising. No wonder he sat bolt-upright, with scornful back turned upon family prayers. It was not that he hated prayers. Had his son come home from his wife's death-bed, just as pious, just as enthusiastic, but with no thought of leaving his profession, meaning only to add to his business faith, there is not the slightest reason to believe that his father would have

opposed him by word or sign or thought. On the contrary, so great was his love and admiration of his son, that it is far more probable he would have been drawn into that son's views, and have sympathized, if not shared, in his religious fervor. But, seeing the young man relinquish all the prospects of life for a mere vision, knowing that his wife secretly sympathized with her son, and feeling all he had longed and labored for slipping from his grasp, he fell back on his reserved rights, which nobody could take away, and denounced and ridiculed the wreck he could not prevent.

One can hardly think of anything more forlorn than for a young man to go from the stress and gayety of active, successful, professional life, and animated and happy social life in New York, to that of a theological student in a village seminary. It makes one homesick to read about it fifty years afterward. Nevertheless, it is necessary to admit that in all the pages of his voluminous journal appears no trace of homesickness or misgiving or regret. Mr. Dodge seems to have entered upon and to have continued in his studies not only with pleasure but with ardor. He gives no sign of ever having looked back upon New York with a shade of concern.

Many years afterward, in reminiscences of his early life, he says :

“ Nearly forty years ago it was my privilege to be a student in the theological seminary at Andover. It was then in a most flourishing condition—perhaps, never more so. Great revivals had swept through the land. Large numbers of young men, in the ardor of a new-born hope, flocked to this seat of learning to consecrate themselves to the ministry of the Gospel. The classes must have had at least eighty or more members each. The diligence, the earnestness, the enthusiasm, that prevailed were

to me wonderful. The whole atmosphere on the hill seemed filled with one absorbing idea, How best to prepare to preach Christ and him crucified? The missionary spirit was rife in the seminary. The old chapel resounded with praise and prayer by those who were to go forth to foreign fields, to remote parts of our own continent, and wherever loyalty to conscience and to Christ called, to labor for the conversion to him of the world.

“There was a noble band of professors in the seminary—Woods and Stuart and Emerson and Park, the latter as successor to Skinner, who had just left. The central figure of the group—the one that emitted the most light and heat, and by his genius, his learning, his simplicity, his sweetness, and earnest Christian spirit was the most attractive—was Moses Stuart. How every one kindled into rapt attention as he applied to the study of the New Testament, in the original Greek, the laws of interpretation, comparing scripture with scripture, and, when its true meaning was fully and fairly got out, making it a finality for faith as well as practice! Reason and logic were by no means wanting in his teaching, but it was reason and logic set on fire by his electric touch. The Bible, under his keen and inspiring investigations, seemed to glow with new light and beauty, till one could almost exclaim, as truths before obscure came flashing on his vision, ‘Whereas I was blind, now I see.’

“Even into the dry monotonous task of teaching the Hebrew grammar—as it was the practice of Professor Stuart to teach it even to beginners—he would infuse such life and interest that for the time you forgot the difficulties, the almost unintelligible nature of the language and of the rules you were trying to master. Your faith, even if it were as faint as the smoking flax, was so kept alive by his thorough familiarity with every crook and turn, every nook and corner, every part and parcel, of that grand old road the patriarchs and prophets had trod, that we followed our guide with confidence the most implicit. Often he would say :

“‘Don’t be discouraged, young men; don’t get mired in the Slough of Despond. Keep heads above water, keep spirits up, and keep moving. You will get through the slough by and by; only be patient and persevering. You will surely get through,

as all the faithful ones have before you. And then, when you reach the pleasant banks on the other side, and sun yourselves in the clear atmosphere, you will only look back to wonder that you were ever faint-hearted and unbelieving.'

"Who could help mastering Hebrew, were it a language ten times more difficult than it is, with so inspiring a teacher!

"But sometimes a warm-hearted, zealous young man would have his doubts as to the need of knowing Hebrew in order to know and to teach the Scriptures, and to him all this toil and trouble would be like love's labor lost. He could not brook the delay to his working in the vineyard, which he was so anxious to enter. Such a one came one day to the Professor almost breathless with the burden that seemed to oppress him, saying that he could no longer wait dallying with Hebrew and Greek. For others, perhaps, it might answer thus to spend years, but for himself time was too precious, and he must hasten to the field to sow the good seed!

"'Very well!' replied the Professor, 'I like your zeal; but had you not better wait here a while before you start, and get some seed to sow?'

"During an attack of typhoid fever, which confined him to his bed for some weeks, Professor Stuart was accustomed to have a couple of the students watch with him every night. To this duty I was called one evening, and what was my surprise, not only to hear him speak of the various symptoms and stages of his disease, with its treatments and remedies, with the air of one of the medical faculty, but to be set by him to read aloud a new work on this fever, then just translated from the French of Louis. I think that was the author's name—at all events, a new theory was advanced as to the treatment of typhoid fever, *viz.* : to give all the ice-water and cooling drinks that the patient wanted—and the professor was vastly interested in it. To carry on the reading with my fellow watcher, sitting by a wood fire in a large open fireplace, we spent the first half of the night, with now and then a comment by the patient in the bed, or a request to read over again a passage that was not quite clear to him. It was almost like one's doctoring himself, or rather it was the sick man laying in a stock of medical knowl-

edge to turn to good account in helping others as well as himself.

"It was either at this time or on some other occasion when I had been talking with him about dying, that I asked Professor Stuart if the contemplation of it ever gave him any fears.

"'None whatever!' said he. 'Why should it? There is the promise: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee." Now I know I trust in him. I know my whole soul is stayed on him. So I know, when the time for my departure comes, I shall have that peace—that perfect peace—he has promised. I don't give myself a moment's uneasiness as to that—not a moment's!'

"One evening, after the usual exercise with his class, I had taken a long walk with him, enjoying his charming and most interesting and instructive conversation, when we reached his house, and he stood leaning over the picket fence of the front yard, prolonging the interview.

"'Did you know,' said he, 'that Brother —— has had bad news to-day?'

"'What news?' I asked.

"'Why, he has heard of the failure of some bank or manufacturing company, in which he had invested a good sum, and now it is all gone! Well, Brother —— will mourn and worry over it, but I doubt not it is all for the best; for the all-wise one knows that Brother —— loves money, and is over-anxious where best to bestow it. Were every investment of his a safe and profitable one, Brother —— would forget his dependence on God. This laying up of money is just like building card-houses. After many a trial a child raises one four or five stories high, and then a puff from a bystander, and over it goes! So time and again the Almighty by a breath seems to overturn Brother ——'s treasure pile, and thus keeps him humble.'

"'We all need discipline of one kind or another, adapted to our wants,' I ventured to reply.

"'Yes, yes! But I am of a different temperament entirely. I never had the knack nor the desire to accumulate wealth. Were I to die to-night, I have nothing to leave my family but my commentaries on Romans and Hebrews, and I don't know

that they are worth much'; and so, with a smile on his lips, and a roll of the tongue to the side of his mouth in glee at the thought of his poverty, he glided into the house.

"Yes, his was a profound and habitual sense of humility, of dependence, and of unworthiness. Who that ever listened to him in public prayer can forget the rich, sonorous tones—partly plaintive and partly exultant—with which he ejaculated that petition which was sure to be in every prayer: 'Look in thy mercy upon us, O Lord!' And how would he bear his hearers with him quite to the verge of heaven, so that its pearly gates would seem to unfold, and the anthem of the blessed come swelling on the ear, as he would repeat its ascription of praise: 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing; for thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation.'

"Truly, most truly, does the Church of Christ owe to Moses Stuart a vast debt of gratitude for his great success in interpreting and defending the Holy Scriptures, and in training up others to engage in the same life-work!"

On the 10th day of April, 1838, the year preceding his graduation, Mr. Dodge received his certificate from the Andover Association, and was recommended "as a preacher of the Gospel to the churches of our Lord Jesus Christ." He wrote perhaps half a dozen sermons, and preached perhaps a dozen times in Essex, Wenham, Marblehead, West Newbury, Andover, Haverhill, Beverly, and in his own town, Hamilton. His sermons are a curious blending of Andover method and New York effusiveness, but between them Allen W. Dodge is pretty well crushed out. There is nothing whatever in the sermons of his originality, his logic, his boldness of thought, his wit, or his clear perception.

Why he abandoned the ministry I do not know.

His health failed completely, but what made his health fail is not recorded.

In a letter dated Hamilton, January 18, 1839, he writes to his sister: "You will be surprised perhaps to learn that I have returned so soon to Hamilton. But my health has been so poor that I have been able to study very little. I have been troubled with an affection of the head, a dull sort of pain, which has prevented my sleeping in the night or accomplishing anything in the day. Yesterday I left Andover, and came here by the way of Salem. . . . If I should be better, I think I shall put a Franklin stove in my room up-stairs, and occupy the room as a study."

Rev. Dr. A. P. Peabody says, when he was pursuing his studies at Andover: "I went to Andover to lecture, and passed several hours at his room. He then talked to me in full of his sad experiences, the birth of his strong religious convictions, and the entire change in his plans of life which had ensued upon his consecration to the love and service of his Redeemer. My impression of him at that time is vivid. He bore, in countenance and manner, the unmistakable vestiges of bereavement and sorrow, but, at the same time, of entire resignation and profound religious trust. He never appeared to me more vigorous, earnest, resolute, or hopeful. His whole soul seemed to be in the work of the ministry, and he was looking forward with intense ardor to the "fields white for the harvest." We talked long of the profession which we both regarded as the most blessed of all callings, of its responsibilities, trials, and joys. We talked of the things in which we differed—he, with the undoubting assurance which, perhaps, made him incapable of appreciating the grounds of a belief divergent from his own, but with an affec-

tionate kindness which made one feel that we were not so far apart as he imagined. Why he did not preach I never knew."

His last entry in his journal gives an account of his first preaching. He used afterward to give a more human, not to say humorous, narration of the same experience. While attending the twenty-fifth anniversary of the settlement in Rowley of his Andover classmate, Rev. Mr. Pike, he was called upon to speak, and was introduced by the remark that he "entered upon the ministry with pleasant prospects of success." To this and other introductory words, he replied: "This is the first time I have heard that anybody ever had pleasing hopes of my usefulness in the ministry. True, I was a member of the Theological Seminary with Brother Pike, and boarded in the same family with him. But, as the time of our leaving approached, I was so oppressed with a sense of my own incompetence and unworthiness for the work of the ministry that I shrank from it. Well do I remember being called upon about this time by Professor Park, who had made an appointment to preach the next day at Marblehead, and who requested me to go and preach for him. Of course I declined, promptly and positively. The Professor, however, prevailed, and I went. As I journeyed thither alone in a one-horse chaise, my thoughts and feelings were of the most painful character. If ever a man going to be hung felt worse, I pity him. The idea of my preaching was bad enough; but for me to attempt to perform that service for one so gifted and eloquent—to hold up my farthing rush-light where the sun was expected to shine—the thought was intolerable. I was hospitably entertained by that mother in Israel, Madam Reed—now gone to her rest—who, seeing my condition,

did what she could to cheer and encourage me. How I got through with the pulpit services, it is impossible for me to tell. But the next morning I hastened out of town before sunrise, lest the boys might follow me in the streets with the cry, ‘There goes the man that tried to preach yesterday.’”

It seems to me that the evil spirit rent him sore as it came out of him. All I know is that it came out of him, and, though he was for a time as one dead, he soon rose up into a fresh, healthful, and radiant life. All that was real in his religion remained with him as a principle and an enjoyment; but all that miserable, wasteful, irrational, anxious, self-inspecting fanaticism passed away for ever.

He had relinquished the law, in which his prospects were so bright; he now relinquished the pulpit, to which he had looked with such apostolic ardor, and betook himself to the life of a working farmer with the same whole-heartedness. Hamilton is a blessed little hamlet to be born in, to grow up in, to come back to, to keep always as standing-ground and sanctuary. Over its summer fields broods a perpetual stillness, its silence is tuneful with Nature’s thousand voices, its wide skies hold the sunshine of the heart, its gentle hills touch heaven. In Hamilton you can sit on your veranda and see all the stars in the northern heavens. On summer nights you can hear the solitary horseman’s tramp a mile away. On summer mornings you are wakened by the whirr of the scythe in the meadows below, and can hear what the mowers say about you as they pause to whet their blades. Across its chief, its only thoroughfare, the bobolinks fly at high noon, overbold, and poise on the apple-boughs above your head, scarce out of reach.

But Hamilton can not be said to be an inviting field for an ambitious young man. Rich men come here sometimes and spend a great deal of money, but no one has yet been able to see what profit it is to them under the sun. They build fine houses and barns, they set up carriages and purple and fine linen ; but you can never make much headway in Hamilton unless you were born here. Carpet-baggers almost invariably die, or fail, or get disgusted with the neighborhood, and leave, and the natives gently buy up their fine houses at quarter price, thank God, and take courage. Occasionally a man of peculiar gifts and graces comes in from the outside world and becomes a true child by adoption.

But this is rare. Native or carpet-bagger, if you are in comfortable circumstances, with money to pay for service rendered, it is like drawing teeth to make Hamilton people do anything for you. They are rich and increased in goods, and have need of nothing. And after days of delay, you must keep your eye on them or they will slip out from under your hand, leaving your potatoes half hoed, your furnace half mended, your awnings half hung. When you can catch them long enough to scold them about it, they seem to think it is a good joke and laugh, or they enjoy it with keen literary relish as vigorous and voluble English, without holding out the smallest sign of reformation or remorse. But, if you are in real trouble, their *laissez faire* disappears. They swarm at a moment's notice to get your ox out of the pit, to build up your burnt barn, or whisk your hay into it from a storm. In real trouble they will bear all things, believe all things, hope all things, and endure all things in your cause.

Into this secluded and silent hamlet went the young

man from Andover and New York, fitted, indeed, for its sacred solitude by ancestral blood, but unfitted one would suppose by the busy and energetic life of his own thirty years.

If he had regrets, no one ever heard them. Hamilton took him to her heart and made him her own. Forty years he went in and out before this people. He bore their griefs, he carried their sorrows, he shared and made their pleasures, he fought their battles, he honored their trust, he returned their love. He was part and parcel of the little community. He was head and front of all good works, all schemes for charity, improvement, or amusement. If the church was to be repaired, if a lecturer was to be introduced, if the Fourth of July was to be celebrated, if a tea-party was to be held to pay off a parish debt, if a revival was to be conducted decently and in order, if a girl wanted a flower-garden laid out, if the Sunday-school was to be set upon the upward path of progress, "'Squire Allen" was the man to do it, and the man who did it. Let me not seem to represent an ideal state of things—a pastoral simplicity and docility—where one man led and all other men meekly followed. I think that is not the way of any New England community. It certainly was not the way of this. Mr. Dodge was positive, aggressive, brusque. The people also were positive, keen to discern and proud to possess his ability, sturdy, and sufficiently secretive. Sometimes they grumbled, and sometimes they grinned, and sometimes they gave hard knocks back again; but through all they admired him and loved him; they knew he was a power beyond their own boundaries, staunch and leal. They said little. It was not their way, but they held him in most faithful possession. I remember once, years ago, he delivered a

lecture in the vestry upon the Holy Land, illustrating by maps and charts of his own procuring. Several weeks afterward, a lady, meeting him, told him how much she had been interested in the lecture. He smiled and said she was the first person, man, woman, or child, who had said one word to him of any sort whatever about the lecture. But Hamilton went to the lecture and enjoyed it, and was proud to have a man who could deliver such a lecture on her own soil. Only it never occurred to her to say so ! Mr. Dodge was a sort of real estate to Hamilton. He was a feature of the landscape grown familiar, and not to be spoken of. He was stable as her hills, sparkling as her ponds, gusty as her winds. Even now I can not make it real that I shall not see his good old limp again as he comes climbing painfully up the walk, arm swinging, face flushed with exercise, and radiant with good cheer—or hear again that voice, flung far ahead of his halting feet, all conquering, like the roar of many waters, rich and free and full as Nature herself.

So to Hamilton the young man betook himself from Andover Seminary, utterly broken in health, to patch up body and soul as best he might. His father had died a year before, somewhat comforted for his great disappointment by the presence and ministrations of his son, and helped no doubt in the presence of death to the real perspective of life. His son writes, March 22, 1837 :

“ Father is no more. He ceased to breathe this morning at nine o’clock. His death was unexpected to us at last, as there was no apparent change in him yesterday. This morning, at three, he went into a lethargy. We sent for the doctor at eight, who said he would never awake from it, though he might linger the day out.”

This simple announcement of death is not marred by moral reflections or religious lessons. It is made during one of his long interregnums of journalizing, when good sense and good taste were resuming sway, when he was releasing himself from the dominion of words and giving his attention to things.

*From Rev. Dr. Leonard Woods to A. W. D.*

"ANDOVER, January 26, 1839. (One week after he left Andover.)

"MY DEAR FRIEND: I have received a letter from Judge Paine, of Vermont, naming you as an agent for the Colonization Society in that State, and wishing me to inform him whether you can be obtained. It has occurred to me that an active employment of such a kind might prove highly beneficial to your health, as well as promotive of a very interesting object of benevolence. Mr. Emerson, who left here a few years since in a state of depressed health similar to yours, has been raised to uniform and confirmed health by the journeying labors of an agent, and is now willing to settle in the ministry; indeed, I think he is settled, or about to be. You might engage for a longer or shorter term, or indefinitely, and on condition of leaving when you should choose. I have thought you would succeed well in that business, and should hope that the constant exercise you would have, and being engaged in active public business, instead of sedentary and studious habits, would raise you above the low state of your animal and mental powers, to which you have been subject of late. I beg you would not fail to consider the matter well, and to seek divine guidance in reference to this proposal. As soon as you have had time to make up your mind, let me know by a letter, or make me a visit, and let it be a subject of conversation.

"Very sincerely yours,

"LEONARD WOODS.

"Judge Paine says, in regard to compensation, they would make your situation pleasant to you.

"I have known many others besides Mr. Emerson, above

mentioned, who have gained firm health by the active labors of a traveling agent.

"Have you had any communication with the Committee of Danvers?"

But Mr. Dodge had got out of the sphere of the pulpit, and he was not anxious to get in again. He had smelt the soil, and had learned that its perfume was divine guidance, and would provide exercise constant enough. I do not know what answer he gave to Dr. Woods, but he never took an agency, and on February 27th he was writing, like the good lawyer as he was and the good farmer he was going to be, to his brother Bailey, who was just removing to Lynn upon the estate then known as "Lynn Mineral Spring," since, in the possession of Hon. Richard Fay, as "Linmere": "By the by, I suppose you are wide awake enough to look out for the taxes and assessments, also to provide that the lessors shall make the necessary repairs, etc. How is it as to wood? Is there not a plenty growing on the premises, and, if so, can not you have the privilege of cutting from them? And in case you make any improvements on the place, such as setting out trees, and at the expiration of the lease should not purchase, ought you not to be allowed for such improvements a reasonable compensation? It would be an inducement for you to make them, and would also be of permanent benefit to the place. . . . In the same volume of the 'New England Magazine,' page 226, is the article entitled 'Our Birds,' which I think might furnish some good extracts for your reading-book. The description of the Bobolinks is humorously and graphically done; that of the Golden Oriole, or gold robin, I suppose, is also capital. What do you think of the down-East war? I know of no one who takes it so much at heart as

Mr. Henry (the head farmer). He is afraid they will be up this way soon for recruits, and he says that he has such a recollection of the last war that it always gives him a *disagreeable feeling* to think of fighting. Things look squally down there, but I hope it will blow over as did the French breeze. . . . How does Pierpont's credit stand at the sub-treasury, i. e., with Mary Adeline?"

He had outgrown the fear of giving a worldly current to his thoughts!

About the same time he wrote to his sister a letter full of new plans about the farm, the poultry-yard, the nursery, and the south garden, with a very little theological study thrown in.

It is easy to see now, what probably he did not himself see then, that he had not the slightest intention of going back into the pulpit. With busy hens cackling all around him, and the breath of spring already in the lengthening February days, any call of Andover must have sounded faint and far.

The sudden and appalling death of his brother-in-law, Mr. Bailey, threw upon him the care and guardianship of a heart-broken wife and five little children.

That amiable and accomplished gentleman—brilliant, handsome, popular, a man of genius and of learning, a born teacher, a pioneer in the education of girls, in whose cause he fought a good fight, even with the venerable Mayor Quincy, of Boston—died at the early age of forty-four. As he was running across his own yard he trod on a large nail with such force that it was driven its whole length through his boot and into his foot. He drew it out himself, with some effort, and went immediately to Boston to consult Dr. Hayward. After a few days the pain and inflammation subsided,

but on the tenth day after the accident he was busily engaged during the morning in writing, and it was afterward found that he had then arranged his papers and left directions for his family in case of his death. At dinner he was as calm and cheerful as usual, but it was noticed that he did not eat. To anxious inquiry he slowly and reluctantly admitted that he *did* have "a sort of tightness about his jaws, but perhaps it was only fancy." Physicians were immediately sent for, and powerful remedies administered. He maintained perfect calmness, conversed on various subjects, apologized to the physician for summoning him at midnight, calmly inquired the probable effect of amputation, and with equal calmness received the answer, "Too late." At three o'clock on Sunday morning, twenty-four hours before his death, he walked slowly up-stairs, with no assistance but from his cane. During the day powerful opiates were vainly administered. When one of his little children anxiously asked him if his jaws had locked any more, he seemed to nerve himself to answer: "I think they are. It comes on—slow, but very sure." In the intervals of the paroxysms of pain, which grew more and more severe, he sent flowers and other love tokens to one and another. In the presence of his family he was calm, but in their absence he cried with uncontrollable anguish, "O God! what *will* become of my poor wife and children?"

Mr. Dodge was with him as soon as he could be brought, and promised to be a father and protector to his children—a promise most faithfully and sacredly fulfilled. "Then," said the dying man, grasping firmly the brotherly hand, "I can die in peace."

At six o'clock on Saturday evening he was attacked with severe spasms, which soon, happily, were followed

by lethargy, and there, writes his daughter, "the strong man lay in an unconscious stupor, breathing out his rich life in deep groans of agony." The struggle terminated at half-past two in the morning, and bore from five little children a father, of whom those children testify that, "in all the blessings of their after life, they have ever felt that their richest inheritance has been to call themselves *his* children."

Remembering the sharp lines of theological difference between the brothers, it is interesting to read Mr. Dodge's loving tribute to the dead twenty-two years afterward. Having written of his learning, his poetic power and scientific attainments, his professional skill, critical taste, and public service, Mr. Dodge adds :

"And so this friend of his race, this man of letters and of wisdom, this illustrious teacher of the youth of his time, passed away from earth. . . .

"To me his memory is as fresh as if it were but yesterday he was here. His noble form, his commanding stature, his broad, manly chest, his strongly marked features, seem yet present before me. I hear his sonorous voice, his well-articulated words, his cheerful and contagious laugh. . . .

"But it is as a man and a friend that I would essay to present him to the teachers of the present day. I knew him intimately for twenty years. . . . I never knew a man so uniformly cheerful . . . so kind and attentive to the feelings and the happiness of others. . . . So genial his disposition, so open-hearted and free from deceit, he was the very soul of honor and honesty in his dealings with others. . . . In all my intercourse with him, I never knew him to give way to unbecoming anger, or to utter a judgment of others that he would wish unsaid. . . . His temper, though warm, was under perfect control, even in the most trying circumstances. He was tolerant of the religious and political views of others, however much they might differ from his own. While a firm believer himself in the liberal

views of Christianity, he held in high esteem members of all other denominations, and in return received their confidence and support. No man had a deeper respect for the Bible, or had more thoroughly read and studied its sacred pages.

“But I must close this brief sketch, hardly drawn, perhaps, with sufficient distinctness to mark the individuality of one with whom I took sweet counsel in the earlier part of my life, and the fragrance of whose memory has followed me along its subsequent pathway, and will continue with me to its end.”

## CHAPTER XI.

### HIS SETTLEMENT IN HAMILTON.

ANOTHER event increased his attachment to Hamilton. In the autumn of 1839, his friend Robert Rantoul, of Beverly, with whom he had taken the long walk which resulted in permanent lameness, came to Hamilton under Mr. Dodge's auspices to deliver a temperance lecture. The village post office was near the village church, in a wide old house, whose spacious "front room" was quite able to give up one corner to the post-office department, and still have verge enough for all social and family cheer. In this room a bevy of the village girls, the postmaster's daughters and their companions, were gathered, laughing and chatting and putting the finishing touches to their ribbons and trinkets, before going into the church to hear the temperance lecture, when the door opened, and the lecturer and his friend suddenly walked in together. A hush fell upon the merry group. To the young girls Mr. Dodge at that time was not so very young, and he was a minister, which rather awed them, and Mr. Rantoul was a stranger already of some renown. So early as 1835 his classmate Jarvis had written from Concord to Mr. Dodge: "Do you see what a stir Rantoul is making in the Massachusetts Legislature? He is a strong Jackson man,

a busy reformer, and watches the motions of the House with an argus eye. Our other classmates get less fame." So the girls were rather still, but I venture to say they used their eyes. Certainly the young men used theirs. One bright face caught and fixed Mr. Dodge's attention. It was that of the youngest and gayest of the group. He made inquiries, and found that she was of his own blood, a granddaughter of that Lucy, sister of Robert, whose father bequeathed her the one cow and the three sheep, and all the indoor household stuff and movables, that the well-beloved Phoebe would permit, and as much money as would make her portion equal to the money already given to her sisters. Lucy was in her grave, and her son slept by her side, but that son's daughter was as fresh as the morning—round and rosy, guileless and heart-whole, sprightly and shy, as lithe and blithe and thoughtless as the birds. The young man inwardly and instantly resolved that he would have her for his wife if he could. He had avowed at Andover "no desire to marry again, or only in the Lord," and this is the way he did it. He made some pretext about engaging one of her elder sisters to teach school, and by that token he effected an entrance into her mother's house. He rather overacted the business part, it seems, for the girl he really wanted to see was not summoned. Not to be baffled, he got himself invited to stay to tea. Of course all the rest followed. He did marry in the Lord, the Lord's way, not Wesley's way—love's Divine way of outward indirectness and inward straightforwardness; love's Divine way of making its own law as it goes, not Wesley's way of despising "the foolish passion which the world calls love," and bowing down before some molten kitchen image. And, whereas Wesley caught a Tartar, as he richly deserved, my saint

was rewarded with a lifetime of unfailing devotion and uninterrupted domestic happiness.

That the highly educated young man, with all his city associations, his intense religious fervor, and his sincere and sacred sorrow, should have surrendered in a moment to a little country lass, in pink ribbons, who had hardly been beyond the brooks and meadows of her sunny home, may well have been a little startling. Doubtless some theories were put to a severe strain, and perhaps some expectations disappointed. There was small need. That was but blindness which did not see that this very freshness and freedom were what his worn heart craved. Books and business, society, ambition, religion—death and disappointment had swept over all ; and now, as he yet lingered upon the border-land of his third life, gathering into body and soul the strength of the hills and the sanity of the sunshine, it was God's own way—the old sweet, eternal, natural way—that this young girl, who had never a doubt or a thought of duty, who had never meddled with her soul, who had never a dream of disappointment, should have held out to him in her happy hand symbol, promise, and prophecy of a new world opening to him where all had been blank and dark. He did, I believe, fancy that her features bore a reminder of his lost love—as well might be—both being in the first flower and fragrance of their unclouded youth ; but the simple fact is, and there is no getting away from it, that he fell in love at first sight with a bright young face. I would not have it so if I could help it. If I had the making of the world, a man should live happily all the days of his life with the one wife of his youth. If her sun went down at morning light, he should mourn for her all the days of his life, and wait to meet her at the sun-rising

of another world. But it seems otherwise to the gods and to most men. And I am obliged to confess that the seven-and-thirty years which Mr. Dodge passed in his third life with his young wife were years of such happiness, such mutual confidence, such entire devotion and ever-increasing affection, that one would have but small following who should undertake to say that those years ought not to have been possible.

His third life was a happy, busy, practical, and prosperous period, stretching from his second marriage to his dying day. He went upon the farm knowing almost nothing about farming, and speedily came into the front rank of farmers. He was made Secretary of the Agricultural Board for twenty-five years. He was successively Trustee, Orator, Secretary, and President of the Essex Agricultural Society, and Trustee of the Agricultural College at Amherst. He wrote for agricultural papers far and wide. He addressed all sorts of agricultural societies throughout the country side. And he made his living by farming. Early in the morning and late at evening-tide, his old green baize jacket could be seen in field and orchard and garden. He loved the soil and everything it brought forth—fruit and flower, weed and seed. For seven-and-thirty years the first rose of the summer was set by his wife's plate at the breakfast table—as his grim old father would always, with his own hand, place a layer of roses in the butter boxes sent to his absent daughters in the rose season. He was thus an enthusiastic, practical, scientific, and successful farmer. His house was a center of unbounded hospitality. So long as he remained there, the family circle from far and near flocked to the old home. His widowed sister and her five children found there all the protection and cherishing that love could render. Men

of prominence in letters and in agriculture were constantly feeling their way through the gates and bars of the sequestered farm, and the old house not only kept up its ancient cheer, but held out a wider, though not a warmer, welcome than the old times knew. Little feet glanced over the greensward, and, alas ! faltered and failed. Mother and sister passed away. Sore trial and hard work and clouded days and much perplexity were not wanting, but never also were wanting love and a firm faith and a stout heart, against which adversity has no power.

Although a working farmer, Mr. Dodge never had undivided time to give to farming. Almost immediately upon his return to Hamilton, and his decision to relinquish the ministry, he was sent by his neighbors to the Great and General Court at Boston. He plunged instantly and with all his vehemence into the questions which were then agitating Massachusetts. Horace Mann was at that time precipitating upon the country his benevolent schemes for educating the community by clock-work, and, with voice in debate, through reports, by controversy in the newspapers, Mr. Dodge fought him tooth and nail. Of this controversy I knew little till I looked over his records, after Mr. Dodge's death, in the preparation of this memorial ; and I have been surprised and appalled to see how accurately he foresaw the evils to be inflicted by the new *régime*, how persistently and manfully he combated them, and how relentless has been the clutch then fastened upon the vitals of education. In my own book on "Our Common-School System," I find that I have been protesting, in 1879, against the accomplished mischief which he foreshadowed in 1840, from the attempt to create and govern a school system by a Board, and to substitute

centralization and uniformity and machinery for individual responsibility. Mr. Dodge objected to the school library because it proposed to prepare as well as publish books, and he thought the old authors better than any of these manufactured to order; because he thought the individuals of any town could decide better what books their community wanted than any central Board. He affirmed in debate that if any books published were really valuable they did not need, and if valueless they should not receive, the sanction of the Board, and that the people's reading should not be chalked out for them by others; that it swept away the natural rights of the free guild of authors by an unjust and dangerous monopoly; that every county, if not every town, could readily furnish ten men just as well qualified to sanction books as the Board of Education; and, speaking plainly in the newspapers, but not over his own signature, he said he thought the whole business was what the English call a job. Of course this was more than the Board could bear, and it gathered itself up and discharged against him the destructive and highly appropriate return fire that its antagonist must be a "shallow-pated author, a penny-wise bookwright, or a publisher of literary trash," who had brought "a concatenation of pop-gunnery" against the Board of Education. Then the editor came to the rescue, and assured the Board that his anonymous correspondent was not one of the three; and again his opponents logically launched another random conjecture, and insinuated that he was part of "the State-House conspiracy against the excellent Board." Again, the editor appeared untimely, and averred that the unknown was not a member of the Retrenchment Committee, and they must guess anew; and then they said his arguments were

shallow, and they talked of the “exposure” which they had made of him. But they satisfied themselves with characterizing his arguments. They did not undertake to refute them. They had exhausted themselves in attempting to guess who he was, and the mental strain left them powerless to deal with his reasoning. In Hamilton we do not call this *debating*, but it seems to have satisfied Boston !

In the House, as chairman of his committee, he drew up a report objecting to the management of the common schools by a Board, and they crushed him with the stern assurance that he was a young member from the country, and “is it to be supposed that the young, headstrong man, Mr. Dodge, who has had but little experience of any kind, can take his place in the Council Chamber of this Commonwealth for the first time and *outdo* his fathers, his elders, his superiors in wisdom ? Rather, does not this rash report indicate great imprudence, impertinence even, if we say nothing of its arguments ?”

It will be seen that “this Commonwealth” took the same serious view of herself in 1840 that she takes in 1880. One thoroughly sympathizes with Boston in her amazement at the situation. That a young fellow should spring up from the hillsides of that insignificant little hamlet of Hamilton, upon which Boston had never so much as turned her eye-glass, and which to this day she can not find even on her railroad maps—that he should pop up in the Great and General Court of Massachusetts, and argue, and question, and deny, and denounce, without any fear of Beacon Street before his eyes, just as airily as if he had been talking to a town meeting of farmers in Hamilton vestry—this was enough to benumb the reasoning powers of

the wise elders. No wonder they could only gasp out their horror at his irreverence ; and the more they gasped, the more gamesomely he frisked. March 18th, he was at it again. He declared in the House that he thought the Board were trying to remodel our school system, and make it like the French and Prussian. From the statistics respecting the French schools which he read, it was evident that the teachers of the normal schools were in danger of becoming, would naturally become, mere machines. If any one should say that some of the arguments of “Our Common-School System” were purloined from Mr. Dodge’s contribution to this debate, it would be difficult to disprove the charge. If the author had read the debate before writing the book, I should believe it myself. But Mr. Dodge predicted the very evils whose glaring and baneful existence gave rise to the book forty years afterward. To the schemes of the Board, to the very existence of the Board, Mr. Dodge presented a strenuous opposition. Already the people were clamoring against the trouble and expense to which they were subjected in filling out the cumbersome and trivial forms of blanks with which the Board was beginning to inundate them. Mr. Dodge thought the Board was opposed to the spirit of our republican institutions, and that it was better to stop the experiment now than when it had become more thoroughly interwoven with it. And again his shuddering opponents exclaimed that the Board was “opposed by an individual”—Boston has reached her high-water mark of passion when she calls a man an “individual!”—“by an individual inferior in years to its founders, and they thought inferior in wisdom also.” Indeed, the “gentlemen from Boston” repeatedly, in and out of the House, expressed themselves as astonished by the course of the gentleman

from Hamilton. And the result of this astonishment, as is naturally to be apprehended, was that the gentleman from Hamilton lost his bill. The astonishment of Boston was more than the majority could brave, and they added their quota to the many opportunities we enjoy of beholding, my son, with how little wisdom the world is governed.

Another controversy, whose wrecks are strewn among his papers, and in which he took a prominent part, related to manufactures. The amenities of political debate in Boston at that day should teach a lesson to modern legislatures. The “Post” gently insinuates a lack of enthusiastic approbation thus : His (Mr. Dodge’s) report “for absolute weakness . . . stands preëminent among the numerous Whig abortions of the day. It would disgrace a pot-house politician.” The Committee are accused of “singular obtuseness,” of “ignorance” not only, but of “intention to deceive”; of being “blundering dogs,” of “fretting and scolding like parrots in imitation of their masters.” The report is finally disposed of as “a low, vulgar, party affair, made up of a string of bold assertions, cant phrases, and the whole thrown off with that flippancy and self-importance which characterize men who have more words than ideas, and who have studied the arts of the demagogue rather than the principles of their government.”

To this caressing argument the “Atlas” turns its own soft cheek with the endearing remark that “the cool impudence” and “the arrant nonsense” of the “Post” are equally admirable, and that the staple of the “Post’s” editorials is usually slang. In reply to the “Post’s” argument about latent depreciation of paper, the “Atlas” asks tenderly : “If any one inquires, Where is the virtue, the honesty, the intelligence of the

Loco Focos? where is the patriotism, the magnanimity, the truth of Martin Van Buren? where is the *piety* of Governor Morton? where is the *decency* of the 'Post?' it will be exceedingly convenient for the 'Post' to be able to reply, 'Oh! they are latent!'"

So suavely and sweetly in the good old times did our fathers of blessed memory avoid a campaign of slanders; and so did Boston, then as now, pass through every vicissitude of assertion, preserving an undying clutch upon her dignity.

A little incident communicated to me by his pastor, Rev. George W. Kelly, shows not only what it was intended to show—Mr. Dodge's regard for the rights of others, but his own kind and gentle consideration for the feelings of others which made the Rev. Mr. Kelly so dear to the hearts and to the memories of his rural congregation. Says Mr. Kelly:

"After Mr. Dodge had represented our town in General Court, he once failed of an election by only two or three votes. After a more than usually lively canvass through the Commonwealth, to fail by so small a vote was very tantalizing to Mr. Dodge. But, when he heard that his minister, who was known to have voted usually with his party, did not go to the polls at that election, he was still more disquieted. He went to him and inquired why he did not vote? The reply was that, while he refrained from voting, it was not because of want of interest in Mr. D.'s election, for he very much regretted that he was not chosen, but for a reason he did not feel at liberty to mention.

"The reason grew out of a call on the minister in an evening just before election by a respected Anti-slavery brother, who pressed on him strongly the duty of voting the Abolition ticket, which was brought into our politics about this time. Though the sympathy of his minister had been previously enlisted in favor of the abolition of slavery at the South, yet he saw no prospect of accomplishing any good by supporting an indepen-

dent abolition ticket against a candidate so generally acceptable as Mr. Dodge. For this reason he concluded to give up his right to vote at the ensuing election as the most likely way to avoid giving occasion to either party to find fault. However, to have informed Mr. Dodge now of the reason would likely have called out from him and from many others, under the excitement of the time, a severe rebuke against the zealous Anti-slavery brother for the course he had taken to enlist his minister in support of his ticket; and very likely a serious trouble might have sprung out of it. When the minister gave this answer, he felt in some doubt and anxiety as to the spirit in which it might be received. But at the same time he reminded Mr. D. that it was certain that *one* more vote for him would not have elected him. This he admitted, but said, ‘*one* more vote would have made him feel better.’ Here the matter dropped, and Mr. D. never alluded to it again.”

Having served in the House two years, Mr. Dodge was in 1842 elected to the Senate, and again in 1844. As he came home once or twice a week, his letters are few, and concerned chiefly with little domestic details—messages of love to mother and children—but all showing a heart firmly and happily anchored in home life. Uncle Frank’s letters continue at tolerably regular intervals, always terse, never transgressing his self-prescribed boundaries, sweeping all the affairs of the heart and of the farm, of this world and the next, into a single page, and maintaining always the same prosperous and persistent pessimism. October 10, 1841, says Uncle Frank: “Have all along been afraid that your crops would be slim. The hail and drought must have affected you. Our crop was a poor one, wheat only about half, corn not much better. . . . Before I finish paying for Farm, Negroes, Horses, Stock, and general outfit, etc., etc., it will take \$50,000—and all I look for is their being able to bring the years about . . .

I do not think it worth while to buy the piece of ground spoken of. If, however, the 20 acre lot on the hill should be for sale in my time at fair rate, I will buy it. Am now losing heavily on flour, and my property, rent, and stocks are all poor and unproductive. I feel at times dull—politics go wrong—Whig quarrels spoil everything—no bank will keep things at 6's and 7's, enrich shavers and impoverish industrious people. I despair now ever seeing such a National Bank as the country ought to have. I blame Clay and Tyler too."

*From A. W. D. to his Wife.*

"SENATE, January 26, 1842.

"Monday we had quite a distinguished visitor in the Senate—no less a personage than Charles Dickens, or Boz. He looks very much as the prints represent him—a long nose, handsome countenance, and long black and rather curly hair, on which he is said to pride himself much. He came over in the steamship; his wife is with him, boarding at the Tremont. Great attention will be paid him. A public dinner is to be given him by a select lot of fops, but, as tickets are \$10, I shall not attend, even if invited as one of the fops. But I am now reading his *Nicholas Nickleby*, and, though I find it interesting, it seems not to be so much so as *O. Twist*."

"February 28, 1842.

"To-day I received a call here from Whittier, the Quaker poet—quite a dandy (as to dress, which is in the neatest and prinkest Quaker style\*). He is a sensible fellow, and quite a poet. The Temperance folks are holding a jubilee in the city. They invited me to make a speech, but I did not think it best to do so. Mr. Pierpont declines being the abolition candidate for Governor. Mr. King was in the Senate yesterday. He feels

\* I print this for revenge upon Mr. Whittier, who not only refused to tell me in what kind of a dress his old friend and schoolmate, Eliza Tileston, was married, but railed at me for asking him!

yet rather sore about certain matters, but exonerates me from all blame. What a hard life is that of a political aspirant! I should rather dig potatoes for a living than be currying favor for office. But there is no telling what we may come to."

There certainly is not. When the time came for Mr. Dodge actually to choose between digging potatoes for a living and seeking office, he unhesitatingly sought and found office.

*From Uncle Frank.*

"*GEOGETOWN, January 15, 1842.*

"**DR NEPHEW:** Yours of 12th November and 10th inst. received, and I give you joy at the birth of a male child. Was gratified at hearing of your election to the Senate, and have no doubt but you will acquit yourself to the credit of all concerned.

. . . I must see Dr. Cutler's diary. It will be a treat. My business has not been good—nor are any of us doing much yet; we keep moving. . . . The country is in a woful condition—parties will be broken up and new ones formed—the end of State stocks is to be seen—confidence is gone, property is going, or gone to many—prospects ahead gloomy. Yours truly,

"*GEOGETOWN, April 19, 1842.*

"As to the boys, it is so far all a heavy outlay, and I see no great encouragement for making anything. I suppose you saw an account of my failure. Let me hear whether you believed it, or what was said by your neighbors and acquaintance. There was not the slightest foundation for any such story. No one here ever called on me to take up my notes, but some came to get them, preferring to hold them to Va. Bank notes. The time may come when I may fail, but not yet. . . . My general business has been bad, and my stock and property much depressed."

"*GEOGETOWN, July 13, 1844.*

". . . I am losing money, and can't get things to work favorably, and don't know the end of it, but feel dull. Yet, as

you say, hope for the best—am trying to pay off and simplify things. Politically, religiously, and law-lessly our country promises trouble to the rising generation. Mob law, Dorism, Lynch Law, and no law with Texas and Disunion cries, frightens me."

From beginning to end, Uncle Frank's robust and cheerful resolution to make the worst of everything seems never to have deserted him, and never to have interfered in the least with great material prosperity and happiness.

*From E. Paine to A. W. D.*

" NEW YORK, April 8, 1845.

" MY DEAR BROTHER: I have just received your kind letter of the 6th instant, and thank you sincerely for the consoling expressions of sympathy with which it is filled. My loss is, indeed, irreparable and most afflicting. Frances was all you suppose her to have been, and more. A more tender and affectionate disposition, a better understanding, could nowhere have been found. But what I value vastly above everything else, was, that she was religious and lived in the fear of God. Her duties to those on earth she discharged with the greatest patience and the most anxious fidelity under severe trial. She suffered as one that suffers nothing. She was perfectly resigned to die, and died like a Christian. Indeed, there was no greater mental or physical pain attending her last moments, apparently, than she suffered when merely ill. She seemed to possess her consciousness to the last moment, and died without the motion of a muscle. For such an union, for such a life, and such a death, I feel most thankful to our Heavenly Father. To one who feels a lively hope of immortality, and strong confidence in his mercy, death ought not to seem simply the king of terrors. It is the last trial of one whose trials are all inflicted in goodness and mercy. . . .

Your friend,

"E. Paine.

"A. W. Dodge, Esq."

Yet this lovely and beloved wife and mother, this patient and gentle Christian woman, was one of those sisters for whom Mr. Dodge had labored and wrestled, as lost in error and sin and self-deception. I can not but think that any orthodoxy is grossly self-deceived which thinks it can amend the world by contending over such a woman as was mourned by this sorrowing husband.

*From Leonard Woods to A. W. D.*

“MY DEAR SIR: I have spoken freely with my beloved father-in-law on the subject of our conversation when I was at your house; and he earnestly desires an exact and full account of your conversation with Mr. Bartlett, as far as possible in the words in which it took place, particularly in relation to tendencies in the Seminary to depart from the creed of its founders, or its exposure so to do, and he would have your name to the statement. If you will forward to him such a report at your earliest convenience, you will confer a great favor.

“Yours, most affectionately,

“A. R. BAKER.

“ANDOVER, July 9, 1851.”

“HON. ALLEN DODGE.

“MY DEAR SIR: The above was written by my request. And I wish in my own name to repeat the desire, that you would write to me particularly and fully on the subject referred to. I will make no such use of the communication as I think you would at all disapprove.

“I have a pleasing recollection of you as a member of the Semy, and have rejoiced that, although you have been prevented from doing good in the sacred office, you have done good in other ways. Your usefulness, I hope, will increase, and I trust you will always have a primary regard to that spiritual interest which is supremely important. Christ, we say, is precious, and his work is precious. But how little of its preciousness do we perceive at present. There is a height and depth which eternity only can make known.

"Wishing the richest blessings to you and your family, I am,  
dear sir, Yours very sincerely,  
"LEONARD WOODS."

*From Mr. King.*

"BOSTON, *March 27, 1852.*

"**MY DEAR DODGE:** Your letter and sketch are received. Both were gratifying to me. But your sketch for the juvenile *Willie* made the old bald-headed one almost wish he were a child again. Ah! dear Dodge, you have a noble, tender heart in your broad chest, that sympathizes with all that is young and pure in our nature—such as lives and works in the bosom and brain of a boy, yet unpolluted by contact with seductive vice; and oftentimes I thank God that he threw you in the path of one, who, like myself, is building a new home among strangers, and misses—ah! how sadly misses—the endearing relations and friendships which took root and grew in the spring-time and early summer of life. Surrounded by new friends, who have given me memorable and undeserved marks of their confidence and esteem, I can not but yearn for something closer than frigid respect; if you please, warm approbation.

"However, you did not send down to me for a chapter of Jeremiah. Your idea of the juvenile department was an excellent one, but your mode of carrying it out is capital, and can not fail to excite the interest of those who once were young, as well as those who are youthful still. There is a spot in all our hearts that never grows old, Dodge. You and I could gambol on the green now, if we were not too gawky, and afraid to give outward expression to our inward feeling—hypocrites to our own hearts.

"Here we go again into the sentimental vein, following the lead of *the boy within*.

"On Friday next, my dear sir, I will meet you at my office at any hour after ten—let it be early—and we will go out to see Morley, whom I will advise of the honor that impends over him. Ask your wife if she will give you leave to stay with me until Saturday afternoon, and I will come to Hamilton, when the grass has grown green, to tell her how you passed your

time! My headquarters now are at Quincy House. Your cut of a plow will be forthcoming in season. I send to-day to see if we can stereotype *letters* on the cut. If not, you will have to explain to Willie in some other way.

“I have now an abundance of beautiful cuts, enough to put two or three in each No. When you come down, we will see if some can not be made to illustrate your series. I have fowls, singing birds, etc., etc.

“Remember me most kindly to Mrs. Dodge, as one who bears in mind her own kind manners and warm greeting, and as your friend.

W. S. KING.”

*From Uncle Frank.*

“September 9, 1845.

“DEAR NEPHEW: You will have seen or heard the account of our great loss in the death of your aunt. We have all been under great affliction, which still continues. [Then follows a minute but terse description of her twenty-one years illness.] We had two doctors in attendance, and the very best of nursing, and every possible attention paid her; . . . but, above all, she was in her religious opinions and devotions all that could be wished. Mr. Berry is well satisfied on that head, and gives us every consolation, so that we feel that her change is to her great gain. . . . All my children and their wives were here yesterday evening when we had Mr. Berry who gave us great comfort, prayed, etc. May we all be benefited and die the death of the righteous. (Yrs. of 29th Aug. recd. 6th inst—very satisfactory.)”

The business methods of the man did not permit either his grief or his consolation to flow beyond the prescribed one page. The suffering and the remedy are registered like an entry in the day-book. The husband is responsible for his wife's body, and expects the minister to be responsible for her soul. He takes the clergyman's certificate of salvation like a quit-claim deed, closes decorously with a prayer, and feels that this business, like every other transaction in life, has been

attended to promptly and properly. It is not exactly sentimental, but the disasters of life do not largely come from this way of doing things.

*From Uncle Frank.*

"GEORGETOWN, January 17, 1850.

"DEAR NEPHEW: . . . My health is good, yet I can not knock about as of olden time—am rather a fair weather sort of a somebody; don't think of going to the store or to church in bad weather. As to Congress, I neither go nigh them nor read their doings, nor do I run after the Hungarians—don't like them. . . . Am doing no business worth naming—am trying to pay my debts—and *do right*, and this I call my religion, or I am afraid about all I have."

By the death of Uncle Frank the Hamilton farm passed into other hands. Mr. Dodge then bought a piece of land nearer to the village, on which he built a house and barn, planted a garden, and founded a home. He also sought and obtained the position of County Treasurer, which he retained during the remainder of his life. This office had been held for the fifty years preceding by the Wades, of Ipswich, father and son. It has been said that Mr. Dodge took this office at the call of the farmers of Essex County. That is a way of putting it suited to the present stage of the political provincial mind. I have even heard Mr. Dodge brought forward as a type of the ideal officeholder—as a man whom the office sought, and not who sought the office. Mr. Dodge never said so. He had a virile manhood, and was not ashamed to name the thing he was not ashamed to do. He always told me that he sought the office, rising up early and seeking it. He said that he once remarked to one of his "backers" that he did not know but that he was working too hard for his nom-

ination. "By no means," was the reply ; "we should not work for you if you did not work for yourself." It is true that the Essex farmers called him to the position, but it is also true that he first asked them to call him. He not only sought the office, but he sought it from pure selfishness. He never pretended that he was the only man fit to fill it, or that he could serve his country there better than anywhere else. He wanted it to serve himself. He wanted it in order to make his living by it. He presented himself as one capable of performing all its duties, and he did perform them with an absolute fidelity and an entire ability which commanded the confidence of the whole county. Every three years he was reëlected as long as he lived, and he never encountered any serious opposition. If he had assumed to have accepted it from patriotism, instead of having sought it from self-interest, he could not have discharged its duties better, but he would have been a less simple and honorable man.

Twice a candidacy for election to Congress was pressed upon him. The first time he would have gladly and enthusiastically accepted, but, through consideration for another man, gave way to a future which the other never found. The second time, he said it was too late —that the demands of his growing family forbade him to give up a certainty ; but he took the liveliest interest in politics, and never failed to make his voice heard upon the side of his convictions. Pecuniary independence was essential to his happiness, but to wealth he had a singular indifference. No splendor of surroundings influenced him in his judgment of men, or drew him out of perfect content with his own situation. No man was ever more free from self-conceit or more disposed to accord to every other man his full meed of ap-

preciation and admiration. He was just as considerate and discriminating toward the rich as toward the poor.

In the establishment of the Massachusetts Agricultural College he was intensely interested, and for it he labored, as trustee, with the same devotion that he would have brought to his own personal business. I have requested from its first president, Hon. Henry F. French, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury at Washington, an account of his connection with the institution. In compliance with this request, he says :

“ More than thirty years ago, when I was president of the Rockingham County Agricultural Society, I felt especially honored by a visit to me at my home in Exeter, N. H., from Mr. Dodge, Colonel Wilder, B. V. French, of Braintree, and Mr. Procter, of Danvers, on cattle-show day. We were all of us amateurs in agriculture, all of us engaged in other pursuits, and none of us dependent upon our crops for our living. We plowed and planted, set out fruit and ornamental trees, raised fine cattle, and talked and wrote a great deal on our favorite subjects. Our amusements were much more interesting to us than our business.

“ It was at meetings where agriculture and horticulture were the principal topics that I oftenest met Mr. Dodge. Although not unskilled in worldly business, he had the simplicity and freshness of a child. He held very close converse with nature, and not only the trees and vines about his home, but the forests and running brooks, were his companions. He was a man of pure conversation, sensitive as a woman to any grossness or vulgarity, which always met his quick disapproval. At the social board, where wine was flowing freely, he needed no stimulant to enable him to contribute his full proportion of wit and good fellowship.

“ Mr. Dodge was elected by the General Court one of the trustees of the new agricultural college. I think I was appointed a member of the board by the Governor and Council. I have not with me a single paper in any way relating to the

college, my connection with it having ceased some fourteen years ago, and probably I may not be strictly correct in my memory. Several sites were proposed in different parts of the State for the new institution, and the trustees, sometimes with Governor Andrew and others, visited the several estates offered to us for purchase, passing many days together in this business. Mr. Dodge was with us, and our talk was of agriculture and the proposed institution. On several occasions in the evening we organized our meeting and conducted our discussions systematically with a view to bringing out all the ideas of the various persons present, upon all points of the subject. Perhaps it was because he was right, possibly it was because we always agreed in our views, that he seemed to me to present better and more practical views than most of us who participated in the discussions.

"We at last agreed upon the estate in Amherst, now occupied by the college, which we found admirably adapted to our purposes, containing nearly four hundred acres, diversified with hills and valleys, with grand old woods, and fertile plains already under fair cultivation.

"I think Mr. Dodge was one of a small committee, of which I was chairman, to examine the titles and complete the purchases of the several owners of whom we bought, and this brought us much together in business transactions with others. The estate was all that could be desired for our general purposes, although I still think, as I thought then, that the college would have proved much more successful had it been established in the neighborhood of Boston.

"My own name was proposed for president, and with very little opposition I was elected. Among those who urged me to accept the office, and who insisted that I was better qualified for it than anybody else, was Mr. Dodge, who seemed then and always to have a much higher opinion of my ability than I had myself.

"You say that you find among Mr. Dodge's papers an extensive correspondence with me concerning the agricultural college, and suggest that I should give a brief sketch of his connection with that institution. *Jubes renovare dolorem!* The

correspondence referred to probably shows how my plans for the division of the estate into a farm for experimental purposes, which should be conducted for education and not for profit, and another farm to be conducted strictly on business principles to show that farming can be made profitable; and to make the estate, by the skill of the landscape architect and the tasteful position of the buildings, so attractive as to charm all beholders —were thwarted and overthrown, and how I was made to see that my beautiful castles in the air were never destined to rest upon earth; and how, finally, because either I and my friends or others of the controlling powers were unreasonable and unyielding, I resigned the presidency of the college. It is not profitable to revive these unpleasant memories. It is enough for the present purpose to say that Mr. Dodge supported me fully and always in all my plans and purposes; and it is but justice to him to say in this connection, although I would not say it for myself alone, that the majority of the trustees, supported by the opinion of the eminent landscape architects, Messrs. Vaux and Olmstead (who made separate examinations and reports upon the subject), agreed with us in opinion. We had enlisted not for war, but for peaceful pursuits; and believing, as I did, that the views of the minority, if carried out, would ruin the estate both for beauty and utility, and reduce the institution from a high ideal to a commonplace school, and that the college could never prosper under the opposition of a respectable minority, the only course open for me was that which I pursued. At that time Mr. Dodge was inclined to tender his own resignation. I urged him not to do so, because I thought his influence in the board was too valuable to be lost. After my retirement the views of the minority were carried out. Some fourteen years have passed by, and if they and, the public are satisfied with the results of the experiment, it is not for me to find fault. Mr. Dodge's kindness and thoughtfulness, and his active endeavors to support me throughout this whole transaction, were fully appreciated at the time, and will never be forgotten."

It would not have been my beloved but balky Massachusetts if, having at hand a man enthusiastically

devoted to the idea of an agricultural college, and by genius, knowledge, experience, and character, thoroughly and exceptionally fitted to carry out that idea into brilliant practical success, she had not constantly thwarted, and finally rejected him.

But Mr. Dodge did not withdraw his interest. President Clark writes :

“Mr. Dodge has been a most cordial and considerate friend of the College and its president. We shall not forget him, nor cease to be thankful for his noble Christian example.”

Mr. Stockbridge writes :

“ . . . . This interest was all pervading, but nowhere more apparent than in the moral training of the students, in his addresses to whom he labored to impress the fact that the basis of character and of success in the work of life was Christian principle. In general college management he counseled strict discipline, but not austerity. He would have authority exercised with the spirit of a kindly father, and not that of a master. We always anticipated with pleasure his presence anniversary week, in the exercises of which he engaged with the greatest zest. He appeared to delight in taking an active part in the examination of the graduating class in agriculture. His familiar, genial manner removed all restraint and diffidence on the part of the class, and made the exercise one of pleasure and profit to both students and visitors. By his wise practical suggestions in the early councils of the trustees, he exerted an important influence in determining the aims and purposes of the College, and to him in large measure it owes its success. It is gratifying to know that he lived long enough to see good fruit borne by the seed he here planted.”

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE FRIEND.

IT is hard for me to believe that the man I knew in the rich and mellow ripeness of his years, mine own familiar friend in whom I trusted, and the anxious, introspective, self-torturing mind that brooded over the "New York Journal" and fell into the futile Andover experiment, were one and the same man.

True son of the soil, large-hearted, wide-visioned, broad-cultured, self-oblivious, receptive and catholic, he was a mine of moral wealth to all the region round about. The disappointment of his life had left no faintest tinge of bitterness in his soul. From hatred, envy, malice, and all uncharitableness he was absolutely free. Through long years of intimate household acquaintance I never knew him to be actuated by a mean motive. His faults were manly faults, temperamental traits, that were to be considered, or smiled at, or manipulated, but that never interfered with boundless love and respect. His faults, it is true, were the very faults he mentions himself in his Diary. But, whereas in his Diary he laments them as sins to be repented of and forsaken, when I knew him he cherished them as a sweet morsel under his tongue. And he certainly was a far more wholesome and blithesome man—exulting in his

sins, such as they were, and persistently doing battle for them—than he could have been when making mountains out of molehills in that brief, morbid, pietistic period of his journalizing. He has recorded in his Diary that he was betrayed against his better part into a pun, which he considered his besetting sin, and resolved by God's grace that he would correct it. But such grace God never gave him. He went on punning to the end of his life, not excessively, but moderately and merrily, and never with any sign of compunction. He lamented his temper, but his temper was never half so bad as it sometimes appeared. He was often outspoken where a wilier man would have beaten about the bush, and he had intense convictions and immense lungs; but he had no temper, to hurt a fly. His great-hearted grandmother had a vocal power, so tradition says, that enabled her to call her daughter home from school across the still meadow three quarters of a mile away. What wonder that her grandson could fire a shot heard round the world? He had prayed for grace to assist him in repressing a feeling of impatience when others were speaking, and a desire to cut off conversation by interrupting and not listening. But all that grace did for him was to take away any conscientious scruples and leave him free to interrupt at will. Mr. Dodge was an admirable talker. His mind was well stored and his stores were well classified. He knew everything or where to find it. And he was interested in everything. His intellect never petrified. It was always growing, always open, always receptive. He had an insatiable love for intellectual companionship, for clever talk, for bright minds, for mental communication and conversation. Rich or poor, Jew or Gentile, man or woman, so they were bright and positive, all came in his way. He

read books, magazines, newspapers, theology, philosophy, polities, science, metaphysics, novels. He brought home all the English reviews, and the winter evenings were not long enough for all the reading aloud which he liked. He kept himself constantly, daily, abreast with the world's history. In that secluded country house the whole procession of life passed under his inspection. His rich and varied experience furnished a background on which every present incident was thrown up in vivid color and intelligent combination.

He had an intense and unfailing sympathy with all intellectual aspiration. Wherever, through all the country-side, any young mind shot ahead of its fellows, Mr. Dodge was ready with help and good cheer, the best of help. His heart and house and purse were open. He gave advice, companionship, and the flattery of discriminating criticism, and careful attention. Nevertheless, he would interrupt, and there were times of enthusiastic outburst when the only way to get a fair share of the talk and make him listen was to take him by the coat-collar. But, so far from repenting of a sin, he thought he was the victim of a joke !

In his Journal, Mr. Dodge had been reminded "of some faults of manner of which he feared he had been too often unconsciously guilty, and had thereby impaired his usefulness in exhibiting the Christian character."

"My friend C. told me of a number of instances wherein persons had complained to him of my strangeness and coldness. . . . Let me put a strong watch over my daily deportment, but by all means endeavor to cherish the most urbane manners and Christian love to all men. . . . Lord, do thou assist me by thy grace!"

This resolution is unobjectionable, but divine grace did not interpose to change the structure which divine power had created. Mr. Dodge remained to the end of his days a man of moods. It troubled himself probably more than any one else, for one's friends soon learn when one's moods are insignificant. Nevertheless, he *was* a man of moods. He might be found sometimes sitting by his cheerful fire, every feature drooping. To question and remark he would respond but with a gloomy monosyllable. To his nearest friend he would seem to be in the last stages of despair. To a visitor he would seem simply cold and forbidding. You might sometimes meet him on the street or in the railway train and receive but the chilliest greeting, and inwardly vow that you would not give him even that next time, but next time the mood was gone—sunshine and radiance had taken its place. And after a mood was over he never remembered it. He went into his garden and worked it off, or he went to bed and slept it off—so completely that he forgot it had ever been on. Even at his sunniest, and he was generally sunny, he could never be convinced that, in speech or manner, he had not been everything that an honest man should be. He stoutly maintained that it was false, that it was deceitful not to appear just as he felt! To assume a cheerfulness which he did not possess was a harder task for him than the winning of a strong city. Accordingly, he never tried it. His prayer was answered not by removal of the moodiness, but by the removal of all trouble over it!

Far be it from me to make light of sin. On the contrary, sin is such an enormity that we ought to be very careful how we slander nature by calling a peculiarity a sin. Religious devotion is as monstrous as in-

gratitude when it leads a man to count his love for his mother as the great sin of his life ; or it would be monstrous except that it is unreal. And it is just as absurd in Presbyterians to do it as it is in infidels to jeer at it.

It is equally unreasonable for a man to compare matrimonial happiness with that of a ransomed sinner, or to find little enjoyment in conversation upon topics not connected with religion. To call matrimonial happiness worldly and selfish, and that of the ransomed sinner heavenly and Christian, is to turn things upside down. In analysis, matrimonial happiness is the unselfish one of the two, for matrimonial happiness makes imperative the happiness of another, while the ransomed sinner is rejoicing over his own rescue. But there is no connection and no separation between the two. Matrimonial happiness is just as divine a thing as spiritual salvation. No one can show any heavenly authority for rejoicing over his salvation from sin that does not give equally strong justification to a man's rejoicing over the wife of his youth. Indeed, matrimonial happiness, domestic felicity, a pure and dignified family life, is a far stronger certificate of, and incentive to, Christian character than any amount of personal and solitary rejoicing over one's self.

When I knew Mr. Dodge, all this had passed away from him as a tale that is told. He was the slave of matrimonial happiness—bound hand and foot, and heart and soul, in the bonds of wife and children, for whom no service was too great, no duty was sacrifice. He always spoke of religion with the greatest freedom and frankness. He was, indeed, the rather rare example of a man who was really, devoutly, inwardly religious, and yet who liked to talk about it. It was partly the natural craving for sympathy, which seems to be one point of a

man's nature which differentiates him from woman. Mr. Dodge had in some respects, besides this generic need, a special individual need of sympathy, and he had also a constant inward pressure upon him to give help to others. He had been through the wilderness himself, and he had come out on the pleasant shore where the pastures were green and the paths blossom-bordered, and he longed to point out the road to all weary and dusty wayfarers, but he never pointed out any such impossible course as that in which his own feet had been so sorely bruised. His religion was of the most cheerful and breezy type. He preached Christ and him crucified, but he did not preach the crucifixion of any natural taste or innocent pleasure. He had no misgivings about worldly conversation, for he knew no world that was not God's world, and was interested in nothing which he thought the world's Maker would disapprove. He would come down the church steps, and instantly plunge into animated discussion of politics or literature—a theme that had interested him, a verse that had struck him, or some man or woman whom he had met, if the sermon had happened not to engross his attention. He always promptly, instinctively, was on the side of right, of uprightness, of God. He consequently did not need to stop and compare and choose; but in whatever he was concerned he found God. His life had become so thoroughly religious, his faith was so firm, his heart was so fixed, that it would have been impossible to change the heavenly current of his thoughts. All his rivers ran into the sea.

Thus it was, too, that the man who could not enjoy the mild dissipation of an Andover sewing society came to be the life of all sorts of merry-making. In his own home he was full of quips and cranks and wanton

wiles. The skill with pencil and pen which he had acquired in his early days was employed for the amusement of his little children, for whom his tenderness was inexhaustible. Of all village festivals he was the life and soul. Any gathering that had him for a presiding officer was sure not to be dull. As one admirer once said of him, "He oiled the machine and started it up so that it would run easy after him." He often led the Essex Institute in their scientific rambles, and ventured even to stir up the savants with a pun if their dissertations promised to become too scientific. It was often and widely said that no one made the meetings so entertaining as he. When the Essex Congregational Club was formed, he was chosen first president and twice reelected, until he declined further election. The clergy, I fear, found him altogether too free-spoken. He did not follow their lead well, not because he intended rebellion, but because it never occurred to him to follow anything but his own judgment. A party in the ministry wanted to get the churches freed from the parish. Mr. Dodge wanted to continue the old parish system, and he talked and argued for it in the Congregational Club just as he would in any assembly of men, which was too much for the holy convocation, and they met his arguments with a rather undignified ebullition of the lips and the rather childish courtesy of receiving the resignation of his three years' most acceptable presidency—a resignation rendered necessary by his years and infirmities—without the usual formality of a vote of thanks. But Mr. Dodge, like his Master, knew their frame, and remembered that they were ministers, and took no notice, nor would allow any one else to take notice, of these little manifestations of the flesh. And it has been repeatedly said that the

Congregational Club never knew such prosperity and popularity as under Mr. Dodge's bright and able administration. His brilliant and effective speech at the meeting in Faneuil Hall will long be remembered by those who heard it.

He had prayed and labored to learn to sing, but, when he came home and joined the choir in the village church, they cordially begged him to sit below with the congregation ! Divine grace, which had not much attuned his voice, had attuned his heart so harmoniously that he could laugh very heartily over this hospitable invitation.

He had had conscientious scruples about women's speaking in the church, but when he came out of the shadow into the sun, and read Saint Paul in the clear light of his own ransomed reason, he came to be almost heretical on this point. He claimed loudly that the women of Hamilton were superior to the men, and he not only wished, but urged them, to "speak in meeting." He had small success in this, but he did succeed in making women vote on church matters. In a brief account of this encroachment upon Congregational usage he says :

"From time to time, our articles of faith and covenant have been revised, but have never been varied from the original pattern in anything constituting an evangelical church. Such a revision was made a few years ago, and the rules of order underwent, at the same time, some modifications. The principal one of these was an extension and specification of the rights of membership, as follows:

"All adult members of this church, in good and regular standing, without distinction of sex, shall be entitled to vote at all church meetings, whether for the choice of pastor, deacons, or other officers, or for the transaction of any other business whatever.'

"The subject was fully discussed in a large church meeting, and the rule was adopted by a unanimous vote. It was urged in its favor that women constituted in most of our churches at least two thirds of the membership, and in not a few a much larger proportion—that they comprised the most active members of the church, even more constant than men at meetings for public worship and at prayer-meetings—had as deep a sense of personal obligation and as sound judgment as men, and were, in all respects, equally competent to decide upon church matters; that the objections usually urged against women's voting in civil affairs did not hold true—that it was rather in their favor that they did not perform military service, and there was no danger of their unsexing themselves at the polls.

"The only trouble with some seemed to be, that it was not according to Congregationalism for women to vote in church meetings. But to this the short and conclusive answer was: if it was not Congregationalism, it was high time it should be. And thus, under a due sense of responsibility, we adopted the rule, and have never seen cause to repent of it. It is eminently a safe, a just, and a beneficial rule, our women exercising their rights with perfect freedom under it. So, with this record before me, I subscribe myself a member of no mean church."

Women always found in him not only a helper, but a comrade and friend without jealousy and without guile. He bore the unmistakable traits of a man who had been brought up in close association with intelligent and refined women. He respected them both by instinct and experience. He was womanly pure in thought, word, and deed. While often brusque in manner and homely in speech, defending the Christian sincerity of the one and the Anglo-Saxon dignity of the other, neither the intimacy of the closest friendship nor the utmost freedom of household life ever drew from him an unclean word or an unmanly act. He was strong and good and true in his very inmost structure, so that there was no danger for his soul to appear in undress.

He remained through life a member of the orthodox Church, and a devout believer in the orthodox faith. In his rebound from the painful and unnatural strain of his theological episode, he never went so far as to lose any love for theology, for religion, or for the professors of either. He was a constant and discriminating friend of clergymen, with great consideration for their trials, great patience with their weaknesses, great appreciation of their strength. He would never even attend a Unitarian church. He said a burnt child dreads the fire. But he was in close communion of good fellowship with many Unitarians, and he was enthusiastically hearty in his relations with his old friend and classmate, Father Haskins, of the Roman Catholic Church. He was what is called an active church member. He was either a superintendent of, or teacher in, the Sunday-school till age and infirmity made it impracticable. He was a constant attendant upon the evening meetings, which are almost as much a part of the church ritual as the strict Sunday service, and at these meetings his voice was always ready in prayer, exhortation, explanation, instruction. He used to tell the young men that they must keep their eyes fixed on the path traced out by Christ, just as he kept his own fixed on the narrow path across his fields by which he came through the twilight to the meetings.

He thought it not decorous for a public officer to be a marked public partisan, and, though he was an out-spoken Republican, he was not a flagrant politician. But during the war he believed the issues so nearly vital, that every man should embrace every opportunity to proclaim himself on the side of Nationality, and his voice was continually heard. The soldiers knew him as their friend. To them and to their families he was

a staff of strength. By word and letter and money, with advice and consolation and untiring encouragement, he helped the country's cause. Only once did he lose heart ; but after the battle of Chancellorsville, he had a dismayed moment, when he betook himself, like King Hezekiah, to the wall, while his little daughter, with a face as clouded from filial sympathy as was his own from patriotic grief, brought her Bible to his side to read to him, as the only sure way to comfort and sustain him !

To a prominent public man in his vicinity, who never found favor in the blue eyes of Massachusetts, Mr. Dodge adhered, through good report and through evil report, in public and in private, with unswerving fidelity ; meeting every opposing argument with the conclusive assertion that the objectionable gentleman was loyal to his country when loyalty meant something and cost something.

In a quiet country village, such a man as he was library, cyclopædia, reading exchange, and cultivated society. Nothing was so deep or wide or far that he was not interested in it. He generally knew something about it to begin with, and was ready to learn more. He was ever bringing from the stores of his past somewhat to enrich or enlighten the present, and this was almost the only way in which he alluded to his past. Nearly the last service of his life was of this nature. I had sought everywhere a name that for many years had been hardly more than a name. No one remembered it. When I came home I spoke of my vain quest, not expecting any light. But Mr. Dodge instantly knew the name, knew the man, knew his history, and had himself, in his far-away New York life, discerned his ability and been chiefly instrumental in rescuing him from degra-

dation and despondency to self-respect and a commanding influence.

If he was inhospitable to anything it was to vagueness of statement; a crude and *jejune* metaphysics found little shelter from his sarcasm, which, after all, was good-natured. He was a severe and accurate proof-reader, keen-sighted for error, inconsistency, or unreason, yet with an absolute respect for freedom of opinion. He would patiently plod through the whole proof of books not his own, stoutly defend their author's right to opinions which he did not share, and bestow a rigid scrutiny and careful polish upon style, while stoutly fighting the doctrines of which it was the medium.

Mr. Dodge's true place in the world he never took. Under the influence of natural taste, ample preparation, and wise counsel, he was on the high-road to it when the sudden malady of grief met and mastered him. He recovered entirely and permanently, but, while he had drawn aside to the vain seclusion of Andover, the procession had gone steadily on. When he returned to the ranks, they opened to him, but the place that had been his knew him no more. He was preëminently fitted for that most exalted and most exacting of professions, polities. He had both the larger and the smaller traits which make success in public life. To great enthusiasm in his opinions, he joined a quick, cool, and accurate judgment. His wide knowledge was combined with as wide a sympathy. He was a strong but not a blind partisan. His integrity and his courage were alike absolute. He knew neither temptation nor fear. He was quick to resent but equally prompt to forgive. He had the inestimable advantage to a public man of being able to think on his feet. An audience inspired him. Opposition stimulated him. He was a clear and forcible

writer, but it was in public speaking that his real power appeared. Only in addressing an audience did his wit and humor, his eloquence and ability, have full scope. It is difficult to describe or even to detect wherein his peculiar effectiveness lay. It is little to say that he never permitted his theme to grow dull in his hands. In a certain inimitable way he took his audience into his confidence. The furthest in the world from demagogism, he nevertheless was always instinctively on the homely, common side. But he took the homely side, not as against spirituality or refinement or any moral elevation, but as against affectation, arrogance, and all pretension whatever. With a voice that could thunder his indignation to the heavens, with a vehemence that seemed to send his convictions vibrating through interstellar spaces, he produced sometimes the strongest effects without voice. By the mere significant arching of the eyebrows he demolished an opponent ; by a certain comical twist of the mouth he disposed of an argument, and won the battle before he had unsheathed his sword. His effects were the greater for being unstudied. He never thought of himself, of course never feared for himself. He was never more perfectly at home than before an audience ; consequently, he had full command of all his resources.

His great public abilities had opportunity to display themselves only in a small and comparatively unimportant sphere, but the world needed him more than he needed the world. His own State had bitter need of him, and sometimes vaguely yet impotently felt the need ; but along his quiet country ways

“ He marched right on, content and bold,  
To where his life set, heavenly clear,  
Westward, behind the hills of gold,”

Inferior men occupied the places which he and such as he alone could fill. Wheels stuck in the mire because strong shoulders like his were wanting ; but nothing disturbed the good cheer of his life. He worked just as hard and just as heartily in the by-ways as he could have done on the public arena. He supported cordially the men who were in the forefront of life. Never a word of envy or bitterness for men who had outstripped him in the race, often without a tithe of his ability. Never escaped from him one sigh of regret for the past, or apprehension for the future. In the love of his family, in the affection of his friends, in the esteem of a wide community, he passed his useful and happy days. The trees he planted drop their fruit into the dimpled hands of children whose faces he longed to see, but never saw. Under his gorgeous maples, flaming in the autumn sun, the wayfarer passes up the village street, and does not know to whom he owes the brilliant shade. North and South and East and West there are young men and maidens—and some standing already on the level highlands of life—who owe to his ready sympathy and generous help the strengthening into firm principle of their first feeble impulses to a higher intellectual and spiritual life—whose hearts will thrill, whose eyes will fill, as they read in far-off homes this record of one who held their interests as his own. To the community in which he lived he was father and friend, chief and minister, head spokesman in all their public assemblies, errand-boy to their smallest needs. No marshaling of any clan, in which they feared to present him as peer of the proudest ; no lowliest mother of a wayward son who shrank from coming to him for tender counsel.

Age stole upon him insensibly, taking nothing from the ruddy hue of his cheeks, from his keen vision or

his clear insight—only making his step a little heavier, his fireside a little dearer. Early in the autumn of 1877 a heavy cold and cough were followed by some symptoms of fatal disease. To procure more ready medical attendance, his house was closed, and, with his family, he spent the winter in Salem. He seldom spoke of his illness, scarcely indeed acquainted any one but his physician with the fact, but characteristically read all the books he could find which treated of it, and learned all he could from others similarly affected. Once or twice he sent for his physician at the office, but would not have him come to the house. During the last of January, Dr. Robinson, of Wenham, his family physician, visited him, and confirmed the fears which had already been aroused. Mr. Dodge received the tidings not only with calmness, but almost with gladness, and said, quietly, “The will of the Lord be done!”—seeming indeed more cheerful than before. But he began a correspondence with his old classmate, Dr. Parker, of New York, regarding his condition, which Dr. Parker did not consider wholly unfavorable.

Soon after this Mr. Dodge rewrote his will, which he had often spoken of doing. He came in one day, and, in a bright, cheerful voice, said: “I have written my will this morning,” and went into the probate office to get it witnessed. Three girls there were the witnesses, one of them saying, gracefully, “May the day be far distant, Mr. Dodge, when I shall have to prove this!”

“Come,” he added, seeing that the cheerfulness of his manner could not chase away the sadness of his words from his wife’s heart, “Come, sit down and let me read it to you, and don’t cry.”

About the last of February he gave up walking for exercise, and his spirits drooped a little. He had thought,

when Dr. Robinson told him his apprehensions, that he should die soon, but now he feared he might linger and suffer. Early in March he was attacked with chills, and never after went to his office, but supervised his business at home. At this time he began eagerly to desire to go back to his own home in Hamilton, and on April 10th, a dull, cloudy day, he took his last drive over the old familiar road. He was not greatly fatigued by the drive. At no moment did he seem greatly changed, but the silver cord was surely loosening. Sometimes he would speak in the old way of the old, old times, again he would enter with sympathy into topics of present interest—new trees and shrubs which he would plant in his garden—family matters reaching beyond the home circle, the news of the day, which he read each morning in the daily paper. Everything was so beautiful around him, he said, in the opening spring. He was so glad to be at home. Again and again the old words came to him :

“When all Thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I’m lost  
In wonder, love, and praise.”

On the last day of his life, May 17, 1878, as he sat awaiting his drive, and looking at the pictures around the room, he spoke of God’s goodness to him in sparing him so many years, with health so good and life so pleasant.

It seemed good to God to continue that goodness to the end. The disease, which had not given him an hour of pain, lapsed gently into a little heavier languor, into a sleep that was never broken, into a peace that passeth understanding.

So closely had Mr. Dodge identified himself with Essex County that his death sent far and wide the thrill

of personal loss and grief. Not only his friends and neighbors, but a great concourse from abroad, gathered in his sorrowful home to pay their last respect to his memory, and bear him forth to his burial. Salem, for five-and-twenty years his official home, loved and honored, missed and mourned him, as one of her own citizens. Lawrence, whither his business called him for a part of every year, held a place for him at her firesides, and sent a tribute to his worth. All the country-side knew him, not only in business, as a public officer, but by home and hearth, and everywhere was the sense that a great influence—something exceeding strong and staunch and helpful—had gone out of life. Nothing but deep affection, true respect, a lingering, longing sympathy surrounded his coffin, dropped upon it tears, breathed above it prayers. Not even then could his grieving town-folk take their last farewell. On a pleasant Sunday in the early summer, the church which he had loved and succored, the Sunday-school which he had led and taught, gathered in the old meeting-house, pastor and people, young men and maidens, old men, and they that stooped for age, to perform a tender memorial service in his honor. They sang his songs. They spoke to one another his words of comfort and cheer. The pastor, young and strong in the pulpit hallowed by feet of departed generations, reverently and affectionately unfolded the picture of that loyal life which belongs henceforth to the irrevocable past. And when the last songs were sung, the last words spoken, the last prayers breathed, the gentle hands of young girls gathered the flowers which love had brought—piled, bank above bank of bloom and fragrance—and, bearing them to the church-yard, covered his grave out of sight with the beauty and sweetness of summer.

## APPENDIX.

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It was at first intended to make of this volume only a private memorial gathered from the affection of personal and near friends. To this memorial most generous and valuable letters were contributed; but there seemed to be so wide a desire for the full story of a good man's life, that the private memorial gave way to the published biography. Many of the facts told by friends have been embodied in the narrative; but I can not refuse myself the pleasure of making some extracts from the letters of these life-long associates.

The Rev. George W. Kelly, who came to us in the flower of his youth, who bore our griefs, and carried our sorrows, and shared our joys, till his tenderness and sympathy overmastered his strength, and whose memory lingers like a fragrance among our hills, writes lovingly of his old parishioner and fellow worker:

"My personal acquaintance with the late Allen W. Dodge, of Hamilton, began in the spring of 1835. His name became familiar to me before that time through his family, who were among my parishioners there. I had looked on his attractive portrait, suspended in the parlor of the family home; I had learned of his successive bereavements. After striving 'to enter in at the strait gate'—as he often stated—for three months, his soul was suddenly, and while he was praying, filled with light and peace. Nor was this experience a transient feeling. Jesus Christ was revealed to his consciousness as the chief cornerstone, elect and precious. His religious views soon became

established; and they fully accorded with the Gospel plan of grace and truth. And his mind ever afterward appeared to have been singularly free from skeptical doubts. He once remarked to the writer, when conversing about the mysteries of the resurrection of the dead, that 'they gave him no trouble; he could confidently leave them in the hands of the Almighty, who in due time would fulfill all he had promised.' His view in this instance was characteristic of his sentiment respecting other religious subjects. He was convinced that the Bible is the word of the Lord, and his mind could not admit doubts on points where Scripture teachings were explicit. That Book was the standard of religious truth to him.

"After experiencing this decided change in his religious character, Mr. Dodge felt that duty called him to attend an evangelical ministry, and he chose Dr. Erskine Mason's, a Presbyterian, whose sermons greatly interested him, and he soon joined that chnrch. He had previously been in entire sympathy with Unitarian views of religion, and attended worship with that society.

"When information of his conversion reached the home of his parents, it was very gratifying news to at least one of its members—to his excellent mother, whom some of us yet well remember, although thirty-five years have come and gone since sorrowing friends carried her to her burial. She was not a professor of religion at the time of her son's conversion, but in the judgment of her intimates she was and probably had long been its possessor. While we are unable to say positively that Mr. Dodge had 'from a child' a pious mother to train him, yet he probably enjoyed this blessing from a very early age. Perhaps Mary Dodge has learned in heaven that her prayers and instructions in behalf of her son in his early years were instrumental in leading him in the day of bitter mourning to the Saviour.

"Not long after this eventful period of his life, Mr. Dodge made a visit to his old home, when I first met him. On the Sabbath he attended public worship in company with his mother; and he also attended an evening conference, when he spoke on invitation and offered prayer, in such a humble, devout spirit as deeply interested and impressed those who were pres-

ent. Our sympathy with the aged mother, who was present and listening to the new and striking experience of her son, rendered the occasion all the more affecting to us. When Mr. Dodge decided to remain in Hamilton, he removed his church membership to the Congregational church here, and through life he continued active and influential in all good works. At once he entered the Sabbath-school as a teacher, and then became its superintendent.

"To the pastor and his family he was a steadfast, genial friend, whose sincerity and prudence were highly valued by them. He always manifested a lively interest in the prosperity of his townsmen, anxious by every means possible to stimulate them to self-improvement and thrift. And his fellow citizens appreciated his services, and elected him to fill various offices among them. He was reelected to the trust of county treasurer twenty-six successive years. At a final settlement, after millions of dollars had passed through his hands, it was found that the county owed him a few cents.

"In the beginning of 1843 the proprietors agreed to remodel their ancient meeting-house in Hamilton, when Mr. Dodge was chosen one of the building committee. He also accepted the responsible duty of treasurer of the society; and he gave his attention so promptly to the business that all concerned were in the end fully satisfied. And on the day the house was dedicated none were happier than A. W. D. In this connection it is pleasantly remembered that, when one asked him what name he was going to call his son born about this time, he merrily replied he might call him 'Dedication Dodge.'

"At the time the house of worship was being repaired there was also great interest awakened among the people in spiritual building. Early in the year religious meetings became unusually full and solemn. About the first of March a few persons were found to be inquiring the way of eternal life; and soon inquirers were found in all parts of the town. In a few days more some were heard rejoicing in the pardoning love of God. A few striking instances of conviction and conversion occurred, which attracted general attention. Among these were two or three individuals who previously professed to believe that all—

the good and the bad—will be happy after death. Scarcely any opposition to the revival was manifested. The Lord carried on his gracious work in a steady, silent manner. Evening meetings were held almost daily in the school-houses for five or six weeks. As the fruits of this revival, seventy-five persons indulged a hope in Christ; sixty-two were admitted to the church the Sabbath after the reopening of the meeting-house. Several heads of families joined the church, and set up family altars, where God was henceforth worshiped in spirit and in truth. Most of the young Christians also signed the ‘teetotal’ temperance pledge.

“In this revival Mr. Dodge took a deep interest. He often accompanied the pastor or some brother to the evening meeting, three or four miles distant, through the snow and cold of early spring; and he always assisted in the services, when he used to pour out the earnest desires of a warm heart. His thoughts were practical, and expressed in plain, direct language.

“The time again arrived when Mr. Dodge was called to suffer more bereavements. His beloved mother was taken to her heavenly home April 28, 1844, seventy-three years old; and the 4th of May succeeding a promising son; then a daughter, and a second daughter. Under his frequent bereavements, Mr. Dodge manifested a meek and quiet spirit. The writer never heard him complain ‘concerning them which are asleep,’ but he has often heard him extol the gracious purpose of our heavenly Father in sending chastisement upon his children to make them partakers of his holiness, and meet to enjoy him forever.”

The Rev. John Pike, of Rowley, whose own high culture made him one of the most appreciative as well as the most valued of Mr. Dodge’s friends, and whose occasional appearance in our rural pulpit was a matter to be heralded from house to house, that no one might unawares miss the treat, writes, from the shadow of great darkness which has fallen on him, words that have caught the hue of heavenly light:

“My acquaintance with Allen W. Dodge commenced at Andover Seminary. Our rooms were near, and the opportunities

of intercourse frequent. He came fresh from the legal profession, to which his taste and ambition had inclined him. The similarity of our college ideas united us, and whatever remaining interest he had in his former profession was sufficiently balanced by the strong tendency I sometimes had in the same direction, to make us one. If, however, there had been none of these things, I think the fullness of his own genial temperament, which I much admired, would have brought us into close sympathy. The sad, but interesting story of the deep waters through which he was led to a change of his religious ideas and his great purpose in life was often told. His baptism of suffering 'in the cloud and in the sea' attached him strongly to the 'old faith' which, like a star had guided him, and imbued him with a deep liberality toward those who were still in the darkness which he had left, and inspired that warmth of heart for the salvation of all men which never left him. There was a strong partisan feeling in the Seminary upon one feature of a subject, which belonged to 'the times of ignorance that God winked at,' that engaged much of our conversation, and animated and strengthened our intercourse. The famous debate in the chapel, in the year 1837, will never be forgotten by those who shared in or witnessed it. Distinguished members of the Faculty, large numbers of students, and many citizens of the town filled the place. So warm was the enthusiasm, so abundant the intellectual energy, so nearly divided the previous opinions, that none could divine the result of the battle. Mr. Dodge watched the whole with a legal eye, and became as excited and interested as he had often been in a case in the court to which he was not an immediate party, and used to say in after years: 'Your side was successful because you knew how to make the most of the mistakes of your opponents, and by your contrasted tone and manner, turned the great assembly, that was either trembling in the balance, or wholly committed for the moment to that witty argumentation, whose force nothing could break but the seriousness and solemnity which the subject might reasonably inspire.'

"... The service he has done for God and his fellow citizens in another capacity will make us reconciled to the change we once so much lamented. He wonderfully adapted himself to his

new calling, and became as efficient in agriculture as he had been in the profession of the law and the preparatory work for the ministry. I remember at one of our occasional meetings amid his growing trees, his reading to me a list, and when he came to the Blue-Pear-Main, I asked him to describe it. He said it was the most excellent of apples, as large as his two fists, which he brought together, very delicate in its structure, charming in its coloring, delicious in its taste; and when he had elevated my ideas to the highest pitch, and I was ready for a large bargain, he added that the tree bore a *peck* about once in twenty years, and most people had never seen the fruit. This was more than a repetition of the brightness of Andover Hill, and looks to me now the beginning of that wonderful sunshine which he poured upon the little circles of life he entered and the larger assemblies of which he frequently made a part. He was one of the most popular men in Essex County, not simply because he was continually paying out money to those who were yearning for it, but because he was felt to have a sympathetic heart, and by his superior knowledge and animating expressions could make every one feel that his future course would be brighter for the momentary converse which his devotion to his business allowed.

“Mr. Dodge was a very valuable member of the Board of Trustees of Dummer Academy. He was deeply interested in this ancient institution, and was for a long time influential in its counsels and earnest to add to the number of its students. I was always sure, when I saw him at our annual gathering, that I should not fail in making the interest which would follow the efforts of the scholars a bright and happy addition to the day’s enjoyment. Several of his speeches on our important public occasions were worthy of those far-famed scholars of the institution who had graduated under its instructions. They will be remembered as that happy mingling of conservative and progressive ideas, which go to make a permanent foundation for those academic institutions which have trained the men who have honored their generation, and will train those who, in the language of Governor Dummer, ‘are to fill the important places in Church and State’ in the coming future.

“The apostle represents the creation as waiting for and

expecting a brighter day. One of the features for which it yearns is the well-balanced mind, heart, and life, as rare to be found as it is priceless in value. Intelligence and purity, bluntness and kindness, firmness and tenderness, generosity and carefulness, energy and moderation, simplicity and strength of language, the Christian profession, and the morality which springs from and adorns it, are what it may be said 'the whole creation groaneth and travaleth in pain together' to bring forth, bright and useful as the sunlight, whose various colors melted into a harmonious whole wakes all nature unto beauty and fruitfulness. This happily balanced character, which is to be more widely diffused as the world returns to its original purity, I think my friend anticipated. The home, the church, the social gathering, the office of business, the town of which he was a citizen, felt his merciful touch, and never more than when it ceased to be manifested. The sight of him in the house of God was not only welcome to his associates, but to all who occupied the pulpit; increasing their courage to plead with God and man, because they felt that the enthusiasm of Aaron and Hur was with them to sustain their efforts. His criticisms were such as a high-minded and charitable person might well desire to give, and which a sensible minister would always be glad to accept; not all praise nor all censure, but the happy mingling of each, which makes a man realize that, if he has not done as well as he ought, he has at least done something for his Master's service. I am not sure but his worth to the ministry as a counselor, while he was a layman, was as great as if he had continued to be associated with them in the special duties of their profession. He stated once in a public assembly, that when asked by a minister how he should treat the invitation to leave the place where he had long and faithfully labored, his counsel to him was, 'Let well enough alone.' This was the advice of a man who knew the world enough to see clearly, and wished to make others see, that a successful experience in one place would by no means insure the same in another. He displayed many times his affection, and showed to his early associates that he left them only in form, while his heart was quick to act for their interests. One is in point. In the Salem

Congregational Club the question was agitated, whether the 'Board of Ministerial Aid' ought to be strengthened and sustained. Mr. Dodge maintained that, if the active ministry were worthy of affection and support for their 'works' sake,' then, when any were retired by sickness or age, they should not be classed with common paupers, but be sustained by the Church they had honorably and faithfully served. He argued that this charity should be regarded by our denomination, as it was in other sects, as one of the brightest ornaments of the age, and that there was no happier form in which it could flow forth to the needy than through the 'Board of Ministerial Aid,' which had been chartered by the Commonwealth, endorsed by the Massachusetts Association, and had thus far, with the utmost economy and the deepest tenderness, dried up the tears of many who wished longer to proclaim their Master's message, and made many a heart to leap with joy here before it broke forth in praise hereafter. Perhaps his arguments drew the Assembly to the better side; but, at all events, must have made every one feel that, if he early left the pulpit, he was still preaching the Gospel in one of its glorious and fundamental ideas: 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.'

"It is sad to come to the conclusion that this interesting and Christian man shall be seen no more by us in the flesh. The curtain has suddenly dropped, and he is upon the side of it where all is light, and we upon that where the shadows fall thicker and faster, as the objects which have beautified life have passed to the world beyond. Death could not be sudden to him, the books of whose official life were fearlessly left every night for the inspection of the world, and the motto of whose every day was 'Ready to go, but willing to stay.' The chariots of fire and the horses of fire came down to take him up to his royal and eternal residence, while the friends of the home he had so much animated and blessed were able to say, 'My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!' I am not certain that I shall be found accepted by my God and my Saviour at the last, but if I should be so fortunate and blest as to hear him say, 'Well done, good and faithful

servant,' I am sure that, when I am privileged to 'see as I am seen, and know even as also I am known,' I shall meet again that affectionate friend whose brief memorial I have now written."

Dr. Peabody, from whose valuable letters I have already quoted largely, says: "As I look back on these many years, I am impressed with Mr. Dodge's persistency of character. To be sure, the greatest of all changes came over him in the momentous crisis of his religious experience; but in his case the office of religion was not so much to supplant as to direct, enrich, and sanctify his previous habits of thought, speech, and action. Then, too, his youth had a great deal of maturity. Had he died, when he must have come very near dying, the year after he left college, my memory of him would have been of a massive character, a weighty influence, a determined and persistent purpose. On the other hand, I never saw him in later years without being reminded of the intense, condensed utterance, the vivid word-painting, the power of strong antithesis—always employed on the gravest themes—which, on gayer subjects and occasions, had made him so exceptionally brilliant in his college days.

.... "I want, before I close, to bear my testimony, with that of all who knew him, to his rare merit in every aspect and relation as a specimen of that 'highest style of man,' the Christian gentleman. In simplicity and frankness, in truth and integrity, in a faithfulness to be confided in as the laws of nature, in public service and in private virtue, in a piety fruitful in good works, in a walk among men which constantly showed how close was his walk with God—he has left but few equals, but many, I trust, for whom death will consecrate the example of his life, and inspire them to follow it."

*From Rev. Dr. D. Butler.*

"My acquaintance with Mr. Dodge began upon our entering the Theological Seminary at Andover, in 1835. . . .

"Upon his coming among us, his knowledge of actual life, his interest in the new work before him, and his hearty, manly

piety won immediately our respect and esteem, and he was by common consent a leader in our circle. While faithfully pursuing the prescribed studies of the seminary, he carefully attended to the minor details which enter into the preparatory work of the ministry. I shall never forget the energy of his step as, from his room down town, he came up to the lectures —an energy that was made conspicuous by its triumph over the physical infirmity that strove all vainly to impede his progress.

“ His large experience of life, his talents, native and acquired, and his love of the work he had undertaken, awoke in us high expectations of his success in the ministry, and we were greatly disappointed when it was decided that a change to a more active life was made necessary by the state of his health. The result, however, has shown how uncalled for were our regrets. The consecration to the Master which he made on going to Andover was not forgotten or recalled. The promise he gave has been fulfilled. His life was spent in the work of a ministry—a work that in its varied forms of usefulness may safely challenge comparison with that of his old associates. We remember him as the incorruptible citizen, as the advocate of every good work in the community, as a pillar in the church where his lot was cast, and we give thanks for the grace by which he was enabled to persevere in the consecration he made to the Master that he loved, and in whose presence we doubt not he rests from the labors of an honored and useful life.”

*From Rev. E. A. Lawrence.*

“ You may have known that the anniversary at Andover next month (June, 1878) is the fortieth of our graduation. . . . Mr. Dodge’s views on the main doctrines—Christ, atonement, regeneration—were singularly clear for so brief a Christian experience. . . . The transition from Harvard, through the study of law, to Andover Theological Seminary was very marked. But he was always ready to give a reason for it. . . . He was not a dogmatist in the sense of magisterial authority, but it soon became evident to his classmates that he was a dogmatist in that he had settled opinions on matters which he had carefully studied, and

was ready to declare and defend them, and would never yield them unless shown that they were erroneous.

“ He was neither a floating island nor a vane turned about by every wind of doctrine. He was a stable Bible Christian.

“ In connection with his fixedness of character, and blended with it, there were a tenderness of spirit and a childlike dependence and trust which disclosed themselves sometimes to his intimate companions, and which were very pleasing, and endeared him most to those who knew him best. . . .

“ The last time I saw him was at his office in Salem. He went back to our seminary life, and spoke freely of his hopes, and trials, and discouragements, and his final disappointment. But he said it was of the Lord.

“ When we parted on Andover Hill forty years ago, he and I exchanged tokens of friendship. I do not remember what mine was to him; but his to me was George Herbert’s ‘Poems’ —a book which has been a kind of *vade mecum* to me and members of my family ever since. . . . I can not forbear quoting a few lines from Herbert :

“ ‘ Ah ! my dear, angry Lord !  
Since thou dost love, yet strike ;  
Cast down, yet help afford ;  
Sure I will do the like.

“ ‘ I will complain, yet praise ;  
I will bewail, approve,  
And all my sour, sweet days,  
I will lament and love.’

How little my dear brother knew, when he put this book into my hand, what use I should be led to make of these lines ! ”

His cousin, Rev. Eben Dodge, President of Madison University, says :

“ Allen’s office was the place of attraction. He entered into your affairs, drew you out of yourself, made himself one with you, and yet enlarged your range of thought and sentiment.

. . . He loved the concrete. Abstract thought, ideas afloat, unincarnated, did not enlist his attention. He was not at home with them; but every thought which could take shape, could find a definite expression, was at once apprehended, and its measure at once taken.

“He was, too, a man of the world, in the very best sense of the word. He knew it. He saw its good side and its bad side. He was neither an optimist nor a pessimist, but an impartial judge of how its values might be used and its counterfeits might be detected. So he was a grand, good friend to every one who honestly sought his friendly advice.”

Dr. Willard Parker, whose sympathy must have been inexhaustible, since it survived the drain and strain of fifty years, and wells up as fresh and sweet toward the comrade of his youth as if they were both starting out together again in life’s morning, writes: “I had not seen Mr. Dodge for many years previous to our meeting in Cambridge in 1876. We hardly recognized each other. He had become very stout, but he was in fine spirits. I was the sick one then. He was kind enough to say to me that the hope of meeting myself was to him a great inducement to attend the meeting. We had a charming talk upon agriculture, a subject of great interest to him, and to me also, a novice. He was a resident of New York before me, then a very promising lawyer, and in a very favorable position. . . .

“I think our old class was peculiar in its attachment and, in many cases, affection. We were all workers, and believed in character such as is the outgrowth of the enlightened conscience, the conviction of responsibility to society and accountability to God. Mr. Dodge makes the fourth who has gone home since the meeting a year ago. . . . Only seventeen left. Ranks are thinning—in war phrase, are closing up. It is a great matter to live, a small matter to die.”

General Butler says:

“Among the many sad announcements with which I have been afflicted during the past year, none have touched me more

nearly. Mr. Dodge was always so genial in his friendship, and, above all, so true, that his death is to me more like that of a near relative, than one with whom I was connected by no personal ties save those of friendship."

The friendship between Dr. Loring and Mr. Dodge was not affected by the fact that Dr. Loring belonged to the religious sect which Mr. Dodge had abandoned, and was a late comer to the political party of which Mr. Dodge was one of the earliest members, to which he gave Dr. Loring prompt and most cordial greeting, and in which he was his constant and firm supporter. Dr. Loring writes:

"The death of the Hon. Allen W. Dodge removed from the community of Essex County a striking and conspicuous representative. Descended from those who in the early days of civilization settled in this section of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, he inherited in a large degree those strong faculties which enabled the first settlers to gain a foothold here, and, as time went on, to exercise their power in shaping the institutions under which they lived. In his childhood and youth, he became familiar with the domestic proprieties, and civil obligations, and social duties, and religious influences which mark the best social and civil organization of New England. He was accustomed to the discipline which is imposed by men of strong faith and earnest purpose, and he never lost sight of this during a long and varied career of activity and usefulness. His mind, which was naturally strong and vigorous, seized upon the leading thought of his time, and led him from a zealous pursuit of business to an earnest devotion to more sacred work, when the trials of life fell upon him. It was his earnest Puritanism which guided him always. It gave him great industry and devotion as a student, great activity and zeal as a lawyer, great fervor as a theologian, great determination in all the affairs of life. He was zealous and forcible in all he did, full of earnestness, keen to perceive the right, fearless to follow it.

"Mr. Dodge was a rare specimen of the cultivated New England gentleman—a character to be found not in New Eng-

land alone, but throughout all that portion of the United States into which New England tastes and characteristics have been carried. He was not favored by fortune, and was of necessity forced to devote his time to the practical service of life. His education was intended to fit him for duty and the hard work of securing a subsistence; and he used it for this purpose. But while engaged in toil, whether in a profession or in public service, he never forgot the value of learning for its own sake, and never lost his love of knowledge as a refining influence, and a support and comfort. He was fond of books and authors. His strong religious faith led him into the field of theological investigation, and made him familiar with the best writers and teachers on the various forms of Christian belief. His earnest political convictions induced him to study with great care the views of the leading statesmen of his time. His love of letters brought him into intimate relation with that great assembly whose powers are dedicated to the cultivation of mankind in the best thought and highest aspiration of which man is capable. He welcomed a bright author as a dear friend, and his mind was so stored with knowledge that his conversation was always a stimulus to good thought, and an encouragement to cultivated association with authors, readers, and books. He carried his intellectual tastes, his earnest faith, his high principles, into every walk in life, and he did this with such enthusiasm that wherever he went, and in whatever service he was engaged, he roused the minds of his companions and warmed the zeal of his hearers with a power rarely equaled. As a citizen, he was in all things exemplary; as a student, he was always alert; as a public officer, he was trustworthy and honorable; as a friend, he was always true. He did his work in the world faithfully and zealously, and left behind him an example worthy of all imitation."

Hon. Marshall P. Wilder says:

"It has been my privilege to work and sympathize with Mr. Dodge for more than thirty years, and I bless the Lord for giving me so good, wise, and constant a friend and counselor in all my efforts to advance the cause of agriculture and rural improvement. In my earliest movements in behalf of agricultural

education, and ever since, he has stood by me as firm as a rock. . . . I shall mourn the loss of so good a friend while I live, but I shall ever be thankful for the useful life he led, and thank God that he was spared to us so long."

Whittier—Gaius—says :

"For nearly half a century I have known and loved him. . . . His moral worth and integrity were acknowledged by the community at large, in the important trust committed to him, and which he held through all the vicissitudes of party politics. Had he been an ambitious man, the State had no office for which he was not fitted or which was beyond his reach. His natural ability was of no common order, and he had cultivated his gifts by study and wide and varied reading and reflection. I think public life had no very strong attraction for him; his pleasant country home, his family, his interest in all matters connected with the moral and material welfare of his fellow men, and the companionship of congenial friends, were sufficient for his happiness. He had decided opinions, and his religious views were sharply defined; but no creed could have made him otherwise than practically tolerant, charitable, and genial. In all things I always found him, that unhappily too rare character, a Christian gentleman.

"As I pass up and down on the road between his home in Hamilton and his place of business in Salem, I miss sadly the pleasant smile and cheery voice with which he was wont to greet me. This world seems poorer for our loss, but with him, in that to which we are all hastening, it must needs be well."

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